# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1993 • $4.95

THE TRIO FROM RIO
BRAZIL'S AMAZING TRIPLETS

LUST ON CAMPUS
CAN A UNIVERSITY OUTLAW SEX?

INTERVIEW
LITERARY KNOCKOUT ARTIST
JOYCE CAROL OATES

HOLLYWOOD HEATS UP
SEX IN CINEMA

THE FASHIONABLE
LENNOX LEWIS

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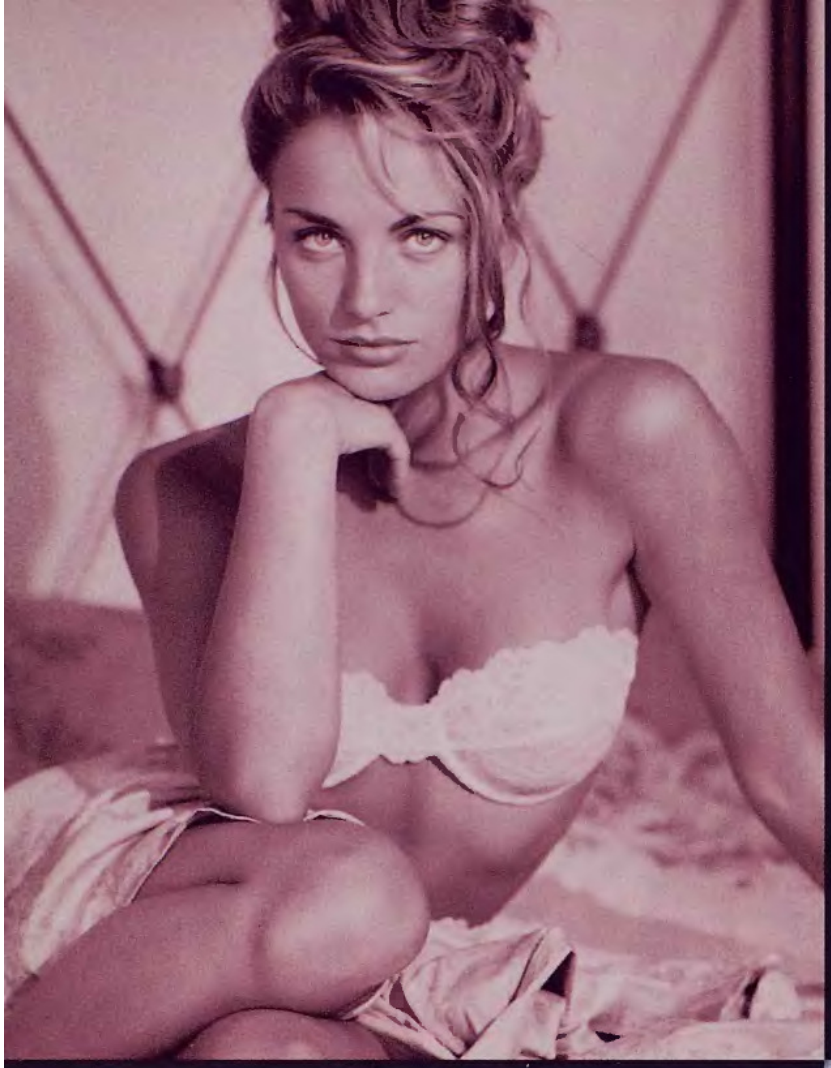

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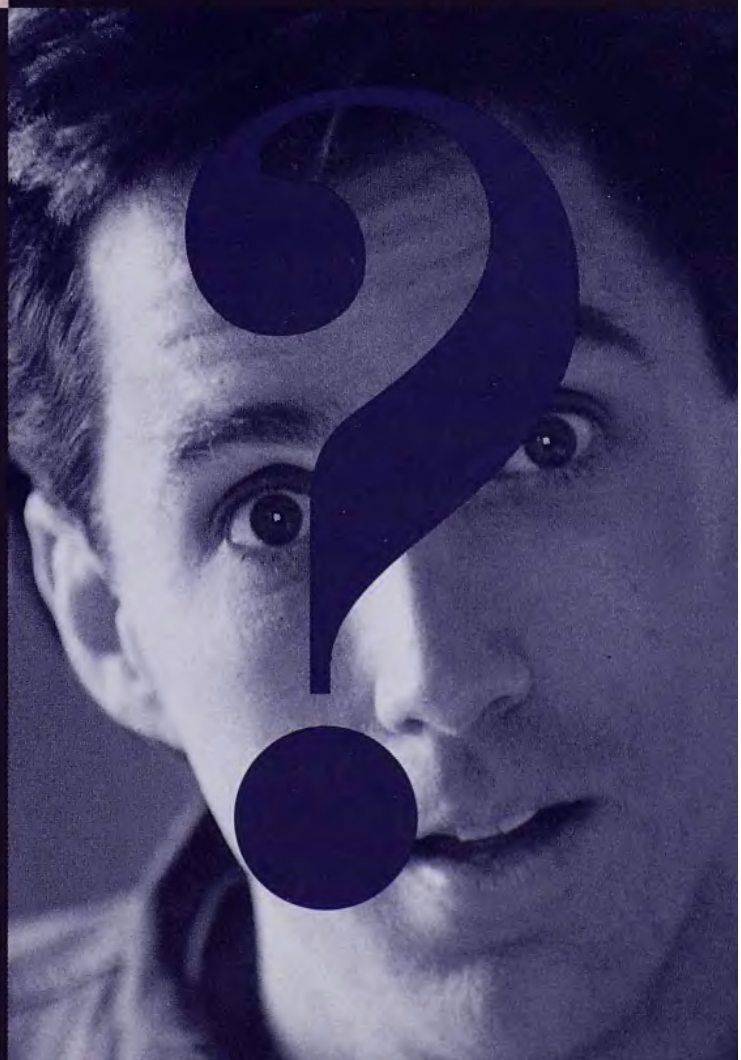

The truth is, you're probably fine just the way you are. Besides, nothing is going to change that. So instead of wishing you were something you're not, maybe you ought to try sending out better signals.

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# PLAYBILL

NOVEMBER IS sweeps month, and as television stations nationwide roll out those sex-and-mayhem ratings grabbers, we're zooming in on TV land itself. After all, our president and first lady owe their jobs to a couple of television's heaviest hitters: **Harry Thomason** and **Linda Bloodworth-Thomason.** In *Linda & Harry & Bill & Hillary*, Los Angeles writer **Michael Leahy** profiles the Arkansas duo who have become as famous for their Clinton connection as they have for *Designing Women* and *Evening Shade*. No, Harry and Linda won't be giving up their day jobs to join the administration. As **John Lippman** explains in *TV Money*, filmmakers get the respect, but the big bucks are made off the small screen. Read it to find out exactly who makes what.

If you're a male fan of daytime gabfests, then you must be a masochist, what with all the men-are-scum themes Oprah, Phil, Sally et al. have been airing lately. In this month's *Mantrack* guest essay, CNBC talk-show host **Bob Berkowitz** examines *Why TV Likes Bad Guys*. Speaking of which, **Brian Dennehy,** our favorite granite-jawed actor, received an Emmy nomination for his chilling portrayal of bad guy John Wayne Gacy in the miniseries *To Catch a Killer*. Here, he joins **David Rensin** for a bracing *20 Questions*.

In the hottest electronics news since color TV, passive couch spuds will soon become power potatoes by means of interactive television. Writer **David Elrich** talks about the first technological step in that direction, CD-ROM multimedia, in *TV as You Like It*. Had enough of monster-truck shows and infomercials about car wax? Cable is promising hundreds of more stations and satirist **Robert S. Wieder** has some outrageous programming ideas in *And on Channel 371 . . . Cat Aerobics!*

On politically correct college campuses, the most passionately debated civil liberties issue is whether professors and students can take their relationships out of the classroom and into the bedroom. Is it consensual sex or an abuse of power? asks **Doug Hornig** at the University of Virginia, the battlefront of *The Big Chill on Campus Sex* (illustrated by **Guy Billout**).

**Joyce Carol Oates** is one of the most productive writers on the continent, pumping out several acclaimed books a year along with an endless stream of essays, poetry and reviews. And she holds a tenured professorship at Princeton. Don't miss her *Playboy Interview* with **Lawrence Grobel.** Another compelling American writer, **Jay McInerney,** penned our November fiction, *How It Ended* (illustrated by **John Rush**). It is the story of a straitlaced attorney who is enlightened about life—to his dismay—while vacationing in the Caribbean.

Back with *Sex in Cinema*, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** highlights 1993's steamiest moments in film. It was the year of the erotic thriller, fatal attractions and gender-bending, Williamson says. And in his *Jazz* column, **Neil Tesser** salutes the women who bop.

Former San Francisco 49ers head coach **Bill Walsh** passed on a lucrative TV commentator position (and a chance to work again with the 49ers) to go back to college—college football, that is. **Craig Vetter** profiles the Stanford head coach who walks on water in *Coach*. Finally, we conclude with a mini international tour. First stop: **LeRoy Neiman** delights with *A Passion for Paris*—the artist's take on the world's most romantic city. Then it's off to London for *Robe Warrior*, starring British heavyweight champion **Lennox Lewis** in knockout loungewear (photographs by **Barry Lategan**). Next, our favorite Brazil nut, **Mark Zussman,** offers three good reasons to fly off to Rio—triplets **Marilise, Renata** and **Lilian Porto,** who are *Three of a Kind*. And we give you one remarkable reason to come home: Playmate **Julianna Young.**

LEAHY

BERKOWITZ

RENSIN


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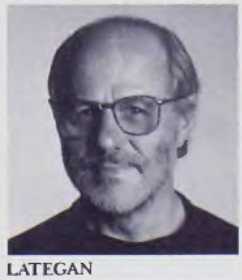
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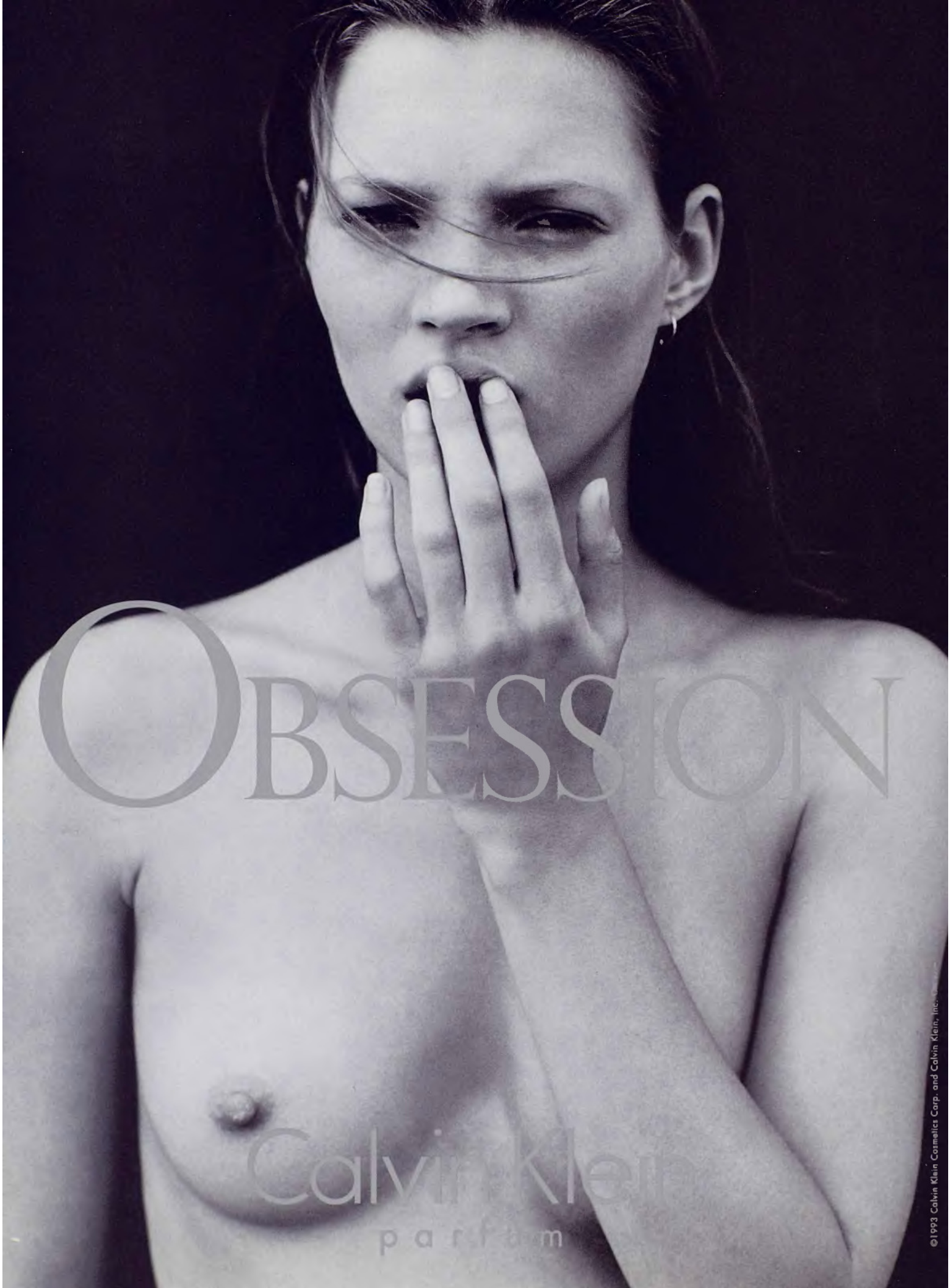
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# PLAYBOY

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**COVER STORY**

Whoever said "two's company, three's a crowd" never met Brazil's amazing triplets—Marilise, Lilian and Renata Porto. Our cover in triplicate was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson, styled by Violet Warzecha and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Thanks to Vidal Rodriguez for styling the triplets' hair and to Pat Tomlinson for makeup. Our Rabbit makes a center-stage appearance.

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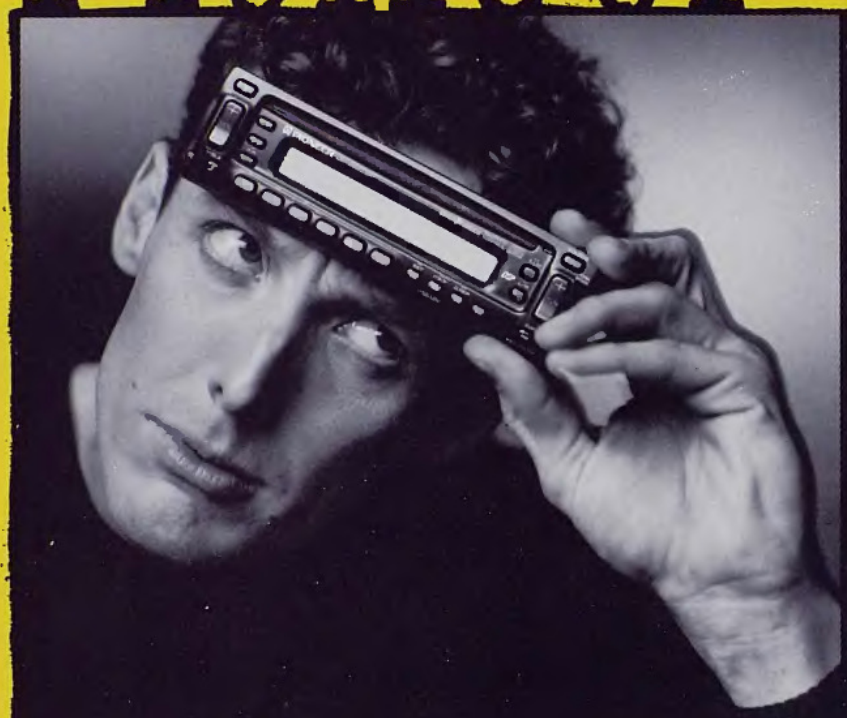

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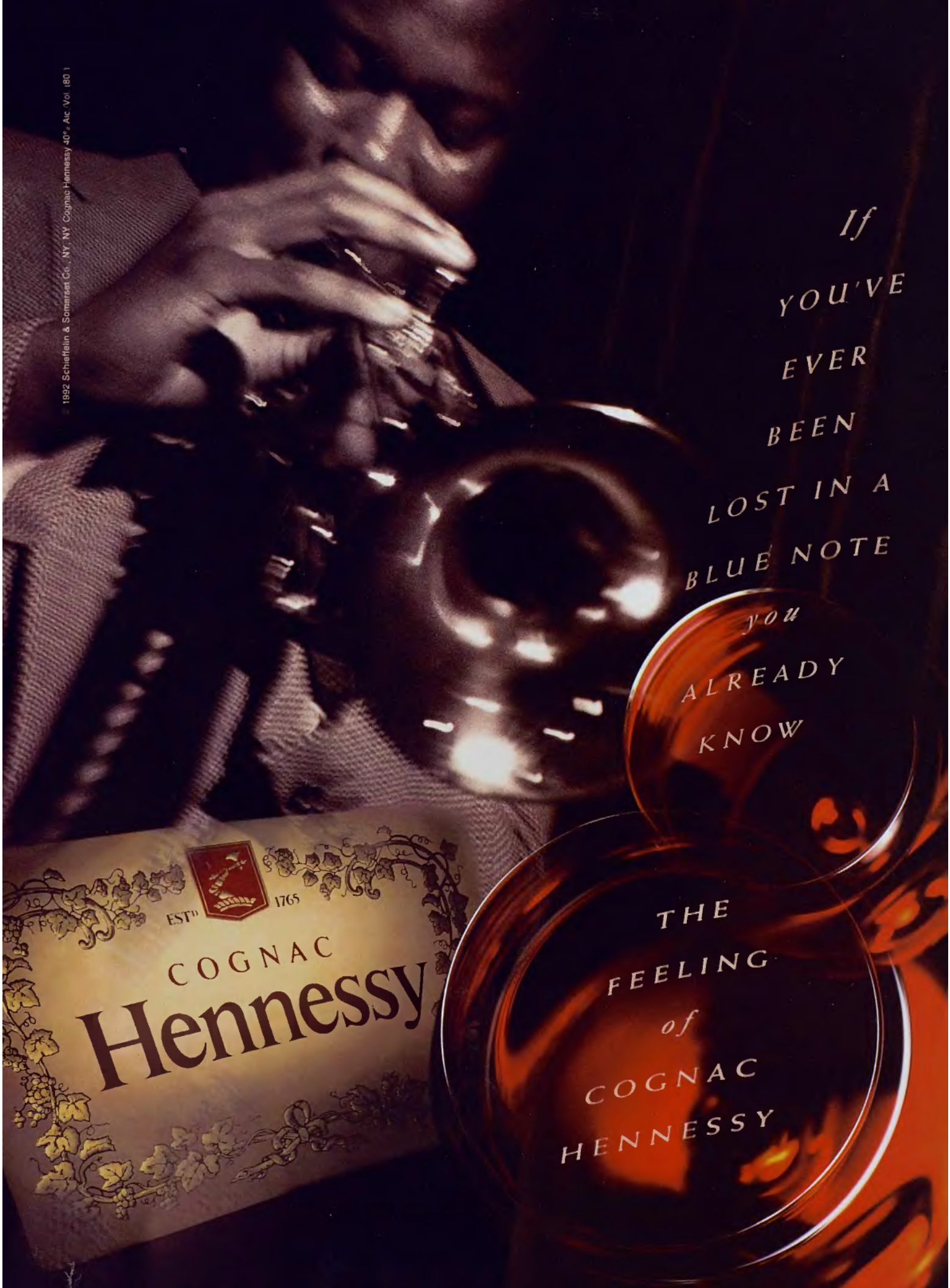

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### HEALTH CARE CRISIS

Thanks for Jonathan Greenberg's article *Your Money or Your Life* and the editorial *An Enlightened Proposal* in your August issue advocating a single-payer, Canadian-style health care system here. PLAYBOY (along with the *New England Journal of Medicine*) shows considerable courage in standing up to the powerful U.S. health insurance industry, which is doing everything it can to head off a single-payer system in favor of a managed-care scheme that would funnel an additional $100 billion or more to Aetna, Cigna et al. each year.

Your readers should know that legislation to establish a Canadian-style system in this country is pending right now in Congress. Senator Paul Wellstone (D–Minn.) and Representative Jim McDermott (D–Wash.) have introduced a bill that, as of late July, had 85 cosponsors in the House and five in the Senate.

Those interested in genuine health security for themselves and their families should pressure their representatives in Congress to sign on in support.

Randall Smith
Del Mar, California

The health care articles in your August issue are unalloyed silliness. Jonathan Greenberg cites a statistic showing that uninsured patients are much less likely to get angiography than those with insurance, and later asserts that many catheterizations and heart procedures are unhelpful to patients and grossly overused as a revenue generator for doctors and hospitals. Using this reasoning, uninsured patients should consider themselves fortunate to have avoided such a useless test. I don't know about hospitals elsewhere, but those in this part of the country take care of all emergency patients regardless of insurance.

Costs do need to be controlled, but Americans have available a level of care superior to any other nation's in the world (which is why the Saudi sheikhs come here). There are abuses and they should be addressed. However, who should decide which health needs to address? Should it be the government, the insurance behemoths or the provider partnerships? Patients should be able to seek out their own physicians and have a major voice in determining their own medical needs.

Why would the bureaucracy of a National Health Department be preferable to the system it replaces? If you want to see a system infinitely worse than the most unsatisfactory aspects of the British National Health Program or the Canadian system, look at our Veterans Administration and military medicine. That is what you are likely to get from the proposal, and most Americans won't be too happy. My own modest and none-too-egalitarian notion is to adopt the PLAYBOY proposal or any other VA-like system as a security net for everyone, with additional coverage underwritten by private insurance (a concept now popular in Britain). This solves problems for all levels of society and lessens otherwise certain degradation of the finest aspects of American medicine.

Malcolm Robinson, M.D.
Gastroenterology
Clinical Professor of Medicine
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

### DAN AYKROYD

Congratulations to Contributing Editor David Sheff for an excellent *Playboy Interview* with Dan Aykroyd (August). Aykroyd is another example of Canada's contribution to the world of comedy. He's a great comedian whose performances on *Saturday Night Live* and in cinema will be classics.

James Klove
McMasterville, Quebec

### SERIAL MURDER AND REPRESSION

I read with consternation David Heilbroner's *Serial Murder and Sexual*

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*Repression* in your August issue. I was never physically, emotionally or sexually abused by anyone, let alone by my parents. Nor was my biological mother a prostitute. Such journalism is careless exploitation.

It was also quite disconcerting to see the speculative connection with Veronica Compton, a criminal who acted on her own. In fact, I was never charged with any complicity in her horrendous crime. If she has decided to venture into unsupported fiction because she is sick or is trying to steer blame from herself, I should not be her victim.

And for the record, she did escape but was recaptured several years ago and is safely in prison.

I did not abduct, molest or murder anyone. New evidence and facts will soon shed a different light on the case and my convictions.

Meanwhile, I must once again open a seemingly reputable periodical and read an article that includes me that is carelessly in error and patently untrue.

Kenneth A. Bianchi
Walla Walla, Washington

David Heilbroner completely fails to establish the connection between sexual repression and serial murder. According to his thesis, the Victorians ought to have produced a bumper crop of these murderers, but they didn't. The epidemic has occurred since the sexual revolution. Sexual serial murder was so uncommon in the Victorian age that, as author Colin Wilson points out, the public didn't at first realize that Jack the Ripper was a sex killer.

Heilbroner properly emphasizes cruelty and neglect by the mothers of serial killers, but he hardly mentions their fathers. He could have contributed to the study of the problem by citing how many of these messed-up men had incompetent fathers or no fathers at all.

Prisons are filled with single men who are the sons of single women. The problem of Heilbroner's serial killers may be connected less with their being repressed than with their mothers' having been liberated from patriarchal control. Heilbroner doesn't show that the men were repressed, he shows that they were abused as children. "Child abuse," said *The Family in America* in December 1989, "typically occurs in impoverished single-parent households." That means mostly female-headed households.

Daniel Amneus
Alhambra, California

Josephine Ross was murdered on June 5, 1945, not June 3. She was murdered during the day between 9:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., not in the dark of the night. She was stabbed in the throat only, not on her body.

David Heilbroner's factual mistakes appear in the beginning of his article, setting the pace for the rest of the article.

I did not murder Josephine Ross, Francis Brown or Suzanne Degnan, and what led to my conviction for these crimes is well covered in *William Heirens: His Day in Court*, by Dolores Kennedy.

Heilbroner makes many mistakes about my case in his effort to establish his

Note: This ad is cruelty-free. No real animals were injured in it's manufacture.

theme. I never masturbated before I was sent to prison. When I was arrested for burglary in 1946 and the police searched my room, they never found any souvenirs from the murder scenes, though they did find plenty of loot from burglaries. (Among that loot there was not one item of women's underwear.) I never "suddenly and inexplicably" burst into tears and vomited when kissing my girlfriend. I dated regularly, and if such had occurred, my girlfriend would have said so when she was grilled by the police and reporters after my arrest. I never cross-dressed or wore women's underwear. And I never masturbated to a collection of Nazi photos nor did I collect pictures of Hitler. Heilbroner ought to have read Colin Wilson's current *Murder in the Forties* before he wrote his article.

Heilbroner claims childhood abuse is the forerunner of serial-sex murders. He claims that in my case the abuse took the form of being told as a child that "all sex is dirty. If you touch anyone, you get a disease." Back in the Forties lots of kids were told this and even today they are told the same thing with the AIDS scare. If that's abuse, we're in for trouble, according to Heilbroner—but he makes mistakes.

William Heirens
Vienna, Illinois

*Heilbroner replies: Heirens' memory of events leading to the three homicides of which he was convicted is at odds with the extensive research I used in writing the story—research including highly regarded books on the subject by a founder of the FBI's behavioral science unit and a noted forensic psychologist.*

Heilbroner's excellent article goes a long way toward examining the phenomenon of serial killers in American society.

As founder and director of Cell Block Theater, I conducted workshops in a male sex-offender prison for several years. From my experience, I can attest to the accuracy of Heilbroner's piece. Still, the puzzle remains unsolved. While all the causes contributing to the behavior of serial killers that Heilbroner cites can also be attributed to the multiple sex-offenders I worked with, none of these men were serial killers. Moreover, the increase in the number of other felonies in the country, such as robbery, assault, burglary, even murder, added to sex offenses, is accounted for by only a relatively small percentage of the 250 million people in the U.S. The disturbing question is inevitable: What is the key that turns a tiny fraction of the population into serial killers while the overwhelming majority subject to the same conditions and causes remain free of this criminal aberration?

Ray Gordon
New York, New York

**MCBROUHAHA**

I'm not a big fan of McDonald's hamburgers, but I am a fan of McDonald's charitable activities for children with cancer and other illnesses. I'm writing to say that Robert Scheer's August *Reporter's Notebook*, "McBrouhaha," on the disposition of the J&R Ranch is unfair and misinformed.

The J&R Ranch, former site of Camp Ronald McDonald in Santa Barbara, California, was sold because McDonald's—try as it might—couldn't get the land rezoned by Santa Barbara County for a semi-medical-care facility. Also not reported by Scheer is that the revenue from the sale of this land was donated to McDonald's Charities for additional charitable uses for sick children. It is government bureaucracy that is the true villain here, and not McDonald's.

Barney Klinger
Santa Barbara, California

*Robert Scheer replies: Contrary to suggestions, I spent a great deal of time researching how the founder and director of Camp Ronald McDonald was fired because she dared take some of the kids to meet with President Clinton (McDonald's had indicated in writing that it disapproved of such a visit). As to the ranch, the fact is clear. It was approved by county officials to be used as a children's camp.*


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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### WEENIE ROAST

Euphemisms We Admire Department: We like to say what we mean—unless, of course, our lawyers start to feel uncomfortable. Fortunately, U.S. libel laws are reasonable. Abroad—as *The Washington Post* recently reported—the inventiveness of such humor magazines as Britain's *Private Eye* and Canada's *Frank* help them avoid lawuits when they skewer inflated public figures. *Private Eye*, in describing someone who is drunk, says he is "tired and emotional," whereas *Frank* reports he is "moist and garrulous." *Private Eye* reverts to the surreal when reporting that a sexually active couple is having "Ugandan relations." *Frank* says they are engaged in "horizontal jogging." Sycophants are called "bumboys" and "fartcatchers," and TV anchors are "bingo-callers." Given the current dim view of on-camera talent in this country, that's a tag that might catch on here.

### THE GREAT FLOOD

Book of the month: Watch for *Blood, Bread and Roses*, by Judy Grahn (Beacon Press), which discusses the "profound connections between ancient menstrual rites and the origins of agriculture, mathematics, geometry, writing, calendars, horticulture, architecture, astronomy, cooking, money and many other realms of knowledge"—or so Beacon's fall catalog notes. We suppose the book also describes the onset of the otherwise unexplainable bad mood.

### PET SOUNDS

Along with samples, the makers of Curtail—drops designed to end dog and cat flatulence—sent us a catchy promotional device: a windbreaker. Cute idea, but it didn't fit our dog.

### VIAND AND DELIVER

How do these things start? The word in Los Angeles is that if you're pregnant and near or past your due date, you can induce labor by eating the romaine-and-watercress salad at the Caioti Café. This reportedly has happened to nearly 20 expectant diners this year—enough, at least in L.A., to draw as many as 50 women per day who are great with child and eager to get on with it. Ed LaDou, owner of the lunchtime Lourdes, attributes the phenomenon to a secret ingredient in the dressing—adding new meaning to the classic announcement, "Honey, I think it's thyme."

### PRINCESS AND THE PEEVE

At last summer's Ascot races, Princess Anne was denied access to the Royal Enclosure when a steward noticed she wasn't wearing the appropriate badge. She protested, saying, "I am the Princess Royal. Honest." He later explained to reporters that he doubted her because she "looked like everyone else" and because she "said 'honest' rather than 'honestly,'" reinforcing the idea that if you're going to be a royal, you'd better use the King's English.

### TIES THAT BOND

With same-sex couples in San Francisco already commonplace, there are signs that the S&M community is becoming domesticated. *The Leather/Levi Lexicon* newsletter is bringing dominance and submission into the mainstream by supporting clean and sober get-togethers of "hot and hairy leathermen" for discussions on "group dynamics and conflict resolution." Gone also are the days of going it alone—sexual outlawry can now be mastered by taking a few courses. An outfit called QSM offers low-cost classes for men and women. Dominatrices worried about political correctness can join forums to discuss "playing with real-life anger and using racial and sexual putdowns." And in the class Vaginal Fisting for Beginners, Dr. Bitch Sir reviews "preparation, technique and emotional considerations." Just be careful about putting your hand up in class.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

### TASTE DUDS

Fashion designer Wayne James is nothing if not versatile. He's the first to launch a designer spice—Carnival, an enhanced version of his family's Caribbean mix—and to land a commission from the Vatican to do up some liturgical threads for Pope John Paul II. James might want to familiarize himself with the catechism of grunge: During vacations at Castle Gandolfo, John Paul II is said to prefer the infallibly sure footing of clunky hiking boots.

### MODEL PARENT

Judy Olausen, a Minneapolis artist, has found a new use for her maternal unit. She has completed a series of nine photographs that depict her 70-year-old mother as various objects. In one, Mom is on all fours with a pane of glass on her back (*Mother as Coffee Table*). Another shows her lying by the side of a highway (*Mother as Road Kill*). "My brothers think I'm torturing my mother," Olausen says, adding that her mother is her best friend. "I'm immortalizing her."

### HOLE IN THE WALLET

A hole in one in American golf is cause for great joy. In Japan it is cause for great concern. We know the Japanese

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a University of Tennessee–Memphis State study of eight- to 12-year-olds, a child's metabolic rate is significantly lower while watching TV than while resting.

### QUOTE

"People are getting older and dumber. The last time we saw this many old people in the store was when *Final Exit* came out."—RUTH LIEBMANN, DISPLAY MANAGER FOR NEW YORK BOOKSELLER SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY, ON THE APPEAL OF *The Bridges of Madison County*, BY ROBERT WALLER

### HOT SEATS

Total campaign spending by candidates for the House of Representatives in 1992: $313.7 million. Average campaign cost per House candidate: $275,901. Campaign cost of the most expensive seat, which is occupied by Republican Michael Huffington of California: $5.4 million.

### PURE AMERICANA

Of Radio City Music Hall, Universal Studios in Hollywood, Pebble Beach Golf Course, Steamboat Springs Ski Resort and Rockefeller Center, number of American landmarks not owned by Japanese: 0.

### YOUNG GUNS

According to a Harris survey of 1250 adults, percentage who know a child who has been shot by a child: 20; percentage who know one who has accidentally shot himself: 12.

•

Percentage of Americans who support the Brady Bill: 90; percentage who support a near-total ban on handguns: 52; percentage who supported a ban in 1991: 41.

### TOM ARNOLD OF ROYALTY

Average number of press photographers who attend public appearances by Princess Di: 13.4; average number of spectators: 566. Average number of photographers on hand for Prince Charles: 5.7; spectators: 134.

### SCAN SCAM

Percentage of U.S. grocers that use laser scanners: 81; percentage of pricing errors at supermarkets using scanners: 6. Likelihood that errors will be in favor of the store: 5 to 1.

### TWILIGHT DELIGHT

According to the *Janus Report on Sexual Behavior*, percentage of American men over the age of 65 who have sex every day: 14. Percentage ages 18 to 26 who have sex every day: 15.

### NEWS ON ABORTION

Of all network TV news stories about abortion in one year, percentage that emphasize anti-abortion views: 57. Of all people quoted in abortion stories in *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report*, percentage favoring anti-abortion views: 87.

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According to the American Medical Association, death rate per 100,000 abortions before *Roe vs. Wade*: 3.3; after: 0.4.

### CUT TO THE CHASE

Percentage of police-car chases that end in a fatality: 1; percentage ending in injury: 40.

•

Of 50,000 police-car chases in a year, percentage prompted by felonies: fewer than 30. Of 305 deaths in police chases in 1991, number of victims who were third parties in uninvolved vehicles: 46. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

take their *gorufu* very seriously—for example, making sure their business partners have better scores than they do. A hole in one obliges the player to buy extravagant gifts for the others in the foursome, to underwrite a drinking party for them and to plant a tree commemorating the event. So now, $5000 worth of hole-in-one insurance is available at many Japanese courses for about $100 per round.

### ENTER THE DRAGON LADY

For a Chinese fat cat, or *da kaun*, there are several status symbols: a Mercedes-Benz, a cellular phone, a Rolex or Rado gold watch, a Western suit with the sleeve label (in a foreign language) intact and a bodyguard. These days, a female bodyguard has even more cachet. At the Wuhan College of Physical Education, 3000 women inquired about the 150 positions recently available for bodyguard training. Graduates of the Wuhan school are aggressively recruited and can earn $200 a month—more than twice as much as a college professor makes. How are they judged by prospective employers? Jiang Bailong, the manager of bodyguard training, says, "One factor is how pretty they are and what their bodies look like." Really? How come? "You don't need to ask," he offers.

•

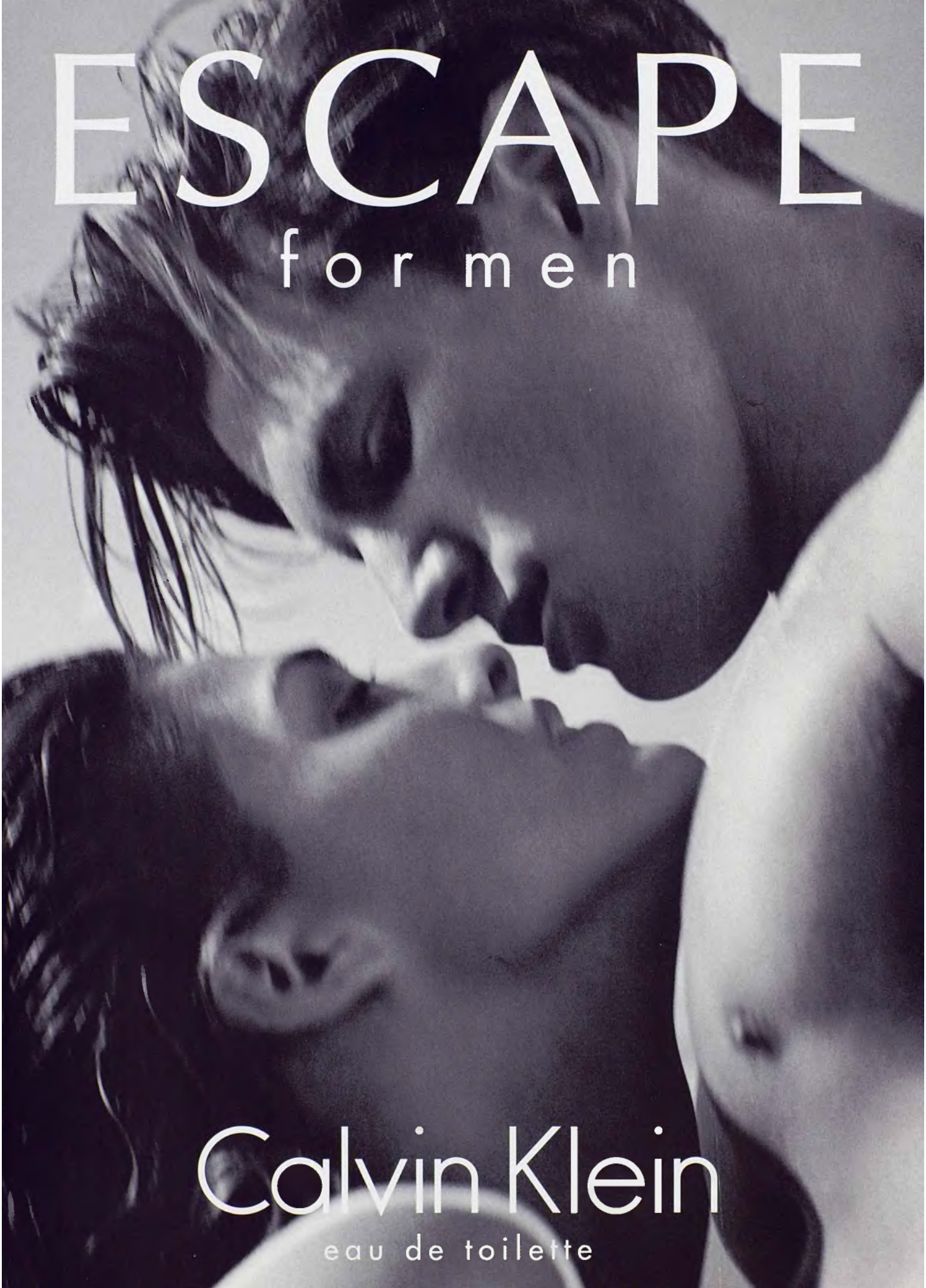
The Los Angeles suburbs of Rolling Hills Estates, San Marino and Bradbury indicated that they would start to include servants' quarters in their calculations to meet state-mandated quotas for low-income housing. State officials said that such a practice would not violate the law.

### RAP ON ICE

For Time Warner's annual board meeting this year, dissident stockholders were hoping to force a discussion of some of Ice-T's more challenging lyrics—especially one song about rape. Time Warner officials sought to block the move and appealed to the Securities and Exchange Commission—which oversees what information must be provided to shareholders—arguing that, even though the song is available to the public, the lyrics were "inappropriate" for distribution to stockholders.

•

In Steamboat Springs, Colorado, a proposal to name a new bridge spanning the Yampa River has caused controversy. Some citizens aren't happy with calling it the James Brown Soul Center of the Universe Bridge—and a canvass of the citizenry will assess the resistance. We hope the name sticks—especially if it's a suspension bridge, in which case it could twist while motorists shout.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for men
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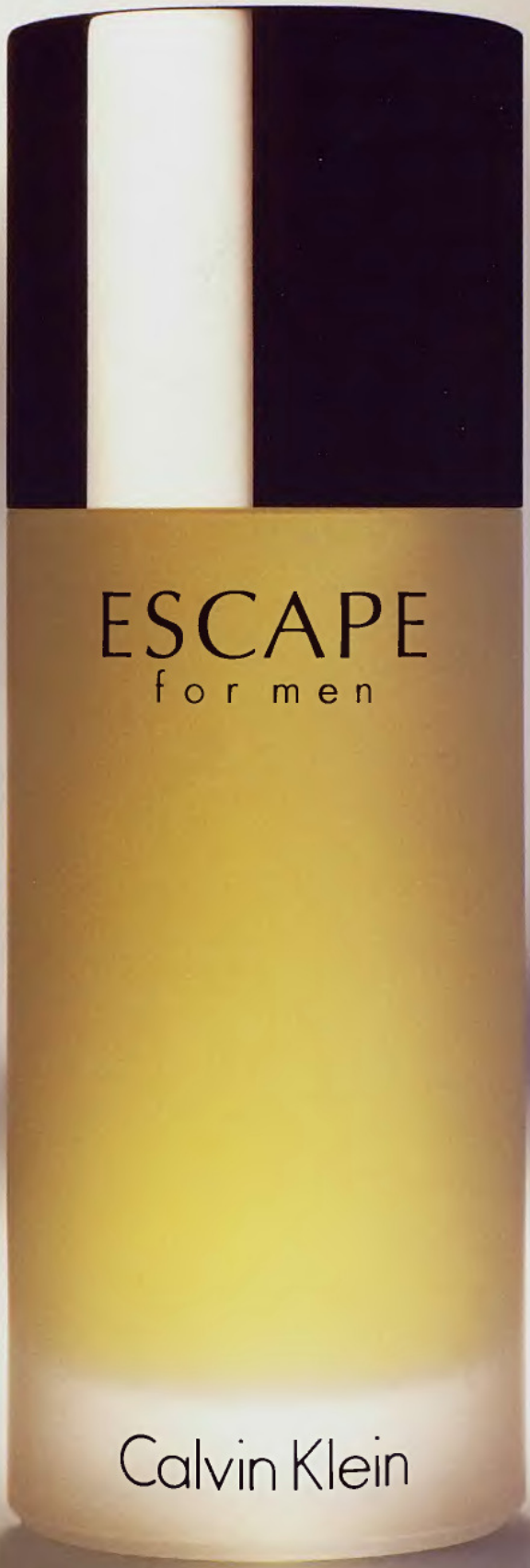
Introducing

Calvin Klein's newest fragrance




Open fold for
ESCAPE for men

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FINE CHINA, heirloom silver and elegant place settings at formal dinners often upstage the plot in ***The Age of Innocence*** (Columbia). Director Martin Scorsese, the man who made *Mean Streets* and remade *Cape Fear*, moves to alien turf in Edith Wharton's austere study of unrequited love set in the stiflingly small world of New York society back in 1870. *Innocence* is the rueful tale of Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis), a wealthy young lawyer who marries the wrong woman (Winona Ryder) because it's the proper thing to do. He is almost physically sick with passion, however, for her cousin Ellen Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer), a woman considered tarnished when she returns to lick her wounds after marrying and separating from a titled European. Of course, Archer never quite dares to sleep with the woman he wants, which gives *Age of Innocence* its title as well as a certain emotional remoteness. Pfeiffer scores anyway because her warmth and spontaneity as the sexy Olenska are not inhibited by the screenplay's stubborn reliance on narration. In too many voice-over descriptive passages, Joanne Woodward speaks large chunks of Wharton's prose to tell us what a company of marvelous actors seems perfectly capable of showing—if it were given a chance. What results is a fine old-fashioned romantic drama, done with exquisite taste throughout, but more bookish than cinematic. ¥¥¥½

•

Between helicopters spraying chemicals over Los Angeles to kill medflies and an unnerving final earthquake, Robert Altman's ***Short Cuts*** (Fine Line) is a spectacular all-star essay about a society in crisis. There hasn't been anything quite like it since his own *Nashville*. The short stories of Raymond Carver—freely adapted by Altman in collaboration with Frank Barhydt—serve as a launching pad for nine intertwined tales of deceit, anxiety, infidelity, comic dysfunction and indifference. The 22 actors in pivotal roles include Jennifer Jason Leigh as a young housewife giving good phone sex (see this issue's *Sex in Cinema* for more details), Lily Tomlin and Tom Waits as a mismatched pair of lonely losers, Matthew Modine as a doctor who doesn't trust his wife (Julianne Moore), plus Tim Robbins as a philandering Los Angeles cop whose wife (Madeline Stowe) finds his affair (with Frances McDormand) comical.

The largely blue-collar characters' paths sometimes cross in unexpected ways, and *Short Cuts* holds the audience

Waits and Tomlin: making the *Cuts*.

Social studies from Scorsese and Altman and a spoof by Reiner.

with other show-stopping stints by Anne Archer, Jack Lemmon, Lori Singer, Fred Ward and singer Annie Ross. There's a particularly startling episode about Archer, a woman who plays a clown for kids' birthday parties. Archer's husband (Ward) and his two pals refuse to cut short their fishing trip after stumbling across the nude body of a murdered woman. However, there's a bright side to the movie's dark vision. Innovative as always, Altman entertains you while he jump-starts your adrenaline. This one is a milestone, the most abrasively brilliant movie of this director's long and illustrious career. ¥¥¥¥

•

A highly personal film that combines emotional catharsis with blunt truths about our debacle in Vietnam is ***From Hollywood to Hanoi*** (Friendship Bridge). Written, produced and directed by Saigon-born Tiana (née Thi Thanh Nga), the film records Tiana's search for her ethnic roots. Brought to the U.S. by her expatriate family in 1966 and seemingly Americanized to the hilt, she became a kung fu starlet in schlock thrillers and made music videos. Then, in 1988, she defied her father's wishes by going back to her Communist-ruled homeland. Subsequent interviews with surviving relatives, top officials, Agent Orange victims and the scorned Amerasian orphans begot by U.S. soldiers should add up to a guilt trip. Instead, *From Hollywood to Hanoi* is finally more poetic than it is political—a kind of primer for all those conscientious Americans who have ever wondered about their bloodlines and family ties in faraway places. ¥¥¥¥

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Taking a poke at everything from *Double Indemnity* and *Body Heat* to *Fatal Attraction* and *Basic Instinct* is an idea that sounds much better than it plays in ***Fatal Instinct*** (MGM). You expect more because Carl Reiner directed this full-throttle parody of all the Hollywood thrillers extant about oversexed schemers. Armand Assante is Ned Ravine, a cop who moonlights as a lawyer and gets mixed up in more ways than one—but usually with women. His triple pack of trouble includes an adoring secretary (Sherilyn Fenn), a deadly blonde (Sean Young) and his wife (Kate Nelligan), who wants to get rid of him and has lined up a lusty auto mechanic to do the job. While some recognizable bits from recent popular films are assured laugh-getters, just as many fizzle in a spoof that too often seems to skip a beat and lose its all-important comic rhythm. ¥¥½

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The bizarre finale of the Spanish-language ***Jamón Jamón*** (Academy) has almost the entire cast weeping, wailing, even dying, but not necessarily regretting its sins. The sins are frequent in director Bigas Luna's orgiastic black comedy about a rural town in heat. A key figure is Raul (Javier Bardem), the local stud, who works in a ham-packing establishment. He is hired by a rich, bitchy underwear manufacturer (Stefania Sandrelli) to model underwear on the side. Because he has a bulge that entices, she also employs him to seduce the beautiful girl (Penelope Cruz) her son has made pregnant—and who happens to be the daughter of the town's top whore. Raul certainly oozes cocksure lust, and before long everyone is getting into the act of love and liking it. Add Luna's name to the list of moviemakers (such as Almodóvar) whose outrageous social satires remind us that it's not just bullfighting that makes contemporary Spain so horny. ¥¥¥

•

Italy's ***Flight of the Innocent*** (MGM), by 32-year-old director Carlo Carlei, is a highly stylized combination of thriller and fairy tale about a boy named Vito (Manuel Colao) who is on the run from ruthless killers. He soon learns that his family members, massacred in a gory opening sequence, were violent peasants involved in a kidnapping plot. Vito

Guy Viau

He's gone from hostels to hotels,

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to box seats,

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in the same kind of

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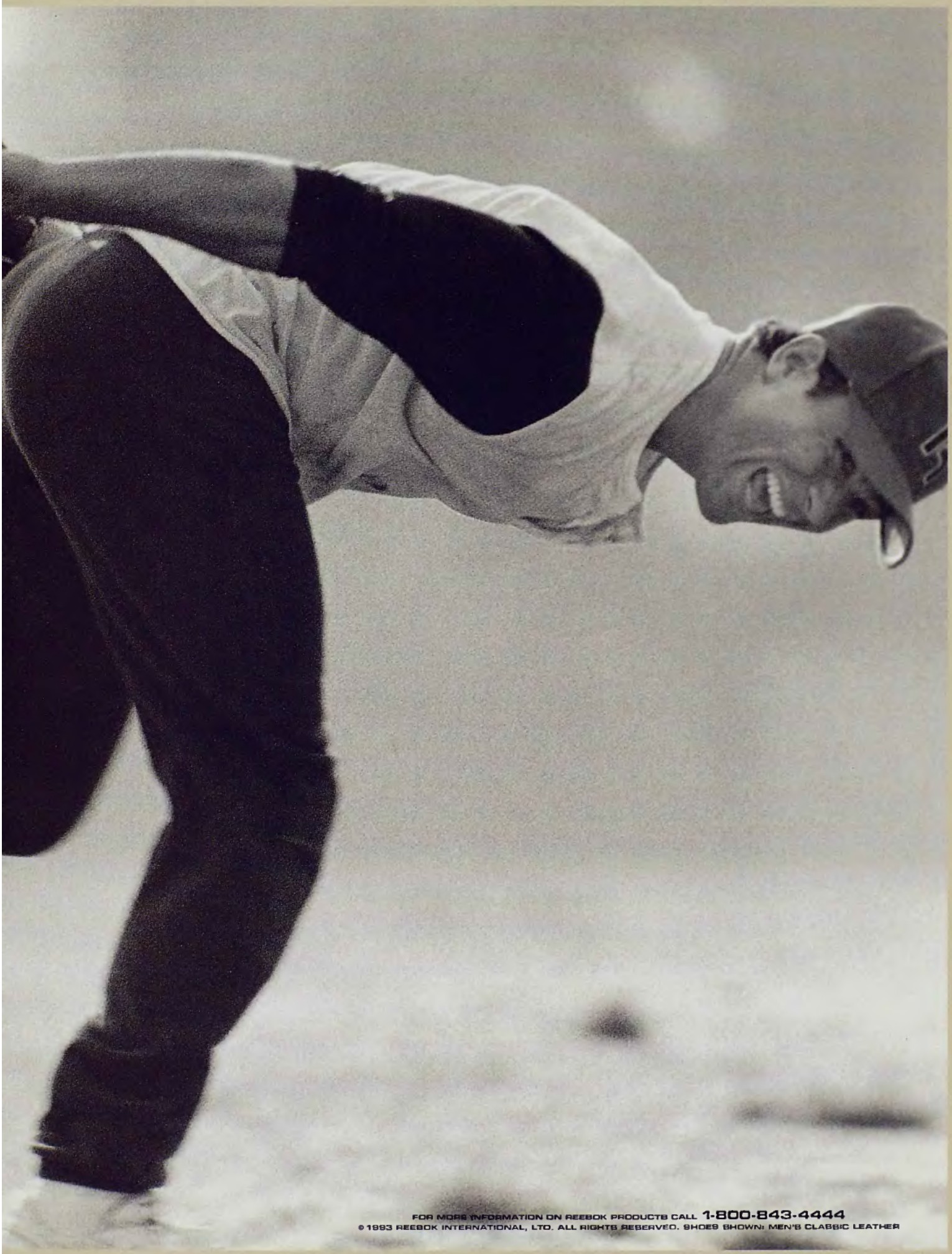
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What's it all about? Alfre.

## OFF CAMERA

By playing the reformed drug addict who was Mary McDonnell's feisty home companion in *Passion Fish*, **Alfre Woodard** fired up a career already on fast-forward. Just 40, she plays the lead ("a mom with five kids") in *Crooklyn*, Spike Lee's work-in-progress about a Brooklyn family not unlike his own circa 1973. "Spike wrote it with his sister and brother," Woodard reports between takes on location in New York. "It's not about crooks—that's just what his mother used to call Brooklyn—it's comedy." Any role she takes has to "feel natural," says Alfre. "You can't do a part that makes you feel like you have sand in your pants."

Woodard, who was raised in Tulsa, Oklahoma, describes her father as "an interior decorator who also drilled for oil. We're a family of storytellers, all wild West African or Native American crazy people. I never knew I'd be an actress. I always thought my parents were more colorful types." She attended a convent school, where an influential nun showed old movies such as *The Red Shoes* and *Citizen Kane*. "That's how I fell in love with films and the idea of acting." Her all-time favorite is the 1966 Czech comedy *Intimate Lighting*. Now the mother of a two-year-old and married to a writer, she is outspoken about her Hollywood experience since 1974. "I couldn't get arrested then. They said that I didn't look African-American enough. At the time, Cicely Tyson was the only one who looked African. It was absurd." On the big screen today: "You don't even know that people like me exist. It's all bullshit. I don't know any hip-hoppers, I don't know people who do drugs or carry weapons. If there's crime, yes, we're there. But in movies, I don't recognize the middle-class black world I've known all my life."

winds up knowing too much and toting ransom money through city streets and cemeteries—pursued everywhere by a scar-faced killer, the police and his own nightmares. Imaginatively photographed, the movie's extravagant look sometimes appears at odds with its gritty content—but that flashy new wrinkle is precisely what has made Hollywood pay attention to young Carlei as a filmmaker for the future. He's evidence the Italians are back. ¥¥¥

•

The choice faced by Gabrielle Anwar in ***For Love or Money*** (Universal) is whether she wants to be a rich man's mistress or the main squeeze of Michael J. Fox. There is little doubt how things will turn out in this deftly programmed romantic comedy. Anwar (Pacino's tango partner in *Scent of a Woman*) initially feuds with Fox, who makes mendacity amiable in his role as a hustling concierge at a top New York hotel. In exchange for substantial tips, he works miracles for guests—from obtaining hot theater tickets to rearranging their lives. Curiously, he seems unfazed that the girl he wants has been sleeping with a hotel client. *For Love or Money* generates fun by-the-numbers in the Manhattan of your dreams—a wonderful town where every character who's not already conspicuously rich is sure to be witty, warm or just on hold until the good times finally kick in. ¥¥

•

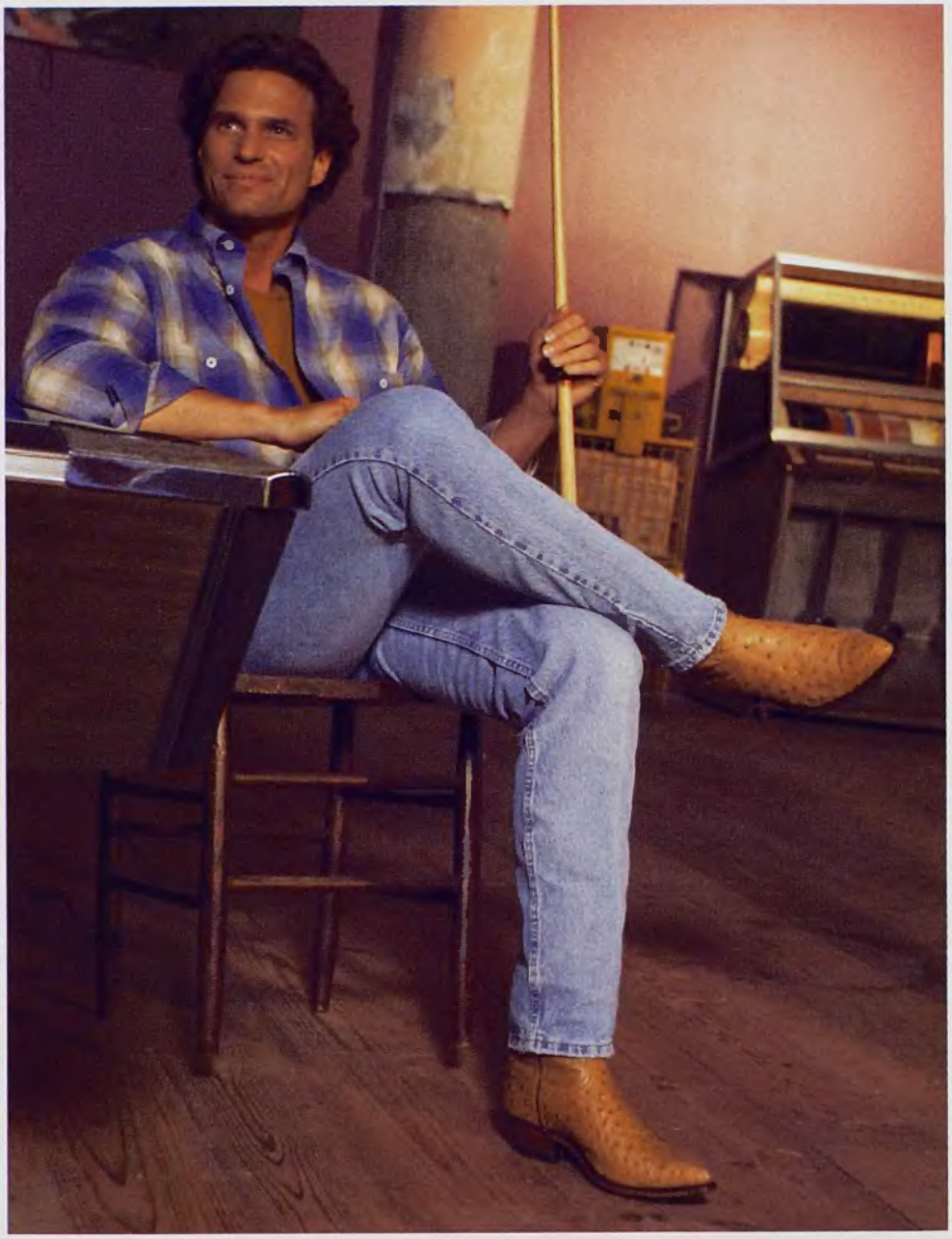
Despite brogues so thick that some of the airy dialogue gets blurred, there is a lot to like about ***The Snapper*** (Miramax), Irish lingo for an unborn or newborn baby. After logging such big-time Hollywood credits as *Dangerous Liaisons* and *The Grifters*, director Stephen Frears takes a chance and wins with a delightful family comedy about an unwed mother (Tina Kellegher) and how she matures. Written and adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel—he also wrote *The Commitments*, the film about that Irish rock band—the movie is set in a Dublin suburb where 20-year-old Sharon Curley (Kellegher) notifies her parents (Colm Meaney and Ruth McCabe) that she is expecting, but she refuses to reveal who the father is. Since Sharon and her five siblings already crowd the Curley household, chaos follows. Happily, all of it is remarkably irreverent as well as amusing, punctuated by tears, laughter, squabbles and gossip, with ample time-outs for refreshments at the nearest pub. As the woozy, boozy grandfather-to-be, a plasterer who enjoys his pint, Meaney is a treasure (topping even his droll stint as the Elvis-loving dad in *The Commitments*). While earthy reality disrupts the Curleys' status quo, family values have never had it so good. ¥¥¥

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***The Age of Innocence*** (See review) Scorsese has a shot at Wharton. ¥¥¥½
***Amongst Friends*** (Reviewed 9/93) Long Island bad guys won't grow up. ¥¥¥
***Bad Behavior*** (10/93) Love, marriage and ennui in modern England. ¥¥¥
***The Ballad of Little Jo*** (10/93) She's a frontier gal living as a guy. ¥¥¥
***Betty*** (10/93) This bad French girl wants it all her own way. ¥¥½
***Bopha!*** (10/93) Apartheid anguish for Woodard, Glover and son. ¥¥¥
***Boxing Helena*** (9/93) Jennifer Lynch's flamboyant, cutting love story. ¥¥¥
***A Bronx Tale*** (10/93) A deft coming-of-age saga directed by De Niro. ¥¥¥¥
***Crush*** (10/93) Marcia Gay Harden, as the crusher, does evil with ease. ¥¥
***Dazed and Confused*** (10/93) School's out, so the teenagers revel. ¥¥
***Farewell My Concubine*** (Listed only) Sex, fame and Chinese politics. ¥¥¥¥
***Fatal Instinct*** (See review) Reiner gives erotica a hotfoot. ¥¥½
***Flight of the Innocent*** (See review) Italian boy in a kidnap plot. ¥¥¥
***For Love or Money*** (See review) Michael J. Fox figures out how to get both. ¥¥
***Fortress*** (Listed only) Down in the depths of tomorrow's jailhouse. ¥¥
***From Hollywood to Hanoi*** (See review) Kung fu starlet seeks roots. ¥¥¥¥
***The Fugitive*** (Listed only) Crackling thriller from the TV classic has Tommy Lee Jones tracking down Harrison Ford. ¥¥¥½
***Gettysburg*** (Listed only) The battle rejoined at considerable length. ¥¥¥
***House of Angels*** (10/93) A Swedish beauty scandalizes country folk. ¥¥½
***Household Saints*** (Listed only) Wannabe nun has talks with Jesus. ¥¥
***In the Line of Fire*** (9/93) Eastwood's back big, tracking Malkovich. ¥¥¥¥
***Jamón Jamón*** (See review) The ham in Spain is anything but plain. ¥¥¥
***Manhattan Murder Mystery*** (10/93) Woody with Diane tries a kind of *Thin Man* comedy. ¥¥½
***Rising Sun*** (10/93) Like the book, but the new ending almost sinks it. ¥¥¥
***Short Cuts*** (See review) Altman strikes again in a scathing social drama. ¥¥¥¥
***The Snapper*** (See review) The expectant unwed mother won't name names in a Dublin delight. ¥¥¥
***Undercover Blues*** (8/93) Turner and Quaid as married spies on a busman's holiday. ¥¥¥
***The Wedding Banquet*** (8/93) A gay Chinese groom goes semi-straight. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it



It ain't
bragging
if you can do it.

*- Dizzy Dean*

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# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT

No surprise here: When asked to name her favorite on tape, **Cynthia Geary,** *Northern Exposure*'s scatterbrained barmaid, chooses the goofy 1972 comedy *What's Up Doc?* "I know it's corny," she says, "but I think it's hilarious. And Barbra Streisand has always been a favorite of mine." Not all of Geary's viewing tips lean to the silly; she also recommends such sober rewinds as *Enchanted April, The Crying Game* and Woody Allen's bittersweet *Husbands and Wives*. "But for the most part," she says, "I'm a sucker for crying movies—like *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Terms of Endearment*. I resort to movies whenever I need a good cry." So be on the lookout for the weepy one on the aisle. —SUSAN KARLIN

### VIDEO CHOP

Warner's recent vidbio, *Bruce Lee: Curse of the Dragon*, is bound to start a whole new ninja trend. Your crash course:

***Enter the Dragon*** (1973): The legendary Lee infiltrates a warlord's martial arts tournament. Sexy, witty and atmospheric, with dazzling fights choreographed by Lee. A classic.

***Bloodsport*** (1988): Jean-Claude Van Damme enters secret full-contact world championship. Best for its stunning array of fight styles—from kick-boxing to kung fu.

***The Karate Kid*** (1984): Ralph Macchio goes from wimp to warrior in the karate movie with heart. Big-budget trimmings—like real actors.

***A Force of One*** (1979): Police enlist karate champ to find a traitor within the ranks. Stars Chuck Norris, who kept the genre kicking during its late-Seventies lull.

***Out for Justice*** (1991): Brooklyn cop Steven Seagal hunts down gangster who killed his best friend. Brutal aikido sequences. Seagal's acting actually a plus.

***Black Belt Jones*** (1974): Hybrid blaxploitation–karate flick stars champ Jim Kelly, who saves inner-city karate school from the Mafia. Big afros, jive talk, polyester bell-bottoms. A relic.

***The Last Dragon*** (1985): Motown's Berry Gordy produced this quasi-parody, with tongue-in-cheek script and funky soundtrack. But the kung fu is the real thing.

***China O'Brien*** (1990): Female kung fu hero Cynthia Rothrock takes on small-town corruption and kicks plenty of redneck butt—in heels. —ELIZABETH TIPPENS

### FLYING FOOTAGE

Is Earth just a truck stop on the intergalactic highway? Are humans routinely shanghaied for some alien's science project? View soon—you may be next.

***UFO: The Unsolved Mystery:*** Potpourri of UFO data, including disguised witnesses who claim the government has regular contact with ETs. Mike Farrell hosts.

***Contact UFO: Alien Abductions:*** People who claim they were kidnapped by UFOs—and the experts who love them.

***Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World: UFOs/Strange Skies:*** Great footage of saucers (as well as Bigfoot and the Loch Ness monster) gets you hooked, then Clarke ruins it by claiming it's all bunk. Bummer.

***Cosmos*** (episodes 11 and 12): Fellow spoilsport Carl Sagan says they might be out there but probably have better things to do than visit us.

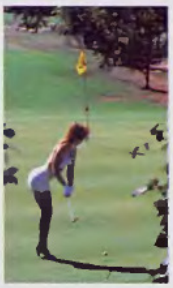
***Government Whistle Blower or Cosmic Charlatan?:*** Vid investigation of Bob Lazar, who claims he was part of top-secret government UFO-study team. Decent evidence, low quality. For serious saucerheads only. —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

### LASER FARE

This month, Voyager promises to have its first John Waters film on disc: the legendarily offbeat ***Polyester***. Waters has supplemented the 1981 dysfunctional-family comedy (starring drag-queen diva Divine) with stills from his personal collection and early Super-8 footage. Will the package also include the scratch-and-sniff Odorama cards originally issued at movie theaters? Voyager ain't sayin'. . . . Update: MGM/UA's deluxe release of ***Fellini's Roma,*** the master's 1972 return to the city of his youth, is now in CAV format—ideal for Fellini's penchant for sensory overload; and MCA/Universal's newest offering of Phil Alden Robinson's 1989 paean to baseball, ***Field of Dreams,*** is letterboxed at last. What does that mean, sports fans? Correct: Your laser *Field* now has a left and a right. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

### VIDEODDITY

From pinup photographer Eric Kroll comes a vid trip through the bizarre. ***Girdle Gulch*** and ***Girls from Girdleville*** are what Kroll likes to call "full-color bursts of concentrated fetish obsession." We call them strange stripteases by the busty and beautiful, crammed with Kroll's favorite obsessions: lingerie and leather, voyeurism and fantasy. While some of the backdrops show imagination (from cactus-covered mesas to golf courses), we think *Gulch*'s autoerotic blow-job-toe-job-in-the-tub sequence a bit much. But you be the judge. (Call 212-684-2465.)



### VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| ROMANCE | ***Mad Dog and Glory*** (crook loans Uma Thurman to shy cop photographer; Murroy's thug is priceless, De Niro's De Niro), ***Born Yesterday*** (Johnson tutors Griffith so D.C. wheeler Goodman looks less like a lox; Cukor's 1950 gem by holf). |
| DRAMA | ***Barbarians at the Gate*** (corporote cockfight pits Jomes Gorner against vulture capitalist Jonathan Pryce; HBO gold), ***Waterland*** (teacher Jeremy Irons recolls tawdry tales of youth in cautious yes-no-maybe spin on abortion debate). |
| ACTION | ***Point of No Return*** (Bridget Fonda is an assassinating angel in slick remoke of Fronce's *Lo Femme Nikita*), ***Fifty/Fifty*** (mercenaries Peter Weller ond Robert Hays overthrow an Asian dictator; spoofy, no-doze sleeper). |
| TRUE ADVENTURE | ***Alive*** (chilling diary of 1972 Andes oir-crash survivors; tip for the squeomish: FF through the cannibalism), ***Fire in the Sky*** (did aliens obduct D. B. Sweeney from backwoods? Garner keeps it from tipping into hokum). |
| FOREIGN | ***The Stationmaster's Wife*** (depot dude con't keep feisty wife's caboose sidetracked; Fassbinder's sexy 1977 romp), ***Korczak*** (good, grueling biopic of heroic doctor who ran orphonage in Warsaw ghetto; from Polish director Andrzej Wajda). |

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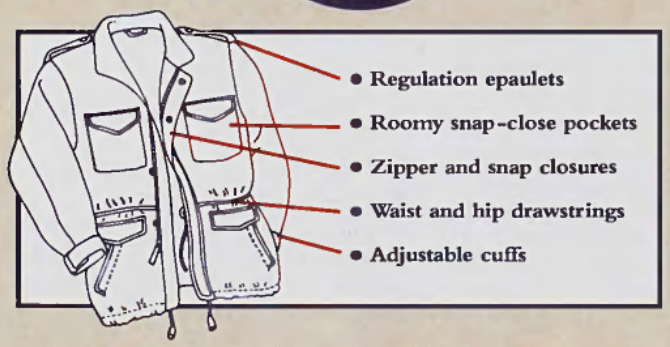


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# MUSIC

### DAVE MARSH

IF FUNKADELIC'S ***Music for Your Mother*** (Westbound; distributed by Rounder) has any parallel, it is Bob Dylan's *The Basement Tapes*. Like the Dylan album, *Music for Your Mother* is a treasure trove of music by one of pop's venerable geniuses, some of it previously known only to collectors, and a lot of it thoroughly unsuspected. This album heralds George Clinton and his Parliament/Funkadelic troupe as musicians who have deep resources and great powers of invention.

*Music for Your Mother* contains both sides of every single Clinton's band released between 1969 and 1976. On 1969's *Qualify and Satisfy*, Funkadelic takes on the basic Cream–Traffic riff models and makes of them a blues stew far superior to Blind Faith's. By 1975's *Let's Take It to the Stage*, Clinton had perfected a vision that blended the rhythmic advances of James Brown and the harmonic daring of the Beatles. In between (as well as thereafter), the band simply devours musical and philosophical concepts—as well as play, sing and talk funnier than any other band before or since. I'd give Funkadelic a higher recommendation, if I could imagine one.

FAST CUTS: Iggy Pop, ***American Caesar*** (Virgin): Desultory for most of its length, Iggy's umpteenth assault on the postmodern world bursts into life on its last three tracks, sparked by the first *Louie Louie* to lament the demise of civilized society and climaxed by a rant featuring the Ig as Julius himself. Gore Vidal wept.

Roland Stone, ***Remember Me*** (Orleans): Only in New Orleans could a singer who sounds as if he's been woodshedding with Professor Longhair and Allen Toussaint remain essentially undiscovered. While there's nothing original about the material, the singing is as transcendental as gravel gets.

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### CHARLES M. YOUNG

After all these years of grunge, how about a singer-songwriter? How about Chris Smither, to be specific? Having written Bonnie Raitt's hit *Love Me Like a Man*, he falls into the category of a Potentially Big Deal. Smither's previous album, *Another Way to Find You*, showcased his dazzling finger-picked guitar—blues-based but original—and now he's back with ***Happier Blue*** (Flying Fish), on which he's playing with an ensemble in various acoustic configurations. I liked *Another Way* a little more, but only because I can listen to his solo guitar all day. The guy doesn't need a band, even a fine band,

Iggy Pop's *American Caesar*.

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Iggy fizzes, world music rocks and Tony Toni Tone sizzles.

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which he has. The title song is about falling in love—and the accompanying panic at the thought of losing the new lover. Unafraid of a good melody and rhymes, he's crafted an album full of similar epiphanies about good and evil, faith and betrayal, life and death. And his band is growing on me.

FAST CUTS: ***Blues Masters, Volumes 1–15*** (Rhino): They keep putting out new volumes and I keep listening for the sheer pleasure. One of the great anthologies, it's perfect for introducing a novice to the blues—and for late-night driving.

***The Who's Tommy, Original Cast Recording*** (RCA): Don't buy this, see the play.

Joseph Spence, ***Happy All the Time*** (Hannibal): A prime inspiration to Ry Cooder, Spence taught himself guitar in the Bahamas, isolated from the usual influences, and came up with an incredibly exhilarating, contrapuntal style. Sounds like nothing you've ever heard, and it'll make you happy all the time.

Billy Joe Shaver, ***Tramp on Your Street*** (Praxis/Zoo/BMG): Authentic master of honky-tonk songwriting and performing. Shaver has assembled a band here that swings like the Stones, and the lyrics are also entirely cool.

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### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

It's been 20 years since journalist John Storm Roberts released Original Music's classic *Africa Dances* compilation, the seed of what is now a record label and a full-time mail-order business (418 Lasher Road, Tivoli, New York 12583, or at Tower Records). Keeping his break-even point below 1000 sales, Roberts never thinks mega or even crossover. But that doesn't mean he favors esoterica. By Roberts' standards he's selling pop music, compiling singles that once enjoyed genuine commercial life in somebody else's urban center.

Always rhythmic but seldom high-energy, Roberts' music doesn't throb with the beat of jungle drums and the rest of that racist malarkey. His special gift is an ear for a tune that will travel. So while collections like *The Kinshasa Sound* and *The Kampala Sound* may strike Americans as foreign, folkloric, even primitive, they never sound forbidding. They work as records.

***Mbuki Mvuki*** performs the same feat for Roberts' entire catalog. The members of Mbuki Mvuki come from all over Africa (as well as Panama, the Antilles and Indonesia). These 23 songs are so sweet, direct and beguilingly strange that they sound seamless. Granted, those with a taste for slick won't find it here. But if all you ask for is slick's honest forebear—a friendly willingness to delight—you'll be seduced. It's enough to make you believe in world peace.

FAST CUTS: If slick is your thing, though, you may prefer ***Putumayo Presents the Best of World Music: Volume 1, Vocal*** (Rhino), on which artists from Costa Rica to Madagascar strive congenially to cross cultural boundaries. And if you'll settle for sweet (and still like *Graceland*), try Soweto. ***The Indestructible Beat of Soweto Vol. 4*** (Earthworks) might just be the *mbaqanga* compilation for you.

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### VIC GARBARINI

Steve Vai is the T. rex of the Jurassic guitar-shredders who ruled the Eighties, zipping up and down scales as if they were paid by the note. Unlike Eddie Van Halen or Metallica's Kirk Hammett, whose work proved you could play fast with feeling, Vai's work with David Lee Roth and Frank Zappa, among others, was all technique and no taste. ***Sex & Religion*** (Relativity), his first outing as a group leader, is more of the same. He does restrain his playing a bit, but his attempt to be profound proves Vai to be challenged as a songwriter, too. Pompous, clichéd lyrics and song structures are the norm. Ex–Camper Van Beethoven leader David Lowery's new group, Cracker, argues the opposite point. On

Zino. The Fragrance of Desire.

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Lift here

Bloomingdale's Burdines

its sophomore effort, ***Kerosene Hat*** (Virgin), the raw, bristling guitar attack and witty lyrics sound like essence of Neil Young filtered through early Replacements or R.E.M. Recorded on the edge of the Mojave Desert, the album also sounds more reflective and introspective than the band's rollicking debut. But Lowery is one of those rare guys who can process his pain and confusion with a wry grin rather than with a whine. His new-Beat and surreal lyrics have heart. *Kerosene Hat* subtly reflects the stark beauty of its desert origins. Maybe the band could invite Steve Vai down? The desert air would probably do him some good.

FAST CUTS: The Dave Clark Five, ***The History of the Dave Clark Five*** (Hollywood): These guys were considered rivals to the early Beatles, matching them single for single for almost two years. This two-CD set shows why—the ecstatic stomp of *Glad All Over* and *Bits and Pieces* is fueled by explosive production values that were light-years ahead of their British Invasion contemporaries. Sadly, they never passed through musical puberty to create a *Rubber Soul*. But their dozen or so hits still sound astonishingly fresh almost 30 years later.

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NELSON GEORGE

Tony Toni Tonē's third album, ***Sons of Soul*** (Wing/Mercury), confirms its status as the best self-contained band in contemporary black pop. Although it employs samples and other current studio trickery, this Bay Area trio actually plays instruments, too (a rarity in black pop music today), and writes extremely well. As the title suggests, these musicians—drummer Timothy Christian Riley, guitarist Dwayne Wiggins and singer-bassist-keyboardist Raphael Wiggins—are steeped in soul tradition. But unlike, say, Lenny Kravitz, they are writing and arranging Nineties material that alludes to the past without ripping it off.

TTT specializes in melodic mid-tempo funk such as *Tell Me Mama* and the humorous *My Ex-Girlfriend. I Couldn't Keep It to Myself* deserves to be a hit. But the tastiest song of the 15 collected on *Sons of Soul* is *Anniversary*, which gives a sentimental subject a sexy, rich treatment that makes it feel like an instant classic. This album is one of the year's best.

FAST CUTS: The Isley Brothers, ***Live*** (Elektra): The record ranges from *Shout* through the funky Seventies right up to the recent hit *Smooth Sailing*. Ronnie Isley is in particularly good voice.

Straight Ahead, ***Body & Soul*** (Atlantic Jazz): An all-female jazz quintet from Detroit puts a fresh feel on the standard *Body and Soul* and composes some nice originals, including *Look Straight Ahead*.

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cracker *Kerosene Hat* | 5 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 7 |
| Iggy Pop *American Caesar* | 5 | 7 | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| *Mbuki Mvuki* | 10 | 9 | 8 | 7 | 8 |
| Chris Smither *Happier Blue* | 7 | 7 | 9 | 7 | 8 |
| Tony Tani Tane *Sons of Soul* | 7 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 6 |

**HISSING FROM SUMMER LAWNS DEPARTMENT:** **John Kelly** has been impersonating **Joni Mitchell** since 1984, but he says it's not what we think. It's a theatrical device. "I'm portraying a character who happens to be a woman. I'm not getting a thrill from putting on a dress." Kelly admits he looks as good as Joni Mitchell and he can sing like her. No comment from Joni—or from **RuPaul**, either.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Stevenson Palfi**, co-producer of the TV documentary rock-history series *Played in the U.S.A.*, is working on a new documentary about writer-producer **Allen Toussaint**, featuring **Quincy Jones, Robbie Robertson** and the **Pointer Sisters.** They all worked with Toussaint. . . . **Ice-T** has teamed up with **Slayer** to cut *L.A. '92 Disorder* for the movie *Judgment Night*, starring **Emilio Estevez, Cuba Gooding, Jr.,** and **Denis Leary.** . . . There will be a soundtrack LP for *Airheads*, starring **Brendan Fraser** and *Saturday Night Live*'s **Adam Sandler.** It's a comedy about a rock band holding a radio station hostage until the band gets its demo tape played.

**NEWSBREAKS:** The Red Hot Organization (of *Red Hot and Blue*, etc.) has already released a new LP, *No Alternative*, a mix of originals, covers and live and studio recordings from such performers as the **Chili Peppers, Bob Mould, Soul Asylum** and **Matthew Sweet.** Look for the MTV special celebrating the LP. . . . New albums on the way from **INXS, Jackson Browne,** the **Neville Brothers** live, **Shanice,** country classics from **Mojo Nixon** and **Jello Biafra, John Mellencamp, J. J. Cale** and a **Los Lobos** two-CD retrospective. . . . **Elton John's** follow-up to *The One* will be an album of duets with **Tammy Wynette** and **Kiki Dee,** plus previously released material with **John Lennon** and **Aretha Franklin.** Look for it soon. . . . **Duran Duran** is cutting an LP of covers, mostly from the Sixties and early Seventies, to be released next spring. . . . The touring company of *Tommy* has just hit the road, with engagements in 15 cities already booked. . . . The **Diana Ross** 30-year career retrospective CDs were recently released. Ross is also publishing her memoirs, doing a world tour next year and making three movies for ABC. The first, a docudrama about her life, airs any day now. . . . **En Vogue** is going on the road with **Luther Vandross.** . . . There are reports swirling around the music biz that **Pink Floyd** is considering a reunion tour. The Toronto-based Concert Productions International (which produced the **Stones'** Steel Wheels tour) has reportedly guaranteed Pink Floyd $100 million in ticket sales and merchandising rights. Is the feud over between **Roger Waters** and the rest of the band? Who knows? . . . At New Music Seminar this past summer in New York, more than 200 unsigned bands got a chance to play for industry heavyweights. The story we like best is that 12 of the groups picked usually perform in New York subways. Groups included the expected urban folk acts as well as a Middle Eastern ensemble, a pop stylist and, of course, blues (everyone sings the blues in the subway). . . . **Prince** has opened a shop in Minneapolis where you can get records, clothes and the Purple One's paraphernalia (as well as watch videos and listen to unreleased music). . . . **Stevie Wonder** has a studio LP coming out any day now. . . . Finally, "the check's in the mail" has a new meaning. A Colorado printing company got the OK from Elvis Presley Enterprises to offer **Elvis** checks. For more information, call 800-533-3973. It's one for the money.

—BARBARA NELLIS

# OBVIOUSLY, WE KNOW W

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## GO VEST, YOUNG MAN

If you want to get maximum mileage from your wardrobe without exhausting your bank account, pick up a couple of vests. Vests are versatile (guys are wearing them under sports coats, over T-shirts and even on their own with a pair of jeans) and they come in a variety of slick styles. Giorgio Armani has designed a vest with a twist. Included in his Emporio Armani Collection, it's actually a long, sleeveless jacket with lapels (about $380). As an alternative, try Wilke-Rodriguez' three-pocket suede vest ($195); ZYL-E's high-button-stanced berry, camel or taupe wool models with leather buttons ($169); or New Republic's wool-and-alpaca-plaid version ($195, pictured here). For a change from the conventional shirt and tie, layer any one of these styles over a collarless shirt, such as the $55 plaid-and-abstract-printed one by Spenser Jeremy. Button the vest and the shirt to the top, making sure both items fit comfortably across the chest.

## HOT SHOPPING: KEY WEST

Key West is an island of extremes, but somewhere between the tacky T-shirt shops and the freakish Fantasy Fest lies a tropical medium, cool as the breezes off the Gulf and the Atlantic. Fast Buck Freddie's (500 Duval St.): The South Florida department store with everything from linen sportswear to rain-forest shower curtains. • Sunlion Jewelry (513 Duval St.): X marks the spot where sunken treasure surfaces as doubloon pendants. • Hot Hats (613 Duval St. and 431 Front St.): The draw is straws, but if you fancy a fez, they have that, too. • Zē-Rō Clothing for Men (624 Duval St.): You have to be Marky Mark macho to wear these low-cut tops and formfitting shorts. • Mosquito Coast Island Outfitters (1107 Duval): Leave the shopping and bars behind and escape into the mangroves on a terrific guided kayak tour.

### CLOTHES LINE

Actor-comedian **Paul Reiser,** star of NBC's hit *Mad About You,* is more concerned with fashion than is his TV character, Paul Buchman. "Buchman doesn't spend time or money on clothing. I do, but then I don't wear what I buy." Reiser is referring to a black cotton Girbaud jacket he bought a while back and recently broke out for a premiere. "It's just too cool for me," he says. Of course, Reiser's not too cool to shop at Fred Segal on Melrose Avenue, because "it's a one-stop shop. They have food there, and it helps to be able to see how tomato sauce looks on a shirt you want to buy." A recent purchase? Joan and David navy suede shoes.

## THE VELVET OVERGROUND

Velvet was big in the Sixties, and now Prince, Lenny Kravitz and AC/DC's Angus Young have smoothed the way for its revival. The designing firm of Nick & Nora has created an oversized button-front shirt in deep-toned velveteen (about $120). Gaspar Saldanha has black embossed velvet vests that come in either the plain-front style ($175) or with lapels ($210). And STNT's makes a peacoat in black velvet ($395) that goes great with turtleneck sweaters. Velour, another soft-pile fabric, is considered more casual than velvet but equally cool. Look for Disorder's velour tops, which come in striped and hooded versions with long sleeves ($45) and button-front styles that are printed in front and have a black back and sleeves ($60). Jimmy'Z has oversized velour crewnecks and contrast zip-front shirts ($36 to $38), and Quicksilver goes wild with its Western-styled shirt in a wide-wale, velour corduroy ($56). Jimi Hendrix, R.I.P.

## THE CLOSET JOCK

No longer content to merely endorse casualwear, pro athletes are slipping their broad shoulders into namesake tailored clothing. A new line called Bugatchi Uomo for Michael Jordan features athletic-fit suits with roomier chests, wider shoulders and smaller waist-to-jacket size ratios for that V shape. The price: $350 to $450. Other items include dress shirts ($45 to $65) and ties ($36). Carl Banks, linebacker for the Washington Redskins, is also tackling the fashion biz with the Men's Line by Carl Banks. Our favorite item: a Forties-style wool checked hacking jacket ($170). There are also Carl Banks beautifully printed silk shirts ($60), silk sports jackets ($150) and boxer shorts ($32). Slick.

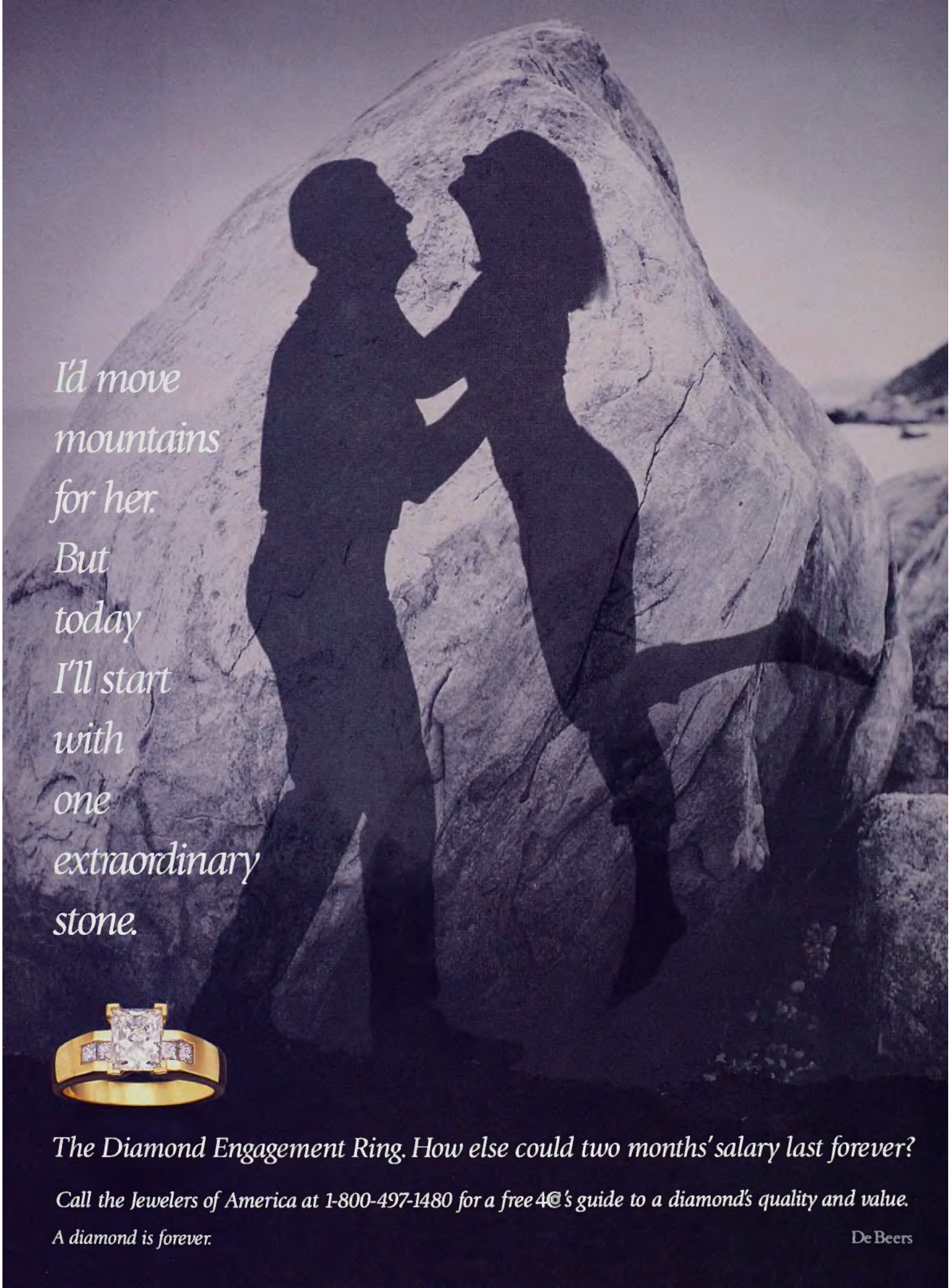
MARTIN HOFFMAN

### STYLE METER

| TOPCOATS | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| STYLES | Long, mid-calf-length coats with soft shoulders; double-breasted officer ond polo styles | Tight fits; knee lengths; trench-coat styling on heavy winter wools |
| COLORS AND FABRICS | Neutrals such as camel, black and navy; nubby textures such as tweeds and alpaca | Earth tones such as rust or olive; shiny twills; thick wools; ankle-length leathers |
| DETAILS | Shawled or peaked lapels; inverted back pleats; belts tied rather than buckled | Gangster-style shoulder pads; huge lapels and oversized collars |



Where & How to Buy on page 171.

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# WIRED

## KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES NETWORK

Thanks to a new cable channel called the Jones Computer Network, everything you need to know about PCs is now a zap away. An offshoot of the Mind Extension University, a 24-hour cable station that offers fully accredited college- and graduate-level courses, JCN debuted earlier this year on MEU with programming geared toward computer users. Diverse topics range from how to buy your first PC to

DAN YACCARINO

demonstrations of advanced graphics software for the Macintosh. You can also tune in to JCN to take certificate and degree courses in computer science from George Washington University and to use the network's bulletin board to download sample programs to your PC. Currently running for three prime-time hours on MEU, JCN will be its own 24-hour channel beginning in January 1994. Check your local cable service for availability.

## VIDEO ON DEMAND

Tired of having bluenoses tell you how much sex or violence is appropriate in movies or on TV? Then get ready for Content-on-Demand, a new technology that could let us all have it our own way. According to its developer, Nissim Corp., Content requires a new film architecture in which directors produce "master" programs with many duplicate scenes. The dupes would have varying levels of sex, violence, profanity and even character development. Software built into future cable boxes would then let viewers edit the programs as they see fit—with no help from motion-picture studios, overzealous religious groups or other censors. The system could even be programmed to edit automatically through the use of radio-type presets. You could have a "family" preset, for example, with no sex, profanity or violence, or an "over-the-top" preset with explicit sex, profanity in every other sentence and enough violence to make Clive Barker cover his eyes. When will Content be available? Before the end of the century, if Nissim has its way.

## THREE FOR THE ROAD

Automobile electronics are no longer limited to cop detectors, audio gear and burglar alarms. The Autotalk system, for example, transmits traffic reports, weather updates and TV broadcasts. It connects to your car stereo and picks up the signals, while a dash- or console-mounted keypad lets you choose accordingly. Currently available in California, Autotalk ($129, plus installation) is slated for national distribution soon. If you get caught in the rain, snow or dark of night, Vehicle Radar Safety Systems' $1000 VR-1000A collision-warning equipment can be a great line of defense. It triggers auditory and visual alarms whenever its

CHRISTOPHER O'LEARY

Doppler radar detects large obstacles within 300 feet of your path. When you can't avoid the obstacles, Pac Tel's Teletrac system will dispatch help. Once a transmitter is installed, all you have to do is push a button that triggers a beacon. Teletrac's 24-hour operators will make all the arrangements for assistance. The price: between $400 and $600, with installation and a monthly $17.95 fee that includes stolen-vehicle protection.

## WILD THINGS

Panasonic's $350 Check Printing Accountant (pictured here) can print out your checks in less than 20 seconds. It can also store the names of up to 25 monthly payees, keep track of credit-card purchases and balance two separate checking accounts. Other features include a 50-name phone directory, a paper feeder for printing account information and an optional computer hookup ($100) that lets you download financial data to an IBM-compatible or Macintosh computer. • Onkyo's T-450RDS is the first AM/FM stereo tuner that's compatible with the new radio broadcast data system. Also known as RBDS, this technology enables you to pick up call letters, programming information, song titles and more as broadcast by local radio stations. It also lets you scan the dial by format (e.g., rock, jazz, country), stopping only at the stations you prefer. Price: $350. • Motor Mouse Products has introduced two IBM-compatible mouse controllers. One looks like a Lamborghini Countach, the other a Corvette. Both cost far less than the real things at $65 each. • Also new for computer users is a device called Remote Power On/Off, which lets you turn your PC on and off with a telephone call, allowing you to access files from a distance without having to leave your computer running. Price: $170.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

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# JAZZ

## By NEIL TESSER

JAZZ HAS never boasted many women instrumentalists, but they were there early on. Louis Armstrong's departure from King Oliver's group in 1924, for instance, came at the urging of his wife, Lil Hardin, who met Armstrong when she occupied the piano chair in the Oliver band. Yet in spite of a handful of important pianists—such as Marian McPartland, Mary Lou Williams and the bandleader Toshiko Akiyoshi—women have traditionally played second fiddle when it comes to the business of blowing an ax. So it's an overdue treat to find so many recordings by women instrumentalists.

The soprano saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom offers a dazzling view into her futuristic musical universe on ***Art and Aviation*** (Arabesque), which also stars the drumming of Jerry Granelli. Over the past 15 years, Bloom has developed a leaping, angular style of play. She has also perfected the use of electronics to enhance her free-ranging musical vision. Bloom's brand of modernism can encompass the eerily mechanistic side of contemporary life, as on the jet-propelled title track. Yet her ability to connect musical generations results in a darkly flowing, exquisitely nuanced rewrite of the ballad *Body and Soul* (newly titled *Hawkins' Parallel Universe*, in honor of Coleman Hawkins, who popularized the original years ago).

Modernism also underlies the music of piano powerhouse Myra Melford on ***Alive in the House of the Saints*** (Hat Art, Box 461, 4106 Therwil, Switzerland). Melford has crafted a writerly concept for her trio, but the carefully structured compositions open into flowering sections of uninhibited musical freedom. Her full-keyboard assaults and darting tone clusters always seem an organic part of the contexts that frame them. Melford uses a broad palette, and her multidimensional style has drawn comparisons to Cecil Taylor on the one hand and Keith Jarrett on the other. But she deserves consideration as a standard of comparison in her own right.

Cindy Blackman steps to a different beat—her own. Only a handful of women have played jazz drums; Blackman, one of the best, models her style on the busy patterns and impressive explosions of the percussion innovator Art Blakey. On ***Code Red*** (Muse), her second album, Blackman tends to get a bit too busy, threatening to overwhelm her fine soloists—who include trumpeter Wallace Roney and pianist Kenny Barron—with her ear-grabbing stick work.

The piano still remains the instrument of choice for jazzwomen, but you can lose your visions of ladylike keyboard ticklers. Exhibit A: Michele Rosewoman's ***Occasion to Rise,*** a 1990 Japanese recording now available in the U.S. on Evidence Records (1100 East Hector Street, Suite 392, Conshohocken, Pennsylvania 19428). Rosewoman keeps one foot in the jazz tradition but uses the other to prop open the door to the avant-garde. As a result, her trio remains highly accessible while it challenges the usual boundaries of rhythm and form. The Japanese pianist Aki Takase's solo recital ***Shima Shoka*** (Enja)—another 1990 recording newly available in the States (through Koch International, 177 Cantiague Rock Road, Westbury, New York 11590)—presents arrestingly original keyboard work. Takase is a jazz polymath, whether defining a forceful barrelhouse stomp on Ellington's *Rocking in Rhythm*, deconstructing John Coltrane's *Giant Steps* or declaiming her own nononsense compositions. This album does everything right.

DAVID CONN ES

A jazz-tradition update.

Women in jazz: not playing second fiddle anymore.

Women instrumentalists can't entirely steal the thunder from jazz vocalists, however. Kansas City singer Karrin Allyson makes a stunning debut on ***I Didn't Know About You*** (Concord), which matches inspired small-group arrangements with her impeccable sense of rhythm and her slightly husky, airy voice. Allyson's style, filled with irresistible twists of melody and inflection, reminds us that a jazz vocalist can improvise even when she doesn't scat. Nnenna Freelon, rid of the big-treatment arrangements that burdened her previous effort, shines on ***Heritage*** (Columbia). Loose and swingy, she sails into standards with a grace beyond her years. She has also begun to own the stylistic traits borrowed from Sarah Vaughan. And Cassandra Wilson, diva of the jazz–hip-hop hybrid called M-Base, scores with ***Dance to the Drums Again*** (DIW/Columbia), which showcases her rich, bottomy contralto on a fine assemblage of her nomadic original songs. Wilson sings with an insolent passion as she reworks some of Betty Carter's innovations for the next wave. (Wilson also appears prominently on ***Anatomy of a Groove*** [DIW/Columbia] from the M-Base Collective; featuring chums Steve Coleman, Greg Osby and Marvin "Smitty" Smith, it serves as a state-of-the-art intro to the M-Base sound.)

Meanwhile, Ellen Christi stakes out a hybrid turf—between singer and instrumentalist—on ***A Piece of the Rock,*** a beguiling new album from the European quintet she co-leads with drummer Fiorenzo Sordini. As Christi's wordless vocals blend into the front line of trombone and sax, she becomes in effect a third horn, weaving counterpoint with the others or soloing with graceful abandon. The wide-ranging compositions, which have evolved from more experimental work by Christi and the others, prove both accessible and unique. (It's on Splasch, imported by North Country Distributors, the Cadence Building, Redwood, New York 13679.)

On the short list: The much-anticipated anthology series from the Atlantic Records catalog debuts with ***The Last Giant*** (Rhino), a double-CD commemorating John Coltrane. It includes previously unknown private recordings from the Forties and Fifties, as well as the expected classics. The award-winning young trumpeter Ryan Kisor scores big with ***On the One*** (Columbia), leading a sextet of youthful all-stars through a set of sparkling new tunes. Vibraphonist Bill Ware (of the Jazz Passengers) stays out of the mainstream with the splendidly offbeat ***Long and Skinny*** (Knitting Factory Works), late-night music for any time of day. Horace Silver, who slapped the soul onto jazz back in the Fifties, offers ***It's Got to Be Funky*** (Columbia), his first album in more than five years. It sports a brass section, great guest solos from Eddie Harris and a groove strong enough to bring back vinyl LPs. And the Decca reissue called ***Mary's Idea*** (GRP)—comprising 1936–1941 recordings by Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy—spotlights the contributions of the aforementioned pioneer Mary Lou Williams, the band's musical director. Mary's idea was that women instrumentalists had a place in jazz. It appears that she was right.

# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

WHY DO SO MANY good baseball books appear at World Series time? A. Bartlett Giamatti, the former commissioner of baseball, knew the answer: "As soon as the chill rains come, baseball stops and leaves you to face the fall alone." Now that there's no joy in Mudville, Roger Kahn hits a literary home run, again, in ***The Era: 1947–1957*** (Ticknor & Fields) by tapping into many baseball fans' deepest passion—the 11 seasons when the Yankees, Dodgers and Giants played in New York. As they did in *The Boys of Summer*, Kahn's insights, descriptions and anecdotes bring the golden age to life.

But there is a dark side to this nostalgic journey. Kahn takes a long, hard look at the self-congratulatory lore surrounding Jackie Robinson's integration of major-league baseball when he joined the Brooklyn Dodgers. Dispensing with the historical hype, Kahn recounts behind-the-scenes struggles with the bigotry and shameful racist behavior on the field and in the stands that characterized Robinson's cruel welcome to the majors.

Kahn also takes us into "business meetings" at the "21" Club and at Toot Shor's, where the Yankees' Larry MacPhail and Red Sox owner Tom Yawkey agreed on an outrageous player swap: Joe DiMaggio for Ted Williams. Building the case that baseball developed into more of a business in this era, Kahn details the deal-making and manipulation that brought the epoch to an end when Walter O'Malley moved the Dodgers to Los Angeles (and the Giants moved to San Francisco).

As always, Kahn has wonderful stretches about the joys of baseball. In the chapter "The Greatest Ballgame Ever Played," he gives a virtuoso performance, his play-by-play re-creation far more vivid and exciting than videotape will ever be. It is Kahn's mix of sweet nostalgia and clubhouse insider info that makes him a sportswriter to savor.

The grand old game is celebrated in three other new books with both text and pictures. ***Baseball: A Treasury of Art and Literature*** (Hugh Lauter Levin), edited by Michael Ruscoe, is the most lavish volume, with more than 200 illustrations, plus writings by figures as diverse as Satchel Paige and John Updike. ***Baseball Archaeology*** (Chronicle), photos by Bret Wills and text by Gwen Aldridge, is a beautiful collection of memorabilia, including Ty Cobb's spikes. ***Baseball Days: From the Sandlots to the Show*** (Bulfinch/Little, Brown), by NPR commentator Bill Littlefield and with photographs by Henry Horenstein, is offbeat and folksy.

Two old pros, Joseph Wambaugh and Elmore Leonard, lead off a month packed with terrific crime fiction. Wambaugh's black Irish humor grows more cynical (and hilarious) with each new novel, and in ***Finnegan's Week*** (Morrow) he turns a toxic-waste caper—starring two sharp-witted San Diego policewomen and several border scam artists—into a laugh-out-loud contemporary morality play. If that sounds like a good trick, consider Leonard's ***Pronto*** (Delacorte), in which a Miami bookie on the lam from wiseguys and FBI agents travels to Italy to sort out his World War Two memories, narrowly avoiding an unpleasant rendezvous with a gangster named Zip.

CHRIS GALL

Kahn's baseball *Era*.

Baseball lore, gumshoes and a celebration of Duke Ellington.

Tony Hillerman reports in with a new novel featuring Navaho tribal policemen Joe Leaphorn and Jim Chee. ***Sacred Clowns*** (HarperCollins) mixes religious ceremonies with murder in another fascinating study of Native American traditions. Vic Daniel, a 6′7″ San Fernando Valley private eye, tracks a loan shark's bad debt to a goat farm in Oakland in ***Write Me a Letter*** (Mysterious), by David M. Pierce.

Two excellent literary biographies of disparate contemporaries have just arrived in bookstores. Edmund White's 800-page study of ***Genet*** (Knopf) is a fresh (and often startling) reexamination of Jean Genet's work and a retelling of his life. White illuminates Genet's aesthetics, his concepts of theater, his contradictory ethics and his "perverse" sexuality. Author Noël Riley Fitch's introduction to ***Anaïs: The Erotic Life of Anaïs Nin*** (Little, Brown) confronts the irony of a biography of a woman whose primary literary work is an intimate confessional diary. We need a biography, Fitch tells us, because "her diary is itself a work of fiction. Untrue confessions." Fitch unravels the accurate story of this self-styled "Donna Juana," whose energy for journal writing was exceeded only by her sexual appetite. In a letter to Henry Miller after Nin's death, Lawrence Durrell wrote, "I suppose the fur will start flying now as they search for the real girl among the four or five masks she left lying about with false clues attached to them."

Finally, the creative genius of Duke Ellington is applauded in ***Beyond Category*** (Simon & Schuster), by John Edward Hasse, and in ***The Duke Ellington Reader*** (Oxford U. Press), edited by Mark Tucker. Hasse, curator of American music at the Smithsonian Institution, draws upon the Ellington archives at the Smithsonian, as well as upon previously unknown family papers, to present a rich portrait of Ellington's life. Hasse also suggests essential selections from the more than 400 Ellington CDs now available. Tucker's *Reader* brings together more than 100 of the best interviews, reviews and essays about Ellington (including 12 pieces by Duke himself) in an extraordinary volume for fans and scholars alike.

### BOOK BAG

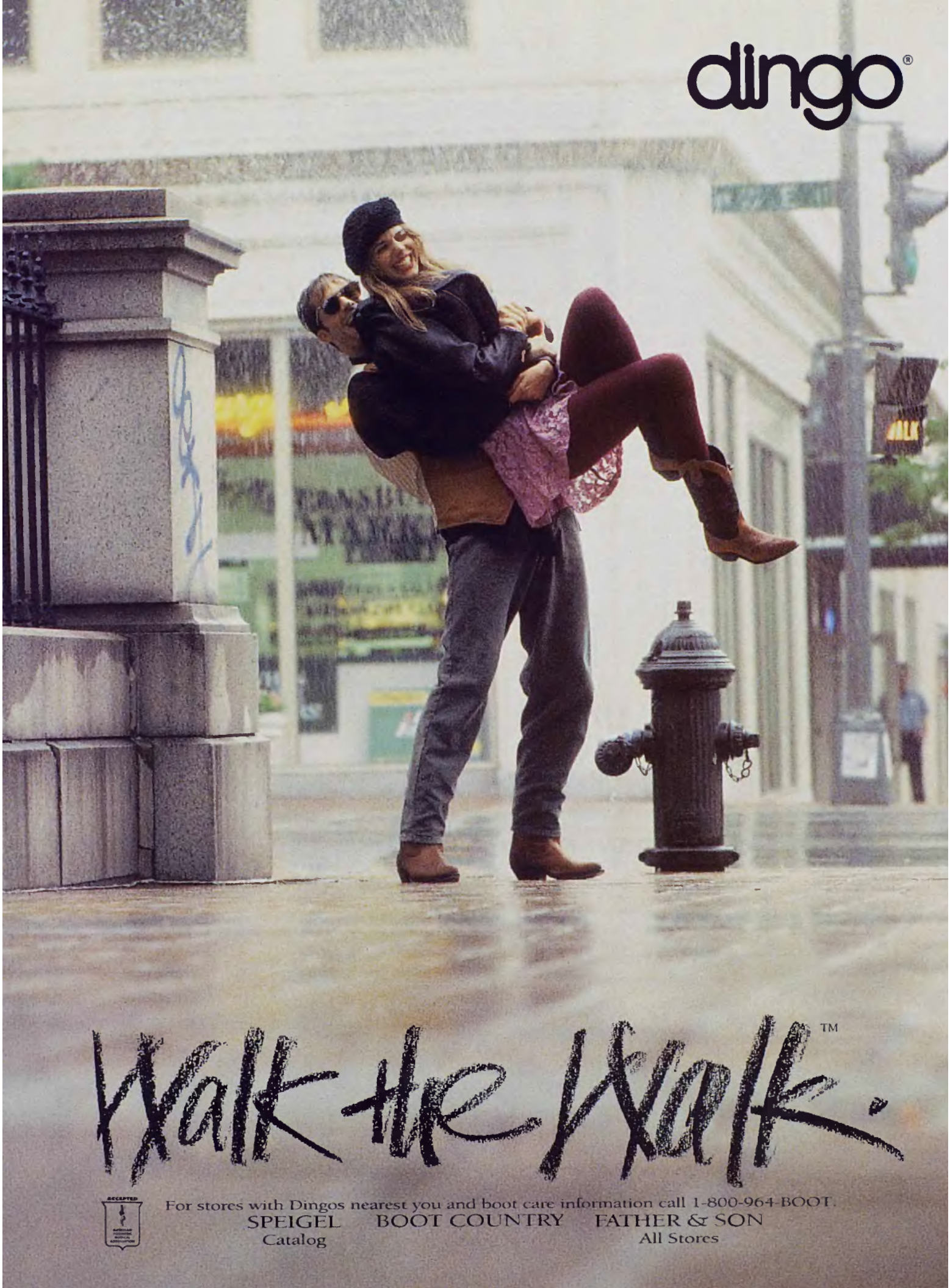
***A Tidewater Morning: Three Tales from Youth*** (Random House), by William Styron: These vivid narratives, told in the voice of a young boy remembering life in a tidewater town in Virginia, reflect a splendid trip to the author's own past.

***The Norton Book of Science Fiction*** (W. W. Norton), edited by Ursula K. LeGuin and Brian Attebery: A fine anthology of stories from the past three decades reflecting the genre's increasingly creative range.

***Hamburger Heaven: The Illustrated History of the Hamburger*** (Hyperion), by Jeffrey Tennyson: The catalogue raisonné for (we kid you not) the National Hamburger Museum in Seymour, Wisconsin follows the burger trail from 19th century Hamburg to the Golden Arches.

***The Portable World: A Complete Pocket Atlas*** (Avon Books), edited by B. M. Willett and David Gaylard: Old empires have crumbled, borders have been redrawn and new nations have emerged. This updated portable atlas contains all the details to help you get from here to there—for now.

***Working Men*** (Henry Holt), by Michael Dorris: Fourteen moving, poetic short stories by the author of *A Yellow Raft in Blue Water*.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# MANTRACK

## a guy's guide to changing times

### TOUGH JERKY

What's the real problem with *The Jerky Boys* CD, a collection of real prank phone calls? It's not the humor, or lack of it: "Listen up, tough guy," prank caller Johnny B.—posing as a job applicant—says to a prospective boss, "I'm da best. I can work circles around you, fuckface." The problem is that underground tapes are making mainstream record companies very rich. *The Jerky Boys*, released by Select Records, a division of Time Warner, sold a phenomenal 150,000 copies in less than two months and made it onto the *Billboard* charts.

In the feeding frenzy that followed the jerky juggernaut, other companies brought amateur tapes to market. *The Tube Bar* (Teen Beat Records) was taped by a pair of teens who tortured an old Jersey City bartender with calls for "Hal Jalikakick." *Shut Up, Little Man* (Ectoplasm) is 74 minutes of two drunken roommates arguing in a seedy San Francisco apartment. It's divided into sections with such titles as "Someday I Will Kill You" and "You Wanna Stick Me with That Fork?"

Somehow, it's cooler to listen to the tapes that have yet to be discovered by the corporate types: the Leroy ("It ain't nothing for me to whup a man's ass") Mercer tapes, popular in Tennessee; the Benny Garrick tapes—a three-year-long phone prank; and tapes produced by a trio of hardball callers known as the Pittsburgh Fightsters. (In *Blue Feathers*, the caller tells a distraught pet-owner he's accidentally killed his lost parrot. The pet-owner responds with threats and dry-fires his shotgun for emphasis.) But try to find these underground tapes quickly: It probably won't be long before they, too, end up next to Michael Bolton on the shelves at Kmart.

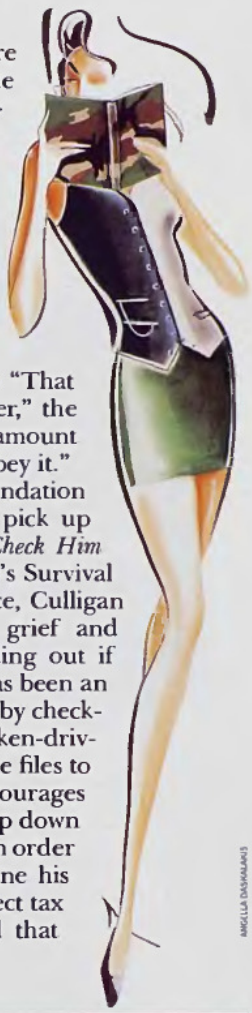
### THE CHORE WARS

Who's doing what around the house? Apparently, all anyone's doing is arguing—and the subject is who'll clean up. According to a poll in *Special Reports* magazine, 42 percent of women claim they argue with their spouses over chores, and 31 percent are pissed off that the men aren't carrying their share. Forty-five percent of the men admit they don't do half the work, and 14 percent confess they have botched chores in order to get out of doing them again. How serious are the chore wars? Consider this: Most people say they'd rather have OK sex in a clean house than great sex in a dirty house.

### HIT OF THE MONTH

CFRA, a radio station in Canada, has banished the Beatles song *Run for Your Life* from its playlist. Female listeners, upset by the song's lyrics, which say, "I'd rather see you dead, little girl, than to be with another man," had warned that the song "promotes violence against women."

### ARE WE IN LOVE OR IN BOSNIA?



If the shelves of our local bookstore reflect the current state of affairs of the heart, then love truly has become a battlefield. We came upon two recent selections indicating that today's dating-game guidelines less resemble the Book of Love than they do a CIA handbook.

In *Screw the Bitch: Divorce Tactics for Men*, Dick Hart spreads goodwill and offers some advice to divorced men: You can try anything, including getting fired, to avoid paying alimony. "That piece of paper, known as a court order," the author assures future scofflaws, "won't amount to a hill of beans if you decide not to obey it."

Whoever claimed that trust is the foundation for a healthy relationship has yet to pick up Joseph J. Culligan's *When in Doubt, Check Him Out*, touted on the cover as "A Woman's Survival Guide for the Nineties." In the preface, Culligan says readers will "save themselves grief and heartache by simply calling and finding out if their boyfriend or future son-in-law has been an inmate in the federal prison system, or by checking his driving record to discover drunken-driving charges, or by reviewing his divorce files to see if he abused his wife." Culligan encourages the suspicious bride-to-be to make a trip down the aisles of the county hall of records in order to verify a man's true identity, examine his driving and criminal records and inspect tax returns and credit ratings. Who said that love is blind?

### WHAT ARE THE BEST BUDDY MOVIES OF ALL TIME? HELP US CHOOSE. YOU COULD WIN FREE VIDEOS

It sounded easy enough. A few of us were sitting around the office trying to name the ten best buddy movies ever made. Here's the problem: We could agree on only seven. Help us find three more and you could win all ten buddy films on videocassette, courtesy of Critic's Choice Video. Here are our picks to get you started:

*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*

*The Frisco Kid*

*Grand Illusion*

*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*

*Midnight Run*

*The Man Who Would Be King*

*Lethal Weapon*

Add your three favorites to this list and mail your choices to Buddy Movies, c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 9242 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210. The editors will choose the best entry, and Critic's Choice will round up as many of the videos as available—they already have our seven—and mail them to the winner. The best entry with the earliest postmark wins.

## NEW HOPE FOR ROCKY MARRIAGES

When the Colorado Rockies started playing in Denver this year, one researcher was particularly intrigued. Howard Markman, a psychology professor and expert on marriage, had already uncovered two interesting facts: (1) the divorce rate in Denver was 20 percent higher than the national average and (2) cities that have major-league baseball teams have a divorce rate that is 23 percent lower than that of the rest of the country. "The major predictors for a successful marriage are the amount of fun a couple has together, how well they communicate and their level of friendship," says Markman. "Baseball fits in nicely because the pace of the sport is leisurely and—unlike a movie—it's OK to talk during it." The true test now that the Rockies have hit town: Will the divorce rate in Denver head toward the cellar like the Rockies, or will it, like the city itself, stay mile-high?

DAN PICASSO

JIM ENDICOTT

## LIP SERVICE

"Leaving sex to the feminists is like letting your dog vacation at the taxidermist's." —CAMILLE PAGLIA

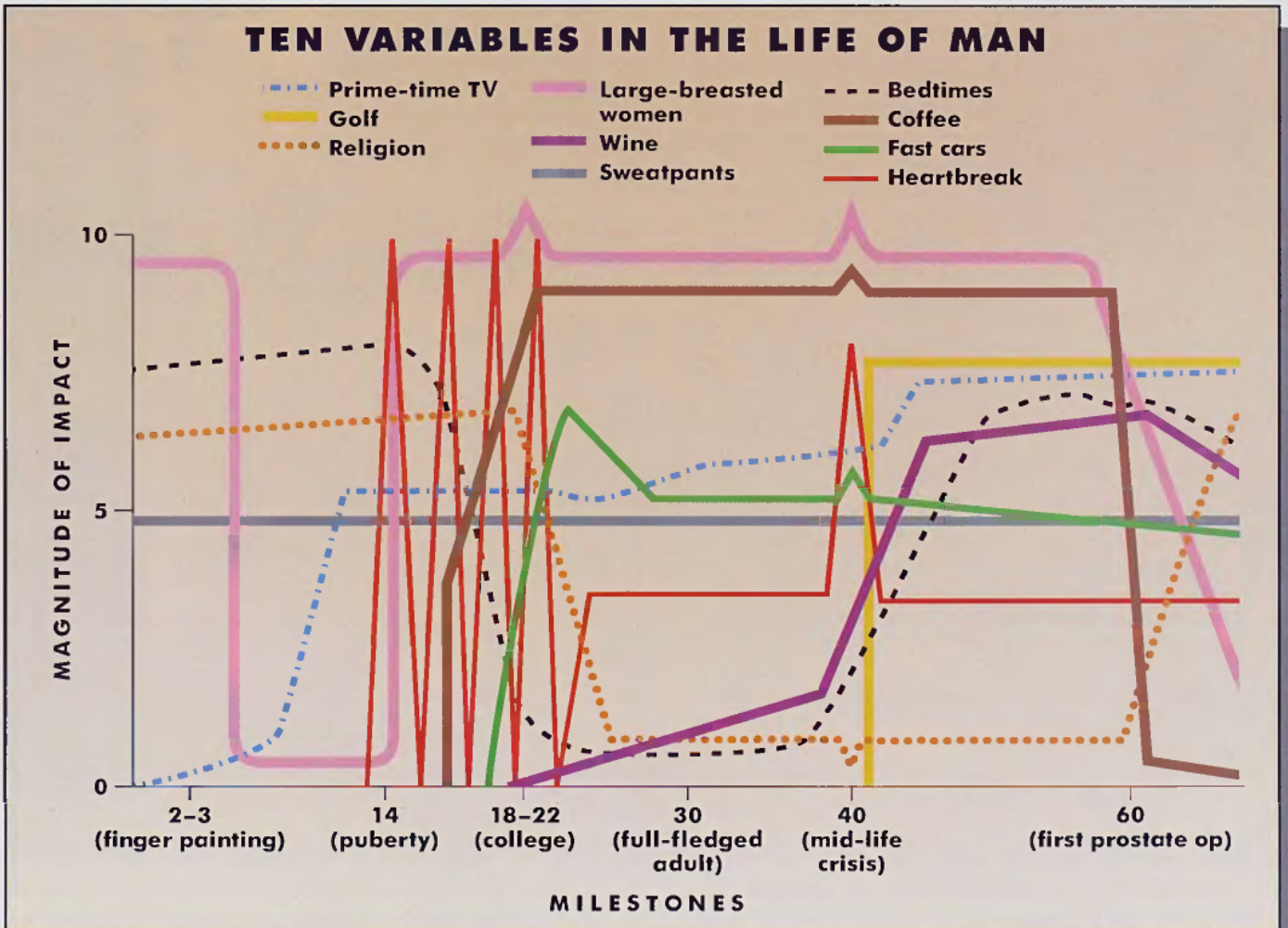
"The Cleveland Orchestra wanted me to do a big piece for New Year's Eve 1999. It would start at 11 P.M. and end at one A.M., January 1, 2000, but my wife refuses to spend New Year's Eve of the millennium in Cleveland." —COMPOSER JOHN ADAMS

"Now I consider my bald spot an intellectual mooning of the world. Fuck you, kiss my bald spot." —TED DANSON

"I would hope to be more like a woman than a man, actually. Right now women should be listened to more, because men have proved that they really can't get it together, they can't be cool." —EVAN DANDO, LEAD SINGER OF THE LEMONHEADS

"I think that everyone should get married at least once, so you can see what a silly, outdated institution it is." —MADONNA

## TEN VARIABLES IN THE LIFE OF MAN

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# MANTRACK

**GUEST OPINION**
**BY BOB BERKOWITZ**

I was on the verge of a male meltdown. I was at home watching TV and had turned to *Donahue*. The show was supposed to examine men who were physically abused by their wives, but it quickly turned into a yuckfest. At one point, a woman stood up in the audience and told Phil and the rest of America how she had hammered her husband with a pencil holder she had flung across the room. It had bounced off the wall and whacked him on the back of his head. "A bank shot," said Phil to much laughter. As Mr. Sensitivity egged her on, the woman described how hubby's laceration had been so bad that "he went in an ambulance." Bigger laugh. P.S.: She couldn't understand what she had done to make the cops haul her in.

As a talk-show host and author, I've long known that many questionable assumptions made by women about men often go unchallenged on TV. In this instance, though, my luck held: A few days later a *Donahue* producer called me and asked if I'd like to be on a panel to talk about male-bashing in the media. Yes, I thought, there is a God. I said I would do it only if they showed a clip from the show I found offensive. To Phil's credit, he agreed. "There is no way," I later told him and his audience, "that you would be laughing if a woman were a victim of spousal abuse. Phil would not have allowed a titter if a she and not a he were the target." In retrospect, I must have overdosed on rhetorical steroids because I followed up by saying, "From now on, any man who sells out on other men is going to be called an Uncle Phil." However, I'm pleased to see that the gray eminence has apparently joined a 12-step program for male-bashing and has let up on his pejorative generalizations about men. I wish I could say the same for the other hosts.

**WHY TV LIKES BAD GUYS**

Oprah, who along with Phil is one of the smartest talk-show hosts, is also occasionally guilty of the sin of shoddy TV: Women are victims and men are the problem. Some years ago she did one of the countless men-who-have-extramarital-affairs shows. "All the surveys," said Winfrey in her introduction to the program, "say that one half to two thirds of married men stray at least one time. And you and I both know from talking to friends that sooner or later it seems they all do it." Say what? I can't imagine anyone on TV tolerating such negative and inaccurate stereotypes of blacks, Jews or women. After acknowledging her male guests—a sorry batch of wretched souls—Oprah asked her audience to "welcome them all to the show." All you executioners out there, take notes.

Sadly, the men-are-jerks shows are still popular fare on daytime talk, and even when the bashing isn't so obvious, the perspective on men is still skewed. Why do they keep recycling the same old same old? It's the ratings, of course. The majority of the viewers of daytime talk are women. And as Susan Podbielski, a veteran talk producer, says, the poor schmuck on the stage who can't commit to his girlfriend or family, who likes his dog more than his wife or who still sees his ex-wife becomes the surrogate for every woman's unresponsive boyfriend or husband.

What's more, Podbielski says, "the producers are not about to choose an articulate, sensitive man." He's either an asshole or a wimp. In the parlance of talk TV, this is called hot-reactor programming. "The idea is to get someone in the audience so mad that she'll stand up and give this guy the what for," says Podbielski. "Conflict, not the resolution of relationship issues, is the mission here." As in a cop show or a Western, you have to have a good guy and a villain. Podbielski says that producers are spoiling for a public beating and, she says, a woman is harder to beat up than a man. It's an issue in which we have no balance.

So, it's just TV. What's the problem? Well, the problem is that there are a number of viewers who are looking for answers to the serious relationship issues facing couples. To make men almost always wrong or never to question feminism serves to further alienate the genders. As Fred Hayward, head of Men's Rights, says, "If men are always portrayed as the perpetrators, then women are less likely to examine their own contributions to marital discord."

Women are also indirectly getting the shaft by maintaining the stereotype of female as victim. On shows about infidelity, men are often portrayed as being lustful or amoral, whereas women cheaters are excused because they are not getting what they need at home.

This is not to say that women don't have bones to pick with men (and vice versa). But at some point it becomes emotional piling-on. Penalty: 15 yards and the loss of a Nielsen home.

Even when the shows attempt to be sympathetic to poor old Charlie, there doesn't seem to be much sympathy. Jenny Jones had a woman on who wore a fake mustache to see what it would be like to be a guy. The segment was titled "I Thought Men Had It Easy Until I Became One for 48 Hours." What did she find out in this great search? Men at a gas station laughed at "him" for not knowing how to put air in tires, which made her understand pressures men face. But her big breakthrough was that men are better tippers than women. Thank goodness we do something right.

Sometimes in doing mindless shows about men, the women look just as goofy. When *Geraldo* did the umpteenth variation of the why-men-can't-commit show, the guys onstage made Al Bundy look like Robert Bly. But you had to wonder: If these guys were such yutzes, why did the Peg Bundys sitting next to them stick around?

Where will it all end? It won't. Not as long as TV shows keep recycling the same themes and producers keep jumping from Jenny to Jane to Sally Jessy with the same Rolodex and ratings book in hand.

*Bob Berkowitz used to cover men's issues for the "Today" show. He now hosts a talk show on CNBC.*

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# MEN

## By ASA BABER

Whenever I hear that the economic system of the U.S. has shifted from a manufacturing economy to a service economy, I laugh.

A service economy? What a glorious euphemism for our new economics. The service economy is here and we must learn to deal with it, but it is not a system that will automatically open its arms to men.

The next time you hear the phrase service economy, ask yourself this basic question: *Just who is being served by the service economy?*

My answer to that is "Not many of us." And in spite of the propaganda from some feminists about how fortunate men have been in the marketplace, not most men. Women, too, have been at a great economic risk in this land. But what about us? What is happening to men in this system?

Most people (an estimated 80 percent) have been living through a continuing depression of wages and earnings. For example, real wages in this country have been steadily declining since 1973.

That is a startling statistic. From 1973 to 1993 there have been millions of men, both blue-collar and white-collar workers, who have been fired or laid off, or who have retired early.

The rise in male unemployment is one of the greatest untold stories in our society. The fate of the middle-aged male in this economy is not pretty (again, that includes both blue-collar and white-collar workers).

In the current economy about 40 percent of our paycheck goes toward taxes (including federal, state, local, FICA, property taxes and Medicaid). Approximately another 25 percent of that paycheck goes toward housing. About 14 percent more goes toward health care. That means we have a grand total of 21 percent left to pay for everything else.

So another question arises: How are we, as men, supposed to function in this new world, where steel mills are closing, corporations are downsizing, pensions are evaporating and health insurance plans are being retracted? If you are lucky, you can land a part-time job at McDonald's.

One way for us to function—and the way to start tackling the problem directly—is to face the economic reality of the times. Consider:

STEVE BOSWICK

## THIS AIN'T NO PARTY

- In manufacturing and construction, real average weekly earnings are at about the same level they were at in 1965 and 1960, respectively. Which means that for 28 years, these workers haven't improved their lot. And these formerly male-dominated sectors in which we find wages shrinking are also losing many essential jobs to markets overseas at an astounding rate.
- In retail trade (the heart of the service economy), real average weekly earnings (with taxes taken into account) are lower than they were in 1950. So we see even more regression here: Retail employees in 1991 earned nearly 12 percent less than they did more than four decades ago. Their living standards are approaching 1939 levels. And that is definitely not a joyful fact.

I ask the question once again: *Just who is being served by the service economy?* We are losing our heavy industry to other countries, manufacturing jobs are being replaced by low-level service jobs and those service jobs are often without essential benefits.

Welcome to the Silent Depression.

"OK, Baber, you've described a bleak picture," you might be saying, "but what can we do about it?"

Funny you should ask.

Gentlemen, it is time for us to wake up and smell the coffee. The American economy does not cater to our most primitive strengths anymore. Few of us can learn a trade that takes male muscle and grit (steelworking, for example) and then pass that trade on to our sons. It is a romantic idea, but a dead idea.

It is time for us to take our society's economic changes as a challenge—and to survive and thrive with them. That is the manly thing to do.

Try the following three rules for a male attitude adjustment:

(1) *Knowledge is king. You are what you know, so read and learn.* Think of the service economy as a knowledge economy. Most employers do not give a damn whether you are male or female (except when the EEOC comes to call). What the business world wants are educated, knowledgeable, rational, effective people. People who fit more than one limited job description. People with multifaceted skills who can be moved from place to place within an organization. Smart, shrewd people.

(2) *Economic sophistication will not get you fired, and it might get you promoted.* Let's face it, guys: There is no room for amateurs in any profession. Capitalism has won the day, the principles of marketing rule the world and we are all—men, women and children—tightly connected across international boundaries. So learn the rules of the game. If the price of gold rises and interest rates fall and there are floods in farm country, do you know how that affects your job and your market and your bosses and your wallet? Do you study commodities prices and demographics and political legislation? Because if you do, you increase your chances of economic survival. And if you don't, the world will not weep for you as the torch of change burns you quickly to ashes.

(3) *Learn more than one trade.* To quote the Talking Heads: "This ain't no party, this ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling around." Make a list of your job skills and start expanding it. How much training have you pursued in other areas, how many courses and seminars have you attended recently, how many professional contacts have you cultivated?

Tell you what, amigo: You can stop counting somewhere after you reach a billion. But not before.

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# WOMEN

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

DARREN THOMPSON

## SEXISM, MY SWEET

*The New York Times* recommended this book. A murder mystery, my main addiction. I'm reading it. I'm excited. The guy's good. OK, on page one he mentions a dress pushing a woman's white breasts up through a hole in the ozone. Still, snappy dialogue. Then on page four someone is described as cutting his wrists "like a hysterical old woman." Oh, so what? Am I so politically correct that a little sexism or ageism upsets me?

Then on page seven a woman says, "Sam's been good to me. He used to knock me around a little." I'm getting uneasy, but I'm pulling for this guy. He doesn't mean this stuff.

On page 41 a CIA guy says, "If I have to make love to one more lice-ridden slut of a female revolutionary." A couple of pages later he explains that women get caught up in relationships and that's "one reason most field agents are male." Oh, please.

But I don't throw the book across the room until page 67, when a woman says, "I'm a wife. More of us ought to be spies. It comes naturally, or it did until some women only a blind man would ever propose to came along and liberated us."

Not only was this a badly written, convoluted sentence, but this guy had an ax to grind. This guy was a pig.

The book is called *Sweet Women Lie* (I should have known), by Loren D. Estleman. "Gail Hope" is the murderer.

Here's what really pisses me off about this sort of thing. (Tell me if I'm wrong.) I picture guys picturing feminists as these huffy babes standing around with their arms folded, full of wary suspicion, just waiting to pounce gleefully on some poor bastard who makes an innocent slip of the tongue. But it isn't like that at all.

Most of us are constantly doling out benefits of the doubt and hoping everything will be OK. Most of us don't like to make waves, even in our own heads, while reading a murder mystery.

"You feel so betrayed," said Cleo. "I'd always heard that John D. MacDonald was good, so I bought a tape. I'm driving along, and within 15 minutes this 28-year-old woman is described as over the hill. Then she's humiliated by trying to get Travis McGee to fuck her and he won't. Then she's murdered, then two other women who have nothing to do with the story gratuitously get the shit beat out of them. These tapes should carry the following warning label: CAUTION: FOR WOMEN-HATERS ONLY."

Sometimes it's not actual hatred. Sometimes it's just a sick, twisted, sexually inane perception of women that has me smashing my fist against a wall. Take Walter Mosley (please), who Bill Clinton is supposed to be so crazy about.

Mosley's women are walking vaginas. They either give him erections or they don't. If they do give him erections, he looks into their eyes and sees poetry. If they don't, they're faintly distasteful to our hero, caricatures of human beings.

Mosley's character is your typical guy who thinks with his dick. I've never understood this. Aren't you guys curious about women? Don't you want to know what we're really like? Can't you keep it in your pants for a minute and study us dispassionately, as other humans who inhabit the same planet? Women study men all the time, because we have to—men have the power. But to many men, women are either fuckable or not fuckable and that's that.

Which brings me to Colin Dexter, who writes the Inspector Morse series so popular on PBS. Dexter is a hybrid. He thinks with his dick, but even when his character wants to fuck women, he hates them. They're slippery, deviant and two-faced. But they all go for Morse in a big way. They all want him to rip off their clothes while he pontificates about opera and poetry and tells them who they really are in the most patronizing of tones.

"Men always write murder mysteries where women are constantly ready for sex," said Cleo. "I wish some guy would have the woman say, 'Look, I've had a really rough day, and now you want something.' And then the guy would not say, 'How about if I whip up a shiitake mushroom fritter?' But something more believable, like 'How about if I order pizza? Then could we have sex?'"

"Stephen Dobyns," I said. "I love his hero, he's totally hopeless."

We decided on other male writers who can be allowed to live, who we would deign to read: Tony Hillerman, Robert Campbell, Jonathan Kellerman (Faye probably keeps him in line), Robert Parker, Anthony Oliver, Dan Kavanaugh, Reginald Hill, Dick Francis.

But no more Jonathan Gash, who we all used to be fond of. Early in the series Gash's Lovejoy was a depraved and gibbering idiot-savant and therefore attractive. These days Gash's women are inane and prissy and talk like Martians. Lovejoy mistreats and insults them, but they love to come back for more.

"And no more Kinky Friedman, the most porcine of all," said Cleo. "Damn his hipper-than-thou attitude that's supposed to make you think that if he offends you you're just not cool enough."

In fact, no more new men at all. I picked up a book by Vince Kohler, *Rising Dog*, because I liked the dog on the cover. There were two principal women in the book: a woman the hero worked with (whom he detested) and the love interest (a wet dream of a female whose fatal flaw was her radical feminism).

Who needs this shit? We'll stick with women. We have plenty to choose from: Ruth Rendall, Sue Grafton, Marcia Muller, Frances Fyfield, Patricia Cornwell, Elizabeth George, Mary Higgins Clark, B. J. Oliphant, Margaret Maron and my personal favorite, Susan Conant. They take good care of us.

People read murder mysteries because they're perfect little morality plays: The hero embodies good, the killer evil. We can't believe in a hero who doesn't believe in us.

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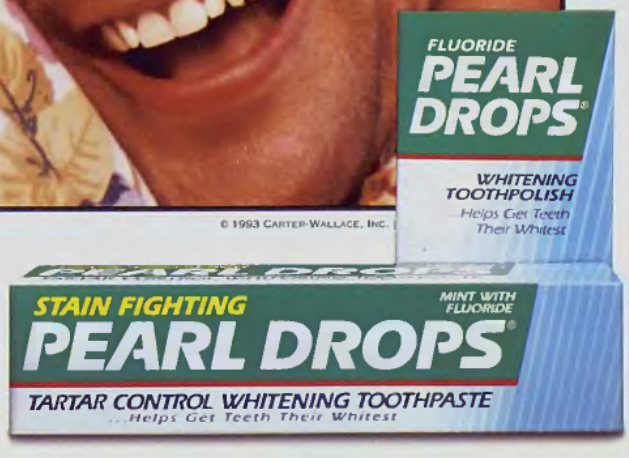


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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I just lost 20 pounds and suddenly I can't keep my hands off my wife. Have you ever heard of this?—H. W., Bay City, Michigan.

*Ronette Kolotkin, a psychologist at the Duke University Diet and Fitness Center, recently surveyed men aged 18 to 65 before and after weight loss of eight to 30 pounds. "After losing their weight," she says, "most reported more sexual desire." Excess weight makes many men feel less attractive, less desirable and more anxious about being seen naked. In other words, fat interferes with desire.*

My new girlfriend has an extra nipple below her right breast on her lower rib cage. Is she a freak?—L. L., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

*Not at all. Many women—and men—have extra nipples, a normal breast variation known medically as polymastia. Extra nipples are a vestige of our evolutionary past. Most mammals have a milk ridge (a series of nipples). During gestation we do, too, but before birth, most humans lose all but two of the nipples. A small percentage is born with a spare. We suggest you enjoy your honey's extra part. How many guys can suck on one and still have two to play with?*

A record store in my neighborhood has begun selling used CDs. Is there any reason I should keep paying $14 for new CDs when I can find many of my faves used for $9?—C. C., Tampa, Florida.

*Technically, a used CD should sound the same as a new one, assuming the previous owner handled it properly. A good look at both the shiny data surface and the label surface will confirm the condition of the disc. Avoid discs with scratches, smudges or any foreign objects on either side. We have learned that CDs are far from indestructible.*

Because my girlfriend remains silent during sex, I find it difficult to know when she climaxes. Sometimes I wonder if I'm stimulating her at all. I usually become frustrated and begin to thrust faster and deeper until I eventually roll over, exhausted and disappointed. I have discussed this with her and, in a rare moment of vulnerability, she admitted that her lack of enthusiasm in bed is her way of maintaining control in our relationship. She has been used sexually by ex-lovers and finds it hard to believe that I'll be any different. Is there a way to make her less rigid and more comfortable in bed?—K. L., Battle Creek, Michigan.

*The partner with no desire controls the relationship. And once control becomes the issue, spontaneous sex goes out the window. Ask your girlfriend what she wants out of sex and provide it. Her other lovers ran from her behavior. She needs to learn to get what she wants from sex. If not, you will go the way of the others.*

I'm 19 and I think about sex all the time. Am I obsessed?—P. B., Omaha, Nebraska.

*You're normal. Sexual thoughts are so common they can't be called an obsession. Studies cited in "The Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex" asked men, "Has sex crossed your mind in the past five minutes?" Half of those in their late teens said yes. Fourteen percent said that sex was the central focus of their thoughts. By the age of 40, only 20 percent of men said they had thought about sex during the past five minutes. Aging's not pretty.*

Lately I've noticed a lot of car dealers offering new one-price, fixed-price or "no-dicker sticker" deals. If I shop at a one-price dealership, will I pay the lowest possible price for my new car?—J. D., Chicago, Illinois.

*That's not necessarily the case. One-price programs are an effort by manufacturers and car dealers to avoid the lengthy negotiations and bargaining that often characterize a new-car sale. The price is usually a fair one, but it's seldom the lowest price you could get if you shopped around. When all dealers charge one price (as is the case with Saturn), the only negotiable elements are your financing and insurance charges (if you choose to arrange those through the dealer) and your trade-in. The dealer's offer on your old car may make the difference.*

I hate spending more time at airports than necessary. But I'm always concerned about getting hung up at security checkpoints. How can I legally breeze through without triggering alarms?—W. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Authorities keep increasing the sensitivity level of metal detectors. Obviously, keys, coins and jewelry set off the alarm. Watches, metal-frame glasses and that spare car key in your wallet can also cause problems. Metal belt buckles are good for a few warning beeps. The newest bell ringers are men's dress shoes and most hiking boots. The steel support shanks can misidentify you as a potential terrorist. You have two options to navigate security swiftly. Don't pack electronics in your carryon, but place all metal personal items in it. Wear cheap shoes and a plastic watch, and skip a belt. Your other option is to streak security.*

When flying, I listen to my portable CD player to ease the boredom. Last week the flight attendant told me I could no longer use it. Another airline the same week said it was OK. Are they trying to force me to listen to the commercials on their canned music channels?—T. E., Dallas, Texas.

*There's a difference of opinion on whether portable CD players and other digital devices interfere with aircraft electronics and navigation systems. Digital devices, such as portable CD players, radiate some electronic noise. Place your CD player next to an AM radio or TV set and you can hear or see some of that noise. Whether or not this diverts your plane from Cleveland to Cincinnati is questionable. Airlines operate on a perception of safety, so some see a marketing advantage in grounding these devices. Those airlines still permit tape players. Next thing you know, you'll have to sneak your CD into the lavatory.*

A friend told me if I'm playing a video game and leave the same picture on the TV screen too long, I'll damage the TV. Is she paranoid, or jealous of the good-looking babes in some recent games?—N. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

*A beam of powerful electrons strikes the phosphor coating on the front of a cathode-ray tube, causing it to glow. This creates the picture you see on the screen. Keeping the same picture on the screen for more than 15 minutes or so can cause the electrons to burn the phosphor. (The length of time varies according to the CRT and the intensity of the image.) This permanently imprints that image on the screen, resulting in an eerie ghost that even the ghostbusters can't erase. This applies whether viewing video games, the menu from your VCR, photo CDs or any still image.*

My wife of 20 years suddenly refuses to have sex with me. Her reason is "All men want is to get laid." She has moved into the guest room and says it will be this way for the rest of our marriage. I



ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

have started to date a secretary at work and my sex life is back on track. But I still feel uneasy about my marriage. And if my boss finds out I'm boffing a secretary, I'm history. What should I do?—C. O., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*If you love your wife, see a sex therapist together. If you don't love her, see a lawyer.*

A woman I am dating claims she was celibate for two years before we met. I soon discovered how she was able to abstain from sex. She has the ability to masturbate without using her hands. She lies on her back and contracts her vaginal muscles, achieving very fulfilling orgasms. Are you familiar with this? Is it considered masturbation?—E. G., Tokyo, Japan.

*If she does it to herself and she gets off on it, then it's masturbation. Women who combine repeated vaginal contractions and intense fantasy can please themselves quite nicely. Why don't you get in on the act? Have her contract her vaginal muscles in the same way when you are inside her.*

Have you ever heard of something called dogging? A British porno magazine that I read recently mentioned it.—M. B., Raleigh, North Carolina.

*Dogging is the English term for a sport in which couples have sex in cars while people watch. Specific parking areas have been designated for dogging, and couples identify themselves as performers by turning on a colored interior light. Etiquette pertaining to group-sex clubs, such as no touching or extraneous noise, often applies.*

I'm an 18-year-old college student. My girlfriend and I love sex, but we haven't done it for a few months because the last time we did, the condom broke. Last night was our anniversary, and I talked her into a bubble bath. It was romantic and we eventually made our way to the bedroom. We had some of the most incredible sex ever. She had her first multiple orgasm. She made me go down on her while she was climaxing and I had to finger her for 30 minutes after. She was acting like a wild animal, talking dirty, moaning and screaming. She came at least eight times. In all the years that we've known each other, she has never been like this. I liked it, but should I be worried? How can I make her react like this more often?—M. O., Greenville, Kentucky.

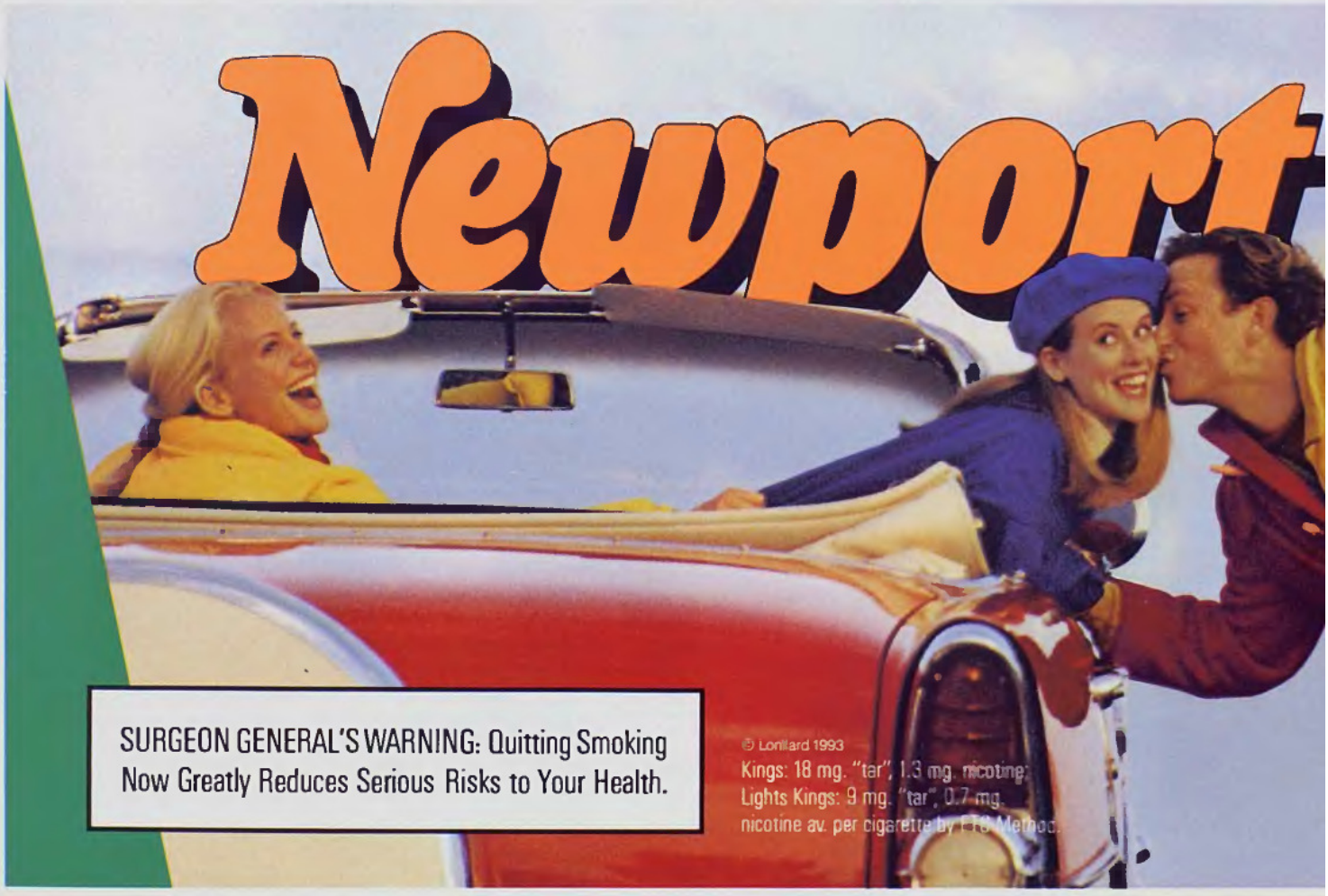
*Geez, stock up on bubble bath. Should you be worried? Yes. You may never have it this good again.*

Studded snow tires are banned in many states. I've heard there are new non-stud winter tires that are just as effective. True?—T. H., Reno, Nevada.

*Yes. Ten states currently outlaw studs, and 31 others restrict their use. That's not a disaster, because while studded tires work well on icy roads, they are less effective in all other winter driving conditions. There's also a new generation of very effective, chemically compounded studless snow tires. Bridgestone's Blizzak was the first, and other brands will be available soon. The Blizzak uses a multicell compound that helps the tire stick to the ice even in the most slippery conditions. On dry roads, these tires perform like conventional mud and snow tires—without the rumble and road-surface damage caused by studded rubber. Other effective studless snow tires include Pirelli's W210P, Michelin's XM+S 300 and BF Goodrich's Comp T/A M+S.*

I'm in my 40s and keep myself in good physical condition by walking considerable distances. I walk all year long, even on rainy or snowy days. I've considered carrying a quality umbrella. Frankly, though, I'm hesitant because of the image it may project. To me an umbrella always gives off a slightly feminine image. I tend to think of an elderly lady on a street corner waiting for a bus. Is it appropriate for a man to carry an umbrella?—J. L., Meridian, Idaho.

*Violently heterosexual men wear earrings nowadays and you're worried about carrying an umbrella? We've never considered an umbrella to be a feminine thing, but rather a*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*practical thing. Being soaked probably looks worse than parading down the street with an umbrella. However, if you're still concerned, get yourself a sturdy black tote umbrella and carry it billy-club style. You can't get more macho than that.*

One friend of mine claims that couples have to have simultaneous orgasms for the woman to get pregnant. He says he and his girlfriend have been going at it for months without birth control, but they make sure they don't climax at the same time. Although I find it hard to believe, it would make sex a lot less complicated if it were true. Have you heard of anyone using that method?—O. C., Amarillo, Texas.

*Yeah, we call them parents. The presence or absence of orgasm on the part of the woman has nothing to do with getting pregnant. A woman's fertile period is usually limited to a few days within her menstrual cycle. Since the cycle occurs every month, she will ovulate regardless of orgasm.*

What kind of music would best work for seduction? I'm a 25-year-old guy, and I know people my age are supposed to be pretty hip about music, but I'm clueless. Do you have any suggestions?—K. B., Springfield, Illinois.

*If you're talking hipness, Pearl Jam's "Ten" is probably the sexiest album from the Seattle stable, but if you want to slow the tempo try these: The Blue Nile, "Hats"; Seal, "Seal"; Roxy Music, "Avalon"; Peter Gabriel, "So"; PM Dawn, "Of the Heart, of the Soul and of the Cross"; Neneh Cherry, "Homebrew"; Everything but the Girl, "Idlewild"; and Cocteau Twins, "Heaven or Las Vegas." Staples such as Marvin Gaye, Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Billie Holiday or Miles Davis might impress a woman with taste. You could always make a tape of your favorite slow songs. However, save your favorite jogging tape for workouts.*

Many CD players are advertised with "shockproof memory." Does that mean I can jog while listening to my portable player?—E. S., Los Angeles, California.

*Actually, most manufacturers usually claim shock-resistance, not shock-proof. You can jog with a shock-resistant CD player about as well as you can scuba dive with a water-resistant camcorder. Some companies add computer memory chips to their CD players to store about three seconds of sound. That may not be enough to compensate for the repetitive pounding from jogging or aerobics. Other companies add advanced disc suspension systems. A shock-resistant player should smooth out the sound when used in a car, where the vehicle's shock absorbers take the brunt of the bumps. It also helps when bicycling on smooth roads. Our advice: Try the CD player in the store while performing your favorite exercise.*

My college dorm is a tight living space. The guy next door to me has sex with his girlfriend every night. My roommate and I can hear the squeaking bed and her moaning. What started out as funny and even sexy is now a total pain in the ass because they keep us awake. Should I tell them to quiet down or would that be too embarrassing?—J. C., Eugene, Oregon.

*Funny, people spend good money calling phone-sex numbers to listen to that kind of stuff. Our advice: Buy a set of earplugs or, better yet, a boom box so you can play the same songs they used on David Koresh in Waco. If you see your neighbor, ask him to put the mattress on the floor, or to explore the radical concept "her place." Finally, consider getting a girl of your own.*

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*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

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# MR. NATURAL, M.D.

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opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Fifteen years ago, when I was doing a story on the death of the Bronx, I wandered into the Lincoln Hospital detox center run by Dr. Michael Smith. I couldn't believe what I saw: The doctor was sticking acupuncture needles into a heroin addict and calling it treatment. True, the Chinese have been using acupuncture for centuries, but trying it in a program in the Bronx was controversial, to say the least. Back then, many of the doctors and city bureaucrats I talked with thought Smith's use of acupuncture was quackery. These days, he is hailed as a medical pioneer, and the "alternative medicine" of acupuncture is turning out to be one of the most effective treatments for drug addiction.

I bring up his success now because, as the nation considers health care reform, we ought to pay careful attention to alternatives to the current costly health delivery system.

Acupuncture, herbal medicine, biofeedback, meditation and other holistic approaches have their roots in 3000 years of experience in China and India. Alternative approaches to conventional health care, ranging from herbal teas to natural childbirth assisted by midwives, are widespread in Europe but only recently have made a comeback here.

But now that conventional medicine is under attack for being too costly, invasive and unproductive, it's time to take a new look at the alternatives. Surprisingly, the Clintons, who seek to reform the medical system, are not among those looking.

This was pointed out to me by Dr. Linda Johnston, a highly regarded Los Angeles physician who practiced conventional medicine for 11 years until taking up homeopathic medicine. She states the problem succinctly:

"What the Clintons need to do is expand their ideas about health care and recognize that throwing even more money at the problem will not solve it. The barrier to exploring alternative health care is that the guys making the drugs and the ultrasounds would make less money."

Let me confess that the only natural remedies I have used extensively are red wine and cigars, both of which definitely lower my blood pressure. OK, forget the medicinal value of cigars, but imagine my delight when recent epidemiological studies demonstrated the effectiveness of red wine in warding off heart disease.

This discovery was foreshadowed for me back in 1964 in Cambodia when I felt I was dying of malaria and dysentery. An overworked, grizzled French doctor in Phnom Penh gave me a bottle of cheap Algerian red and told me to sleep it off. I'm still alive. Or maybe I was saved by the quinine that he prescribed as an afterthought and which is still used as a cure for malaria. What I didn't know then is that Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathic medicine, first experimented with the use of quinine as a natural malaria treatment nearly 200 years ago.

But as a well-worn hypochondriac, I admit I'm a sucker for expensive conventional medicine. I almost beg doctors to prescribe near-lethal drug doses and even to cut into me if they have the slightest thought it might be necessary. The medical quacks in my life have all been properly ordained, including one guy who suggested a heart bypass without waiting for all my test results, which proved to be normal. He didn't even apologize after the speedy angioplasty and seemed bummed out by the lost opportunity to rearrange my innards.

Such horror stories at the hands of traditional practitioners abound. As Dr. Johnston, the physician who has lived in the worlds of both styles of medicine, reports, "The patients I see now all have horror stories of ineffective treatment, enormous expense and a loss of control over their own medical destiny. If we are talking reform, why continue on that dreary path?"

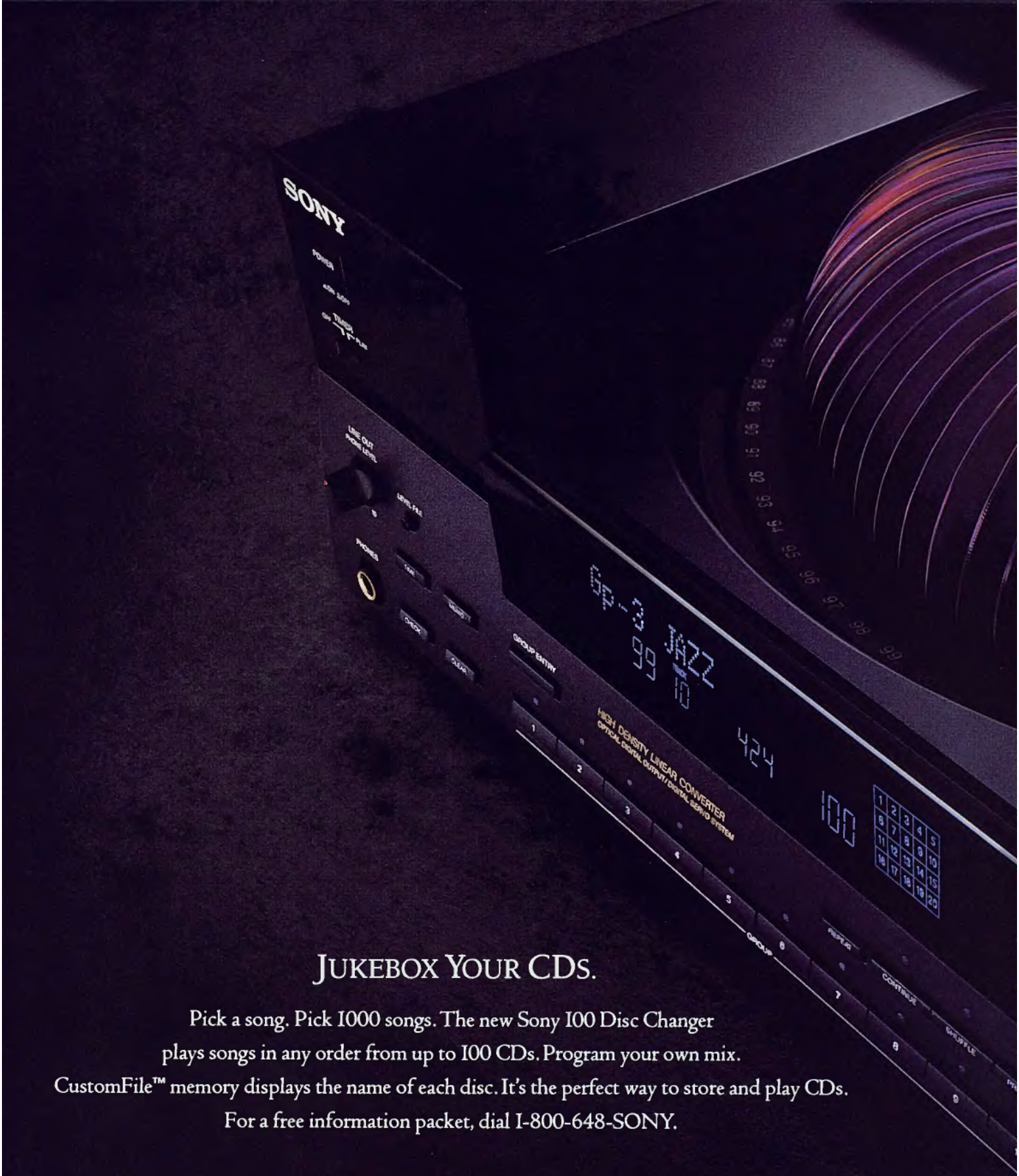
Perhaps that is why millions of people throughout the world have used a variety of natural medicines and practices and found them rewarding. How do they work? The fact is, it's a leap of faith to use aspirin or its natural version, since no one to this day knows why either works as well as it does. That it works is the defense of doctors who prescribe aspirin, so why shouldn't that same defense be available to people who use alternative medicine? You know best if chamomile tea helps you sleep better. Anyway, like most alternative therapies, the cost is cheap and the treatment not invasive. More important, alternative medicine appeals to a patient's desire to gain some control over his or her medical care by asserting that there are natural things one can do for oneself.

That's why the past 15 years have witnessed tremendous growth in the use of alternative methods in this country. Homeopathy, for instance, is practiced by about 2000 physicians. People now spend more money on alternative care—chiropractic, natural medicines, homeopathy, etc.—than on conventional primary health care, according to a recent survey in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

That's quite a commitment by folks, since payment for most alternative treatments, chiropractic care being the exception, has to come from their own pockets rather than from insurance programs. It is only now that a few insurance companies are recognizing that alternative medicine may be a way to cut exorbitant medical costs. In July, Mutual of Omaha, the nation's largest provider of health insurance for individuals, announced it would reimburse patients participating in a progressive "reversal program" in Sausalito, California that stresses meditation, diet revision, support groups and exercise in an effort to reverse heart disease. Other major insurance companies say they are considering similar moves in support of alternative medicine because it is cheaper and, at times, more effective. The Sausalito program costs $3500 a year per person, which insurance companies estimate to be about one tenth the normal cost of coronary care.

"Alternative therapies are potentially a hot area," says Dr. Jeffrey Weiner, the medical director for U.S. Healthcare, a major HMO company. The federal government currently devotes $2 million a year out of an $11 billion budget to study alternative therapies at the National Institutes of Health. Dr. Joseph J. Jacobs, director of the NIH alternative medicine program, says, "I think it's terrific that insurance companies are beginning to acknowledge the value of therapies outside of conventional forms." He told *The New York Times* that such

*(concluded on page 164)*

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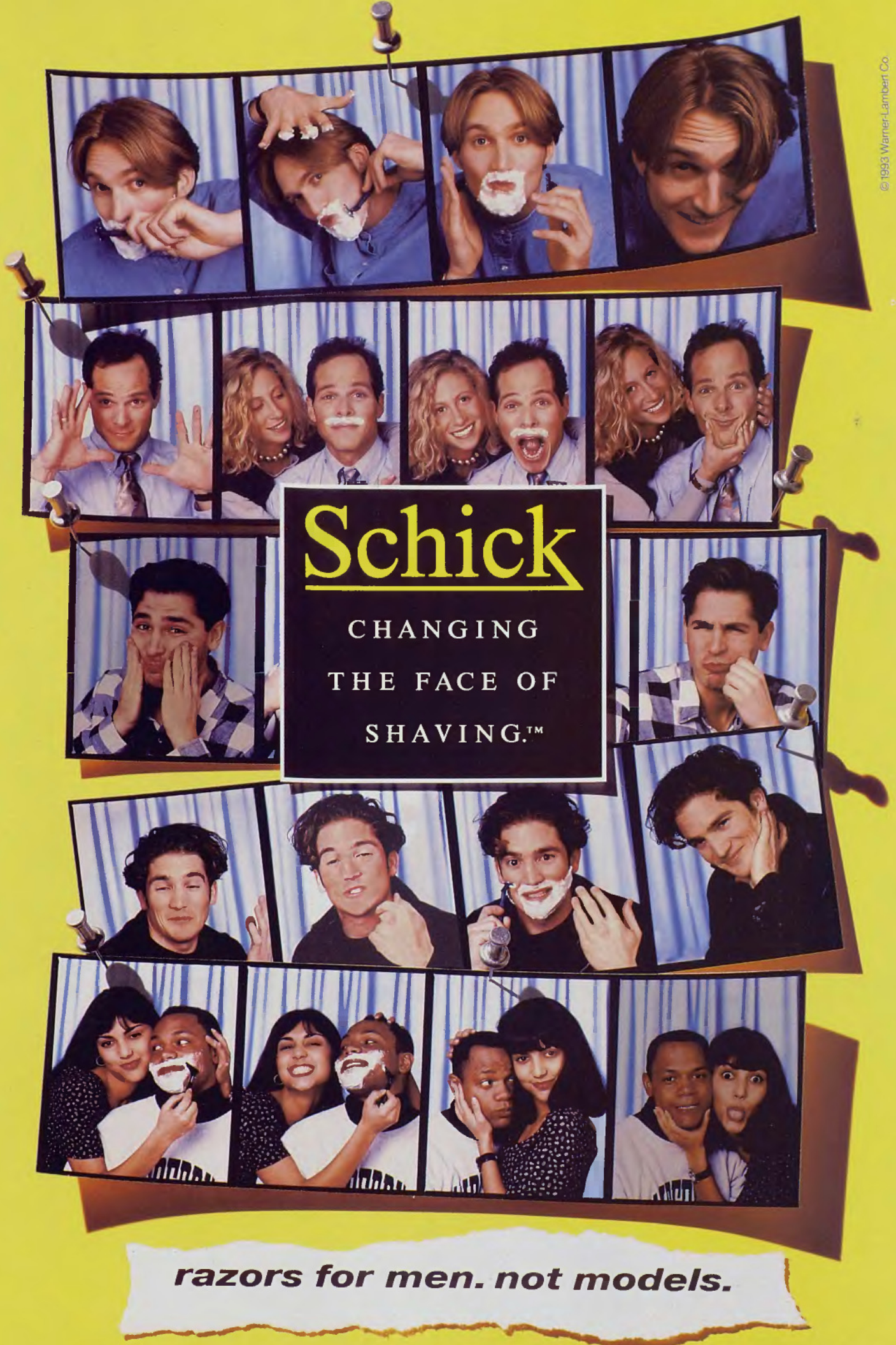


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# BIG NANNY IS WATCHING YOU

## when citizens don't—or won't—grow up

WARNING: DRINKING HOT LIQUIDS CAN CAUSE BURNS TO THE MOUTH AND TONGUE.

Well, now, you don't say.

With the sun just coming up, I pulled into the parking lot of a convenience store. I walked in, stepped up to the big stainless-steel percolator and filled a plastic cup with coffee. Then, since I wouldn't be getting into the fresh-brewed until I was a little ways down the road, I put a plastic lid on the cup. The message was there on the lid, in raised letters.

I waited at the checkout, next to a display of smokeless tobacco with a warning that indicated prolonged use of the product might cause mouth cancer. I paid and walked out past a gas pump with a sign that cautioned me against drinking the stuff, got in my truck and listened to the bell that reminds me to buckle up—for my own good and because, if I don't, I can be arrested. A mile or two down the road, I took the lid off the coffee and recklessly took a sip. Somehow, I survived to tell the tale.

What exactly is going on here? I thought, as I made my way down the interstate, careful to keep it at 55 miles per hour.

The road I was on runs the width of Tennessee. Getting across the state was virtually risk-free compared with what it had been a couple of hundred years ago when nobody thought to stop people from making the trip for their own good. Now, driving fast, even on an empty four-lane at dawn, is not permissible—you might get hurt.

And in modern America, getting hurt isn't allowed. Our government has decided that if we won't be careful of our own volition, it will make us be. We are moving toward a sort of government-sanctioned state of fear reminiscent of a world ruled by mothers and nannies who see nothing but danger threatening their precious, defenseless children.

More and more, the state is acting like a Big Nanny, requiring that motorcyclists wear helmets, farm tractors have roll bars and cigarette advertising and packaging bear conspicuous warnings about the health risks of smoking. The list goes on ad infinitum.

Nobody objects much to this trend anymore. At one time, however, the helmet law was a hot issue, with one side preaching individual freedom and the other side preaching public safety.

The public-safety side won the argument. One of its strongest claims was that while the risk might be assumed by the individual, the responsibility for feeding and watering him after he'd hit the concrete headfirst and been turned into a vegetable would be borne by the state. The state pays if you lose your bet. And therefore the state has a say.

In other words, since Mom pays the doctor bills if you catch a cold, she can make you wear a sweater. This is a dangerous argument—and an even more dangerous precedent to set—since there is no limit to how far it can be pushed.

If you extend the argument to cigarette smoking, beef eating or couch lounging, then the government could demand some sort of high-risk insurance premium to cover the additional costs those activities might impose on the health care system. And that's not likely to happen. An extra premium violates the entire spirit of the age, which says that you can't make individuals pay the costs of their own behavior. Would you make fat people pay extra premiums? How about imposing a cholesterol tax on every Big Mac?

One of the many contradictions in the nanny state's attitude about risk is its approach to gambling—illegal if you do it with a bookie or an old-fashioned numbers runner but altogether wonderful and something to be encouraged if you play an official lottery. You are far more likely to lose your lottery bet than the implicit wager you make when you eat a Big Mac. (But then it's the state that makes the profit in the lottery.)

The force pushing the nanny state is not a result of coincidence but of a belief that the state should be maternal, that it should play a nurturing role. There is a lot of talk these days about this nurturing role, most of it presupposing that it is a good thing. But one wonders.

In the first place, a metaphorical description of what governments do is of limited use. When Mario Cuomo addressed a Democratic Convention a few years back, he spoke eloquently and elegiacally about the family. The music was lovely but the words were pretty mushy. The members of a family help—and punish—one another in various and mysterious ways. But most

By GEOFFREY NORMAN

families do not have an IRS or a Bureau of Prisons. Families do not hire hangmen, who, without governments, couldn't find work.

The nurturing metaphor for government is likewise flawed. Badly so. In the real world you eventually grow up, and when you do, you can move out of the house and eat what you want, even if your mother thinks it is bad for you. You can't move out of Big Nanny's house. Presumably, so long as there is a First Amendment, you can talk back, but even that is no sure thing.

What Big Nanny likes are obedient, well-spoken, well-behaved children who do not take foolish risks, who eat well, don't smoke and don't talk ugly. The kind of children who, when they are bad, are not spanked but lectured—i.e., given a dose of sensitivity training. A bunch of bland, timid little children, in other words.

Instead of thinking about government as a nanny figure, we should consider a more appropriate role model from early American family life—the mule. Good for brute, stupid work. Stubborn sometimes, but you could always hit it between the eyes with a two-by-four. Best of all, when it was not being stubborn, it did what you told it to do. It never came inside the house, got into your intimate business or tried to tell you how to run your life. If you picked up a cup of hot coffee, took a big slug and burned your mouth, well, there was no question who was the big dumb ass.

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By
CHIP ROWE

our third annual look at whiners, gripers and finger-pointers

# THE

| THE BLAMELESS |
|---|
| Pope John Paul II |
| Dannielle Mast |
| Daniel Blomquist |
| Paul V. Wood, bank vice president |
| Dan Belman |
| Ronald St. John |
| Domenic Monte, motorcyclist |
| Radney Peairs |
| Leonard H. Tose |
| Fred Sanders |
| Sofia Pandazides |
| Stephanie Washington-Bey |
| Sol Wachtler, former chief justice of New York State |
| Robert Tilton, TV minister |
| John Frohnmayer, ex-head of NEA |
| Slobodan Milosevic, Serb leader |
| Bill Clinton |
| Jeffrey Masson, psychoanalyst |
| Lee Brown, Clinton drug czar |
| Nathaniel White |
| Joint Chiefs of Staff |
| Amy Fisher and Joey Buttafuoco |
| Michael Griffin, anti-abortion activist |
| David Akemann, Kane County, Illinois state's attorney |
| Rodney Taylor, Boston drug dealer |

# BLAMELESS SOCIETY III

| | THE PROBLEM | WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK | INSTEAD, BLAME . . . |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Pedophile priests | Sexual repression leods to abuse | Permissive society, for creoting o sexually charged atmosphere |
| | Sentenced to two yeors for robbing bank | Isn't minimum five to ten? | Men. Judge ruled boyfriend had "irresistible influence" |
| | Severely beat 10-year-old son | Joil for Dad and o foster home for the son | God. Beating your child is whot the Bible says to do |
| | Can't remember embezzling $365,000 | Nothing like hard time to help you remember | Episodic omnesia |
| | Son started o sex little league called the Spur Posse | Is testosterone poisoning inherited? | The girls. They were "giving it oway" |
| | Stabbed seven-year-old daughter to death | Sick monster | Therapist, who wasn't there to talk him out of it |
| | Injured when he hit o parked cor during o police chase | Idiot | Police and owner of cor (award: $594,000) |
| | Killed teen who knocked on his front door | A little too quick with the trigger finger | Japonese victim, for not understanding o commond to "freeze" |
| | Drinking and ploying blackjack left him $1.2 million in debt | Hold ot 16, Len | Casino, for offering free drinks |
| | Shot police officer with shotgun | Cop killer | Cop, because he beot Sanders with his nightstick (aword: $78,000) |
| | Failed teoching exom eight times | Time to consider another career | Discrimination, because she is "leorning impaired" |
| | Burned lip while sipping tea | Tea is generolly served hot | Hordees, for defective ond unreasonably dangerous product (sued for $150,000) |
| | Sent obscene letters to, and threatened to kidnap daughter of, ex-lover | A judge should recognize crimi-nol behavior | A drug that induced and exacerbated o bipolor disorder |
| | Has been sued for fraud | Charity begins at home | God. "If you want to get mad, get mad ot God. Don't sue me" |
| | Sold out NEA artists to the whims of Jesse Helms et al. | Stop whining obout being misunderstood | The atmosphere of the times |
| | Oversees genocide and rape | We thought Nozi Germany taught us something | Western press, for biased reporting |
| | Caved in to talk-show politicos and withdrew the Lani Guinier nomination | Backbone goes hand in hond with convictions, Bill | His gut. "This is about my center, not about the political center" |
| | Upset thot o 48,000-word negative profile damaged his reputation | What reputation? | Five quotes. Sue ond win for libel |
| | Uncontrollable prison population and no decrease in drug-reloted behovior | Time to consider legalizotion and other alternotives | "Collopse of the fomily, the educationol system, the economy" |
| | Out on parole, he killed six women | Brutal psycho, give him life | *Robocop*. "I did exactly what I seen in the movie" |
| | How to occommodate goys in the military without appeoring to endorse them | They're already there, bozos—deal with it | Goys, for treating the same rather than the opposite sex as sex objects |
| | A public display of bad sexuol etiquette | Aren't you guys at all embarrassed? | Each other |
| | Allegedly murdered abortion clinic doctor David Gunn | Doesn't o Christian man believe only God can judge? | Gunn. According to Rescue America, "Bobies' lives will be soved [by his death]" |
| | Cut o deal that let *Home Alone* porents off with nine doys of community service | That's some message he's sending to abusive porents | Kids. The trial would be too hard on them |
| | Longer jail sentence for selling near school | Don't do the crime if you can't spend the time | Urban density. Cities have more schools |

# READER

### COUNT ME OUT

I am a woman, and the men-haters at the University of Chicago's Speech, Equality and Harm Conference in Ted Fishman's "Hatefest" (*The Playboy Forum*, August)—who seem as capable of committing unconscionable acts as the men they profess to scorn—do not speak for me. Pornography is to men what fashion magazines are to women: avenues for fantasy, daydreams and unbridled sensuality. Joe America wants to live in the photograph of the woman with the big tits and open thighs. His ambitions are uncomplicated. Women are greedier. Julie America wants to live in the perfume ad, wearing silk and diamonds while a handsome dude pays her exclusive attention. The main difference between them? Joe knows he's fantasizing, while Julie often believes the fantasy. This objectification of men as providers of expensive baubles is no prettier and no better justified than the objectification of women as sex objects. Anyway, the idea that pornography abuses women is a diversion from the real abuse that all of us undergo: the manipulation of our ideas and feelings by people whose political agendas create divisiveness and hatred. They keep us distanced from one another.

Karen Bledsoe
Bellevue, Washington

Attention Nikki Craft and the loyal followers of the Always Causing Legal Unrest organization: Your ideology is incredibly dangerous. Your group wants to see pornography banned because you say it encourages men's hatred, violence and sexual crimes against women, but you ignore the hatred, violence and sexual crimes of female offenders. In four years of working with sexually abused children, I have met many who were abused by women. Men did not coerce these women to commit these crimes. Let us not blame men or pornography for violence against women. The blame should be placed on the offenders—they alone are responsible for their behavior. A music video, book, magazine or film doesn't commit a violent sexual offense, and to allow violent offenders that excuse is irresponsible. My biggest problem with you, Ms. Craft, is that you said (referring to Madonna's book, *Sex*), "I just don't put up with these kinds of images anymore." Well, then, why torture yourself? Stop looking.

Wendy L. Lavelle
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Four years into the Nineties, I have decided that this is the decade of the knee-jerk political reaction. This view was only reinforced by Ted Fishman's brilliant article. While it may be true that in some cases pornography incites violence, the same can be said about any medium's potential to incite. In 1981 a madman said he shot the president because of the film *Taxi Driver*. And *New Jack City* caused riots in Los Angeles, according to some. The public is more interested in banning Ice-T's song *Cop Killer* than in getting criminals off the street. The First Amendment was written so that small-minded people couldn't control what we see and hear. The same right that lets pro-censorship feminists speak and hand out buttons also lets me watch *Debbie Does Dallas* in the comfort of my own home. Porn doesn't rape people; people rape people.

Adam Lukas
Newton, Massachusetts

After reading about Fishman's visit to the University of Chicago Law School, I am deeply disturbed by the radical feminists' holding court there. It is alarming that the dean of a respected law school endorses overcoming the First Amendment. However, on the positive side, the conference unwittingly allowed this group of feminists a public platform on which to shoot itself in the foot. Fishman's report from the conference confirms that only a microscopic portion of the population is really interested in outlawing sexual expression involving images or text. Which means that if the rest of us are vocal enough, the Pandora's box that these women so wish to rip open will remain sealed.

Joel A. Martino
Olathe, Kansas

From a victim of sexual assault, here's some advice to the antipornography feminists in Ted Fishman's article: Concentrate your energy on the perpetrators of crime and leave the decent men alone. Rape, murder and exploitation of children are crimes that are products of a sick mind. Sex is not a crime. Why can't the hatefest feminists (and our esteemed government) get the message and focus on violent crimes such as rape, child abuse and child porn? I was the victim of a sexual crime, but I don't hate men, nor do I see the connection between all forms of pornography and sexual misconduct. I subscribe to PLAYBOY for my spouse and myself, but I am not a criminal.

Debra Young
Marion, Texas

After reading "Hatefest" I felt compelled to wake my husband to apologize for being a woman. My "sisters" make

FOR THE RECORD

## SCHIZOPHRENIA, AMERICAN STYLE

"There are two kinds of people in the world: Democrats who hate guns and Republicans who hate dirty books."

—G. ROBERT BLAKEY, A PROFESSOR AT NOTRE DAME LAW SCHOOL AND ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF RICO, COMMENTING ON JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RICO PROSECUTIONS OF PORNOGRAPHY UNDER THE REAGAN AND BUSH ADMINISTRATIONS

me feel more victimized than my husband ever has. Admittedly, there are jerks around, and I am in no way trying to diminish the ugliness of rape, abuse or battery. But women are not perfect, either. My opinion obviously stands in sharp contrast to the contorted point of view the hatefest bunch has adopted. Do us all a favor, ladies: Save the money you make selling violence-condoning buttons, build a spaceship and get on it. As for Ted Fishman's resistance to hugging his wife—go ahead, man. If she doesn't want to be hugged, she will let you know either by saying so, like a civilized person, or by crushing your balls in the seemingly popular fashion of 1993.

Karin Conley
Killeen, Texas

**WRITINGS ON THE WALL**

Artist Mark McNeilly's anti–Second Amendment—oh, sorry, I mean antihandgun—artwork on the wall of the Playboy Building in West Hollywood is yet another example of endorsing a quick-fix solution to a serious problem ("For the Record," *The Playboy Forum*, August). Want to stop the violence and save the children? Then promote more realistic and fair solutions such as welfare reform, better classrooms and teachers, parental responsibility or having a criminal-justice system that does not sympathize and plea-bargain with rapists and murderers. I realize that these ideas are not popular with those who like to blame inanimate objects for the violence in our society, but at least they don't trample the freedoms of innocent people.

David F. Miller
Centerville, Ohio

The antihandgun art on the side of your West Hollywood building speaks volumes for where you stand on the Second Amendment. Guns kill 30 to 35 children aged five or younger annually. Another 250 to 300 children aged 14 or younger also die each year because of injuries caused by guns. Let's ban those handguns. Yeah, and let's go after swimming pools, too. They claim 385 children annually. And how about cigarettes? More than 400 children die in fires caused by dozing smokers. And let's not forget bicycles. And automobiles. We all need to wake up and smell the coffee. The deaths caused by these products are not because the products are evil but because we as parents and as a society

# WHINING FOR DOLLARS

By STEPHANIE GOTMANN

Sheila Kuehl, managing director of the California Women's Law Center in Los Angeles, got things rolling in the Litigation Strategies workshop at the Speech, Equality and Harm antiporn conference in Chicago ("Hatefest," *The Playboy Forum*, August) by urging the crowd to think creatively.

While most of the antiporn get-together was a self-aggrandizing exercise in male-bashing, Litigation Strategies was pure incitement to sue. It was a feminist lawyers' call to arms, signaling a new era of sexual harassment suits—and an exponential leap in billable hours.

Kuehl urged the attendees to "open the door to new and different kinds of litigation." The public was just beginning to see the harm that could befall one at work, she argued, particularly because people now view the workplace as "a trap, a closed system with a captive audience. I think it's time for us to try to broaden [that] concept to the notion of [women] being a captive audience in the world."

The world itself is filled with peril, Kuehl said. After all, if one really got into the swing, one could see that "there is a continuum in women's lives in which you go from harm to harm to harm. . . . There's no such thing as a safe place."

A successful suit could exploit any number of legal doctrines, she explained. "The equal-protection doctrine, for instance, is a little moribund, but I think it requires new attempts on our part." After all, "speech itself can be an assault, and that assault is something from which we need to be protected, and that failure to protect is what causes harm. I admit that this is farfetched, but I encourage you to do every farfetched thing that you can think of. As a matter of fact, I think you should . . . bring one farfetched cause of action a day. We can peck them to death like a bunch of ducks."

Pecking them to death seemed to be a good segue to the next panelist, lawyer Lori Peterson. Peterson is best known for handling Stroh Brewery's sexual harassment case, in which she argued that the company's Swedish Bikini Team advertisements were prime evidence of Stroh's "sexist corporate culture" and, as such, evidence that Stroh had allowed "a hostile and offensive environment" in the workplace of the employees that she represented.

Peterson was full of tips for, as she put it, "making them bleed green." She urged lawyers in the audience to get over the idea that they had to take these cases out of a sense of sisterhood alone. "My lowest settlement," she said, "was $100,000; my highest $1 million; the average about $200,000."

But because there are these darn bureaucratic requirements—such as furnishing evidence that your client really felt harassed at the time by a pinup or a joke or whatever—Peterson told fellow lawyers, with an air of this-is-so-dumb-but-we-gotta-do-it, to get their clients to keep track of "every time a sexist joke was told" and of "requests for dates."

Finally, another lawyer, a man, cheerfully told the audience that the previous speakers were right to think up new and unusual reasons to sue. "No matter how attenuated your rationale," he said enthusiastically, "in a few years it will seem like it has always been the law."

## READER RESPONSE

*(continued)*

won't take responsibility for our children. These deaths are caused by ignorance and a failure to teach our children respect for, and safe use of, the objects that surround them. YMCAs offer swimming lessons. Police departments offer bicycle safety courses, and every state offers driver's education. The National Rifle Association offers training in proper firearm security, as well as the training of children in firearm safety. This information is free to schools and law enforcement agencies. (For more information on the NRA program, call 202-828-6000.) We live in a dangerous world. It is time to teach our children responsible use of the things that can kill them if improperly used.

Jan T. Hardy
Ashburn, Virginia

*According to our sources, more than 3000 children are killed by handguns each year.*

I find it ironic that PLAYBOY, which owes its existence to the First Amendment, uses its West Hollywood building to display a 100-foot-high mural that attacks the Second Amendment. Because McNeilly's antihandgun mural (dis)graces the Playboy Building itself and hangs under the prominent Playboy logo, I can conclude only that you endorse additional restrictions on firearms ownership in a country that already has more than 20,000 gun-control laws. I wonder what would remain of PLAYBOY or freedom of speech after the enacting of 20,000 speech-control laws. I am pro-choice, especially regarding firearms. Apparently your magazine and enterprises are pro-choice only insofar as it is politically correct or suits your agenda of absolutism cloaked in quirky, righteous relativism.

Jon Haupt
Pasadena, California

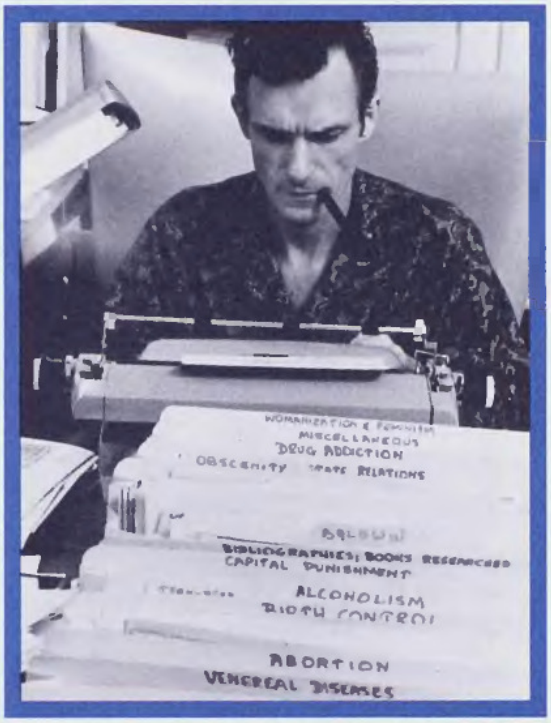
The photo of the huge antigun mural on the Playboy Building and your gun survey in the August issue anger and deeply disappoint me. PLAYBOY's crusade for rights and freedom has revealed itself to be merely base hypocrisy. You endorse only the rights that serve your interests. Today, far too many people have proved to be unworthy of these rights, and I'm offended that PLAYBOY regards me as part of that group.

Thomas Rudder
Roseville, California

*We ran the "Gun Control Scrapbook" in July and the McNeilly artwork in August to open a dialogue about how we as a culture can lessen handgun violence. The overwhelming negative response serves to emphasize how important that dialogue is.*

### THE VIRILITY CORNER

As a military man who knows the real attitudes of the servicemen and servicewomen around the globe, I feel I must speak out. Those of us faithfully serving this country so that publications such as PLAYBOY can enjoy freedom do not advocate or endorse the lifting of the ban on homosexuals in the military. The vast majority of those who support the lifting of the ban fall into one of two categories: self-serving homosexuals or liberal politicians, especially uninformed, draft-dodging dope smokers. PLAYBOY used to represent apple pie, hot dogs and Chevrolet. What happened?




J. R. Jenia
U.S.S. Belleau Wood

*We represent sexual freedom for all. If the government can single out one group, it can target anyone, including you. Here's what Hef had to say about sex in the military in the September 1964 installment of "The Playboy Philosophy":*

*"It is interesting to note the extent to which the sexual attitudes that have long prevailed in all the branches of our military service reflect, even at the upper echelons, prejudices peculiar to the lower educational level in society as a whole. The U.S. Armed Forces have traditionally taken an extremely permissive attitude toward nonmarital coitus: Free contraceptives are issued to all servicemen on request; and there were instances during World War Two in which military bases overseas sanctioned and controlled houses of prostitution in their areas.*

*"Evidence of homosexuality automatically precludes a man from military service, however; and a single homosexual act by any member of the Armed Forces is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge. It is fortunate that no examining officer can single out, with any degree of accuracy, the majority of the men who have had some homosexual experience, since the ranks of our Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines would be severely depleted.*

*"In response to any suggestion of a possible negative correlation between homosexuality and military prowess, a historian would be apt to point out that Julius Caesar, one of the foremost military men of all time, was almost as well known for his conquests in the bedroom—with male and female alike—as for those on the battlefield. (Caesar was referred to by his soldiers as 'the husband of every woman and the wife of every man.') A sociologist might add that some of the fiercest fighters in the world belong to Arabian tribes that are notoriously homosexual. And a psychologist might suggest that the U.S. Armed Forces, or the military of any country, probably includes a higher proportion of males with homosexual experience than is to be found in society at large, since any protracted sexual segregation invariably leads to increased homosexual behavior.*

*"If the inability to pinpoint the homosexual histories of men being considered for the armed services is fortunate, then the futility in any examining surgeon's attempt to weed out Naval Academy aspirants who masturbate must be considered the height of good luck—for if he were successful, Annapolis would be a lonely place; masturbation is commonest among college-level males, and candidates for the Academy would have to be found among the sparse two or three percent without such experience."*

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*We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.*

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## SEX, LIES AND ENTRAPMENT?

SALT LAKE CITY—*A female undercover agent of the Beaver County Narcotics Task Force takes her job seriously. Involved in a*

*dating relationship that included home cooking, strip poker, kissing and sleeping together without having sex, she busted her would-be lover when he offered her some coke. A Utah court scolded the task force that "by employing such immoral and unethical tactics, the state places itself on the same level as the offender" but upheld the conviction. The county attorney insisted that the female agent dated the suspect out of personal interest and performed the arrest only when spontaneously offered drugs.*

## MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS

IRVINE, CALIFORNIA—*Several female police officers have filed sexual harassment lawsuits against the city because male colleagues have bragged about their on-duty sexual exploits. The male cops' activities are alleged to have included a secret Code Four club that awarded pins to its members for having sex in the backseats of their patrol cars.*

## ABOUT TIME

CARSON CITY—*Nevada has legalized oral and anal sex, with one limit. You cannot perform them in public, even if you are heterosexual. With that last-minute clause to forestall orgies in the streets, the Nevada legislature repealed its law that punished same-sex sodomy with up to six years in prison. "We got the repeal through the more conservative Senate before the Christian right had time to organize," said one of the supporters of the bill.*

## INDIAN WARS

OGLESBY, ILLINOIS—*Some bare-buttocked members of the Illini and Potawatomi tribes have been pictured in battle on the wall of the Oglesby post office since 1942 without noticeably corrupting the morals of locals. But when a postal-workers-union official complained that the 13'x7' mural was "pornographic," the postmaster covered it with blinds—only to have national officials order the blinds opened up. A regional postal official says the decision should be a local one and that the national officials should, er, butt out. There has been no resolution as yet.*

## EPIPHANY

NEW YORK CITY—*The Presbyterian Church has decided it's never too soon to teach children "about the gift of their own sexuality." Representatives of the 2.8 million-member denomination have voted to develop a human sexuality curriculum for preschool children as young as three in order to confront sex abuse and otherwise educate children and their parents.*

## TEACHER'S DIRTY RULES

MADISON—*Wisconsin's Supreme Court declared that student lockers can be opened with no probable cause. The ruling found that students in Milwaukee had no reasonable expectation of privacy because Madison High School's handbook advised that lockers were subject to search at any time.*

## AUSSIE SOCIOBIOLOGY

MELBOURNE—*An Australian court sentenced a 48-year-old man to five years in jail in a case of child sexual abuse. Not so unusual except that the victim, a 16-year-old boy, indicated he wanted to live with the defendant when the man came out of jail. Explaining this behavior while sentencing the man, the judge said the man's acts may have deprived the child of his right to heterosexuality—that the abuse had converted him into a "confirmed homosexual." The court accepted medical evidence that such a conversion was possible.*

## DOWN-EAST DEBACLE

OLD TOWN, MAINE—*A jury awarded $960,000 in damages to an Old Town police officer who refused to take a sexual-arousal test. Investigators seeking to uncover a child sex ring had demanded he put sensors around his penis to test his reaction to different stimuli. The policeman testified that his experience after the refusal was "horrendous" and left him depressed and suicidal. Since no charges resulted from the investigation of the sex case, the officer's lawyer said he felt the peter meter was an effort to make the officer resign from the police department.*

## DEMERIT BADGE

SACRAMENTO—*A California court case has forced the Boy Scouts of America to reveal that it has banned hundreds more scout leaders for child sexual abuse than it had previously acknowledged. A 1991 series of articles in "The Washington Times," which criticized the organization for routinely misleading courts and local officials*

*about the extent of the problem, listed the incidences of sexual abuse at 416. It was only after the lawyer in the California case cited the "Times" article that the organization released all its material, which added more than 1000 instances to the list.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

# CENSORSHIP

compiled from "the oxford dictionary of american legal quotations" by fred shapiro

If we advert to the nature of republican government, we shall find that the censorial power is in the people over the government, and not in the government over the people. —JAMES MADISON, 1794

I am mortified to be told that in the United States of America a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate. Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched? It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1814

We all know that books burn—yet we have the greater knowledge that books cannot be killed by fire. People die, but books never die. No man and no force can abolish memory. No man and no force can put thought in a concentration camp forever. No man and no force can take from the world the books that embody man's eternal fight against tyranny of every kind. In this war, we know, books are weapons. And it is a part of your dedication always to make them weapons for man's freedom.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1942

Murder is a crime. Describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex is. —GERSHON LEGMAN, 1949

The function of the censor is to censor. He has a professional interest in finding things to suppress.

—THOMAS I. EMERSON, 1955

Thus, if the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of speech and press is to mean anything in this field, it must allow protests even against the moral code that the standard of the day sets for the community. In other words, literature should not be suppressed merely because it offends the moral code of the censor.

—WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, 1957

The censor believes that he can hold back the mighty traffic of life with a tin whistle and a raised right hand. For, after all, it is life with which he quarrels.

—HEYWOOD BROUN, 1961

Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself. Long ago those who wrote our First Amendment charted a different course. They believed a society can be truly strong only when it is truly free. In the realm of expression they put their faith, for better or for worse, in the enlightened choice of the people, free from the interference of a policeman's intrusive thumb or a judge's heavy hand. So it is that the Constitution protects coarse expression as well as refined, and vulgarity no less than elegance.

—POTTER STEWART, 1966

I'm going to introduce a resolution to have the postmaster general stop reading dirty books and deliver the mail.

—GALE MCGEE, 1969

I never read or see the materials coming to the Court under charges of 'obscenity,' because I have thought the First Amendment made it unconstitutional for me to act as a censor. As a parent or a priest or as a teacher, I would have no compunction in edging my children or wards away from the books and movies that did no more than excite man's base instincts. But I never supposed that government was permitted to sit in judgment on one's tastes or beliefs.

—WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, 1973

Censorship of erotica is pretty ridiculous, too. What kind of people make a career of checking to see whether the covering of a woman's nipples is fully opaque, as the law requires? Many of us do not admire busybodies who want to bring the force of law down on the heads of adults whose harmless private pleasures the busybodies find revolting.

—RICHARD A. POSNER, 1990

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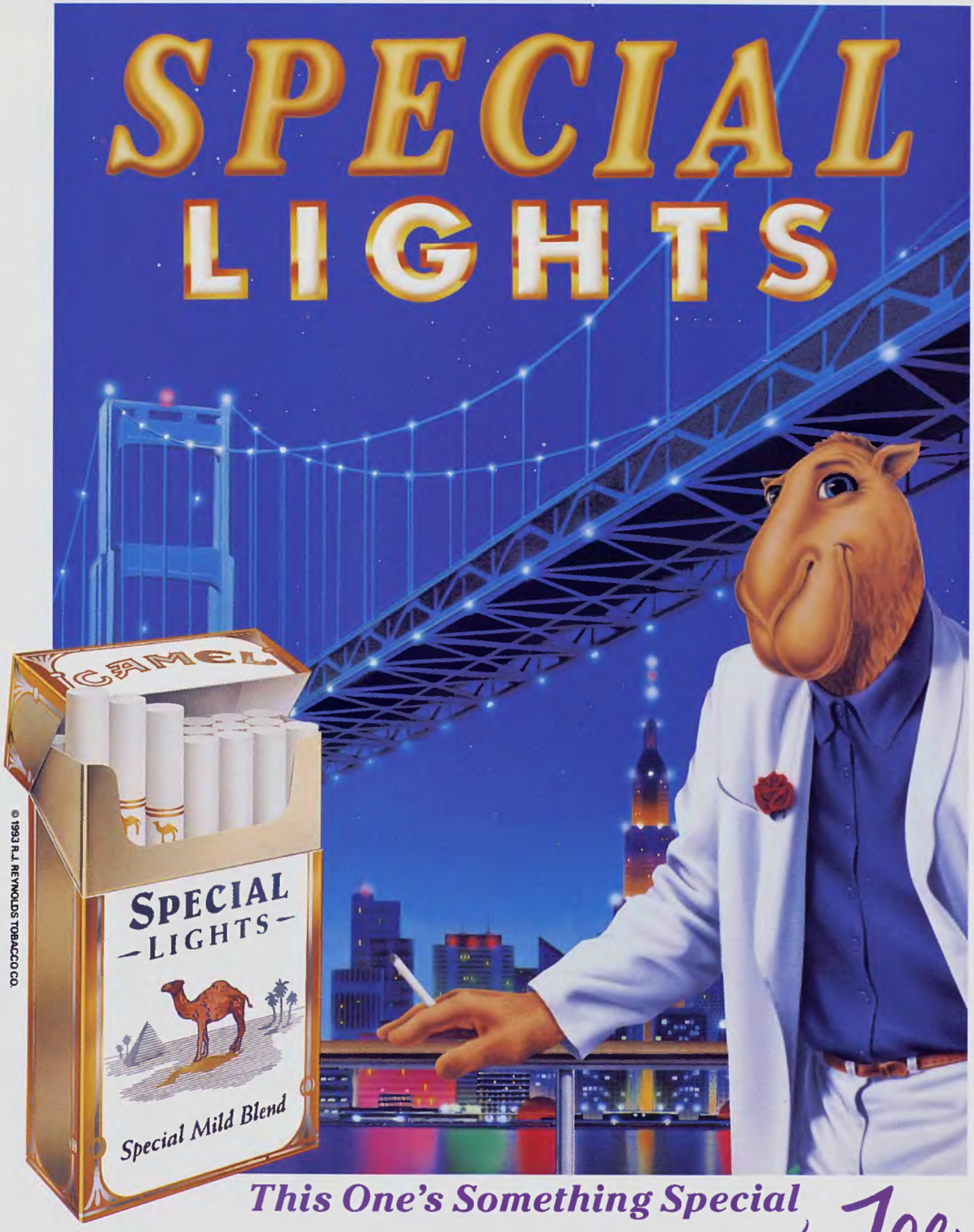


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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOYCE CAROL OATES

## *a candid conversation with a literary marvel about good writers, bad boxers, modest fame and why marilyn monroe looks like a female impersonator*

*Joyce Carol Oates is one of the most prolific writers in America. Her critics even complain that she writes too much. She has written more novels than Nobel laureate Saul Bellow, more short story collections than John Updike, more books of essays than Norman Mailer, more words of poetry than Emily Dickinson and more plays than Chekhov. Critic Harold Bloom considers her "our true proletarian novelist." Author and critic John Gardner called her "an alarming phenomenon—one of the great writers of our time."*

*She has been described as shy, mouselike, intense, perceptive, brilliant. She can cook, play the piano and quote James Joyce, and she writes about boxing with style and authority (in her "Life" magazine piece on Mike Tyson she couldn't resist quoting Thorstein Veblen, Shakespeare, Virginia Woolf and Wallace Stevens). She writes about troubled lower-class people and the way they sometimes brutalize one another. She's been criticized for being too fascinated with violence and praised for writing about life as it is. She doesn't shy away from rough language, and in her imagination she can commit the most horrendous crimes: murder, incest, self-abortion.*

*More than 20 years ago "Newsweek" called her "the most significant novelist to have emerged in the United States in the last decade." Oates has a loyal cadre of readers who line up outside bookstores, usually carrying an armful of their favorite titles, whenever she's signing. "Nobody else writes nearly as much as she does," said critic Bruce Allen in "The Hudson Review." "The really alarming thing is that so much of what she writes is good."*

*Adds book reviewer Marian Engel in "The New York Times," "It has been left to Joyce Carol Oates, a writer who seems to know a great deal about the underside of America, to guide us—splendidly—down dark passages."*

*Allen agrees: "We are a country of intensely destructive (and self-destructive) people, she seems to keep saying. What is there in us—and outside us—that makes us act as we do?"*

*Despite her acclaim, Oates is not a hugely popular novelist along the lines of Stephen King or Larry McMurtry. Her themes are dark and complex. Her writing style changes from book to book. One doesn't pick up an Oates novel, as one does a book by Raymond Carver or Elmore Leonard, with predetermined familiarity. Her writing, like her subject matter, is neither predictable nor comforting.*

*Hers is an intellectual life. When she isn't writing she's teaching graduate students at Princeton about writers and writing. A friend, critic Elaine Showalter, once noted, "In the midst of a quite ordinary conversation about the news or television or the family, Oates often inserts remarks whose philosophical penetration makes the rest of us feel like amoebas in the company of a more highly evolved life-form." Oates is married to a teacher and editor, Raymond Smith, and they often spend time reading each other poetry. Together they founded the "Ontario Review" and the Ontario Review Press, which publishes work by up-and-coming writers.*

*There is no other writer in America, male or female, who quite compares with Oates. In 1970 she won a National Book Award for an early novel, "Them," and she has been inducted into the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. In 1990 she received the Rea Award for Achievement in the Short Story, the Bobst Lifetime Achievement Award and the Heideman Award for One-Act Plays.*

*Born in the small town of Millersport, near Lockport, in western New York on June 16, 1938, Joyce Carol Oates came from a working-class family. Her father was a tool-and-die maker and neither of her parents graduated from high school. Her grandfather was murdered when her mother was a baby, an act of violence that indelibly altered*

*"There are people who are envious of me, who write, 'I wish I were you.' They don't know how hard I work. You can't be a normal, contented person and be a great novelist or filmmaker. You have to be a little crazy."*

*"Feminist literature per se is propagandist literature. And feminism, like any ism or ideology, exacts too high a toll. I will always place a higher value on aesthetic integrity than on any kind of political correctness."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

*"I'm not a person who feels friendly toward organized religion. People have been brainwashed through the centuries. The churches are patriarchal organizations invested with power for the sake of the people in power."*

*Oates' development.*

*She began writing as a young girl, throwing away novel after novel as quickly as she completed them. When she was 14 a relative bought her a typewriter to help her churn out her stories. One of them, "In the Old World," written when she was 19, was a co-winner of "Mademoiselle" magazine's college fiction award. After graduating as valedictorian and Phi Beta Kappa from Syracuse University in 1960, she went to graduate school at the University of Wisconsin, where she received her master's degree in English and met and married her husband. While enrolled in a doctoral program at Rice, one of her stories was given an honorable mention in Martha Foley's "Best American Short Stories." That was the acknowledgment she needed to convince herself that she was, truly, a writer. She dropped out of Rice and never looked back.*

*Her first book of stories, "By the North Gate," was published in 1963, when she was 25. A year later came her first novel, "With Shuddering Fall." Then another book of stories, "Upon the Sweeping Flood," followed by her second, third and fourth novels, "A Garden of Earthly Delights" (1967), "Expensive People" (1968) and "Them" (1969). While living in Windsor, Ontario, she also managed to squeeze in two books of poetry during 1969 and 1970. In the Seventies she published seven novels, nine books of short stories, four volumes of poetry and two collections of essays. Nine more novels were written in the Eighties, including her trilogy of gothic, romance and mystery novels: "Bellefleur," "A Bloodsmoor Romance" and "Mysteries of Winterthurn."*

*You need a calculator to keep track of her work. In the 30 years that she has been a professional writer, Oates has written and published 27 novels, 17 collections of short stories (she has contributed nine short stories to* PLAYBOY *over the years), seven books of poetry, five volumes of essays, 15 plays and more than two dozen works published by small, independent presses. She has, by her own estimate, written more than 300 short stories, most of which have not been collected in book form, and other novels that she has not seen fit to publish. She has edited numerous volumes of essays, story collections and interviews with other writers on their craft. She has also written four psychological suspense novels ("Lives of the Twins," "Soul/Mate," "Nemesis," "Snake Eyes") under the pseudonym Rosamond Smith.*

*What is astounding about her output is the breadth and depth of her subjects as well as the quality of her prose. "With Shuddering Fall" deals with cars and leaving home; "Them" with corruption, race riots and death. "Wonderland" deals with family murder and the psychology of medicine; "The Assassins" with politics; "Son of the Morning" with religious fanaticism; "Do with Me What You Will" with irrational, possessive, adulterous love and the legal profession; "Angel of Light" with revenge; "Unholy Loves" with faculty life at an American college; "Solstice" with female love; "American Appetites" with turning 50; "You Must Remember This" with coming-of-age and loss of innocence; "Because It Is Bitter, and Because It Is My Heart" with racism and alcoholism. Her book "On Boxing" was an insightful look at an often brutal sport.*

*A recent novel, "Black Water," which was just released in paperback, is a fictionalized account of Senator Ted Kennedy's incident at Chappaquiddick, where Mary Jo Kopechne drowned in a car accident that spoiled any chance Kennedy had of becoming president. The reviews were mostly raves. "The New York Times" said it was as audacious as anything in recent fiction, "a brilliant vision of how a culture has learned to associate political power with sex. Taut, powerfully imagined and beautifully written, [it] ranks with the best of Joyce Carol Oates' already long list of distinguished achievements."*

*Reviews have also been good for her latest book, "Foxfire," which is written from the point of view of a female high school gang member from upstate New York.*

*To find out what keeps Oates writing as much as she does,* PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose previous interviews include Robert De Niro and Robin Williams) to Princeton, where she lives with her husband and their four cats. Grobel reports:*

*"The street Oates lives on is quiet and idyllic, the area exclusive and privileged, the nearby university elite and prestigious. Her study and living spaces are crowded with books—on shelves, tables, even floors. There is a healthy garden outside where vegetables are tenderly cared for by her husband.*

*"She appears fragile, with short curly hair and enormous eyes. During the week we spent talking, she tired each day after a few hours. But that's because she's not used to talking about herself. Her time and energy is almost always focused on her work.*

*"What she seemed to look forward to were the times when we stopped and went out for dinner, or to a party hosted by one of her Princeton friends—times when she could relax and enjoy the food and conversation. But during the days we taped—at her home, in a limousine taking her to and from a book signing, at a restaurant—Oates was all business: concentrated, thoughtful and very, very smart."*

*"I have a heightened sense of mortality and time. That's why I'm always working, and concerned with wasting time. Almost every minute of my life is plotted."*

**PLAYBOY:** Since you seem to be a compulsive writer, what is it that excites you most about putting words on paper?

**OATES:** Getting the inner vision out. I love to write. I feel I have something to say. It's exhilarating once in a while, but most of my experiences are fraught with frustration because I always feel dissatisfied. An entire day can go by and I'll feel I haven't accomplished anything. My husband was asking me about this. He said, "You get a lot done in a day." I guess I do, but I don't feel I have. I always have a feeling, which is subterranean, of being profoundly dissatisfied with what I'm working at.

**PLAYBOY:** Does dissatisfaction lead to compulsion?

**OATES:** Compulsion probably accounts for virtually any achievement. There are people who say they are envious of me, who write "I wish I were you." These people don't know how hard I work. You have to have a driving, almost feverish energy. It's like the tremendous hunger you saw in the young Mike Tyson. How many other men who fantasize about being a boxer would really want the kind of burning passion, hunger and desire to hurt other people that a great boxer must have? To be a writer you have to be compulsive, eccentric. You have to want to stay up all night writing because you have some brainstorm. The energies are demonic. You can't be a normal, happy, contented person and be a great novelist or a great filmmaker or actor. You have to be a little crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** How crazy do you get?

**OATES:** Well, I write all over, and sometimes I can't stop taking notes. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I've actually written while I was being introduced to give a talk. It's a good way to use time. I really begrudge the hours that I have to sleep, because sleep is a waste of human energy. Think of all the hours you spend asleep. Sometimes when I travel I don't sleep at all. It's like a chaotic rush of images, a kaleidoscope, that keeps me awake all night.

**PLAYBOY:** Does this drive you to be so prolific?

**OATES:** I don't know how it adds up. I must have a different time zone. People ask me how I find the time. I have the same amount of time as anybody else. I just try to use it. It might have to do with the tachycardia I have, where with every tick and every heartbeat, if I'm not getting something done, I feel I've just wasted that moment. Whereas a more normal person would feel, well, why not relax for the whole afternoon and go sailing?

**PLAYBOY:** What is tachycardia?

**OATES:** A little malformation of the heart valve. It's often associated with people

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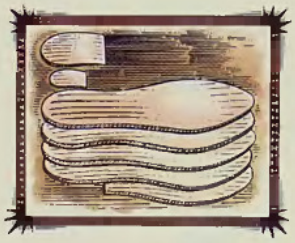

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who are tall and lank. A tachycardia attack sends a person into hyperventilation, the heart speeds up and pounds hard. A person may faint or feel he or she can't breathe. Then the extremities start turning icy cold because the blood's not circulating. It's like a mimicry of death. It's terrifying because you feel that you are dying.

**PLAYBOY:** Do these attacks happen often?

**OATES:** I've probably had 50 over my life. I've been admitted to the emergency room at Princeton a couple of times, but not recently. I take digitalis every day. It started when I was 18. I was playing basketball at Syracuse and I was knocked down. I started having this attack and it scared the life out of me and everybody else, including my gym teacher. She thought I was going to die in front of her eyes. It was terrifying. It's because of these attacks that I have a heightened sense of mortality and time. That's why I'm always working and why I'm concerned with wasting time. Almost every minute of my life is plotted very carefully. Thoreau said, "You can't kill time without injuring eternity." That's probably part of the reason I seem prolific.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're unlikely to hang out at the beach?

**OATES:** I would go crazy. I could sit on the beach for maybe three minutes. I was even wondering before you came if we could do this interview while jogging, but I realized that was absurd.

**PLAYBOY:** No wonder your output is so staggering. Do you see yourself as successful?

**OATES:** No, I don't think of myself as successful. I experience dissatisfaction or relative degrees of failure more than success because I'm always rewriting. I have to be careful not to put too low an evaluation on myself. Probably the only people who are successful are people who are dissatisfied. What else pushes them on? Some people are quite content, and they were content when they were eight years old, affable, happy people who are not going to be successful and don't care. And none of them is a writer or creative artist because they don't have that push. All art begins in conflict. Even situation comedy.

**PLAYBOY:** Has any of your success, such as winning a National Book Award in 1970, caused problems for you?

**OATES:** I was young when I won that, about 31 or 32. It got me much more exposure, but it turned many people against me. People don't like it when someone's successful. Norman Mailer is the most classic example. He started big and then got terrible reviews of his next novel. Since then, Mailer has always been a kind of punching bag.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you lose friends as your career took off?

**OATES:** There was a male writer whose career I helped—I got him my agent, gave him a quote for his first novel—and he really turned against me. He just couldn't take my winning that award. He threatened my life and did all sorts of strange things. He wanted me to write a review of one of his books for *The New York Times Book Review* and I said I couldn't do it. He went crazy. For years he would write me letters. It had to do with the National Book Award. He felt that suddenly I had fame and power and I could get a review published. I tried to explain that even if I wanted to do it, I wouldn't do it. He wrote a story called "How I Killed Joyce Carol Oates" and sent me the manuscript. I don't know if it ever got printed. It was pretty extreme. I once talked at the Modern Language Association and he was in the audience and at the end he came toward me. He was going to throw something at me. I don't know what it was. Somebody found it on the floor and wouldn't let me see it. I think it was a razor.

**PLAYBOY:** Since your work often deals with violence, was that the only time you've been threatened?

**OATES:** I get a lot of letters from people in prisons—always men, never women. They obviously haven't read anything of mine, but they see stuff about me in *People* magazine. I can't be bothered.

**PLAYBOY:** In what other ways has fame affected you?

**OATES:** It's very complex. If one is famous, one has a certain amount of power, but maybe power is corruptive and corrosive. Look at the phenomenon of Marilyn Monroe. She had celebrity and extreme fame yet seemingly had no personal life nor any control. Fame exacerbates one's personal failing. Celebrity, if one doesn't have inner strength, can be corrosive. It's as if the flaws in your character, like cracks in a facade, become magnified in the public eye. And you can't hide them. I feel my heart sink a little when people recognize me, because then I have to put on this identity. At the supermarket I've sometimes had to sign autographs on people's grocery lists. It's embarrassing to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet yours is a modest kind of fame compared with a Monroe or a Madonna.

**OATES:** That's probably true. The outsider looking in would have thought Marilyn Monroe was a tremendous success. It must have been keen and sharp and terribly ironic for her to realize that her image was out in the world and she scarcely shared in that. It's a bizarre, almost schizophrenic experience. I recently saw *The Misfits* on video and I was really struck by Marilyn Monroe as a kind of female impersonator. There were real women in that movie and they walked around in regular shoes, and then she would come on the screen completely confectionary, her hair, her manner, her walk, her physical being. It was as if she were a female impersonator in a way that we don't experience women now—stuffed into a dress, teetering on high heels. It's kind of like being an anthropologist and going back in time: Was this really an ideal of female beauty or was it, even then, exaggerated and a little absurd? She said to one interviewer, "Please don't make me look like a joke." So she was aware of that.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were growing up, did you ever want to look like her or any other star?

**OATES:** No, then you'd have to deal with so many men being attracted to you, and that's hard. In Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*, the figure who represents Marilyn Monroe can barely walk down the street without three men following her, accosting her, talking to her. Who would really want that? The most attractive girls in high school were the ones who ended up getting married and having babies right after graduation. In a sense their lives are finished. So being very beautiful and having a strong appeal for the opposite sex is a handicap, though it's not perceived that way when one is young.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always been satisfied with who you are?

**OATES:** I don't really identify with my physical self that much. My spiritual self, my inner self, my imagination is probably my deepest self, and that expresses itself in language in my books. My physical and social self is just another person.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel being a woman allows you a certain invisibility?

**OATES:** A woman is often judged by her physical appearance or by the fact that she's a woman. But a man is judged by his work. It would never be said about a male novelist that he was very handsome. You also don't say, "Hemingway, a male novelist, has written some good books." But people describe women writers in such a way that we are lumped together in some strange category that's heterogeneous and kind of promiscuous. I have books of literary criticism that list "women's novels" and I'll find myself in that chapter along with women who write about romantic experiences or domestic life or children. And my real kinship would be with someone in the realistic-novel category who's a man. But I'm not put in that chapter because I'm a woman.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet you also believe that this is the best time in history to be a woman.

**OATES:** I think so. Women are being published in great numbers, women are being read, women support one another—and this was not always the case. Women are directing plays and having roles in the organization and administration of theaters, which has been very male-dominated. There are women's studies programs at universities. Young women are going into medical school, there are women lawyers. They still encounter sexism, of course, but it's not the way it used to be when women couldn't get in

at all. To me, it's by far the best time for women professionals.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think we'll see a woman president in our lifetime?

**OATES:** I seriously doubt that. Vice president, possibly.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take the radical-feminist attitude that men are the enemy?

**OATES:** Even though I am a feminist, I've never felt that men are the enemy. I've also never had any real animosity toward men. Some radical feminists have attacked me in the past because I write about men with a certain amount of compassion or because I defend men. They feel that I've betrayed them. I was attacked in a women's journal because I had written a novel called *Solstice*. The woman who attacked me was a lesbian and she said that this was a thinly disguised novel about an evil lesbian. In fact, the novel doesn't have a lesbian in it. She was projecting her own propagandistic vibes into the novel. I'm a counterpuncher, so I wrote back, "If I want to write a novel about a lesbian who is evil or a silly lesbian or a brilliant lesbian, I will do it. This is my prerogative as a writer and I don't subscribe to any ideology except writing." Feminist literature per se is propagandist literature. And feminism, like any ism or ideology, exacts too high a toll. You can be politically incorrect and people get angry with you. I will always place a much higher value on aesthetic integrity than on any kind of political correctness, including feminism.

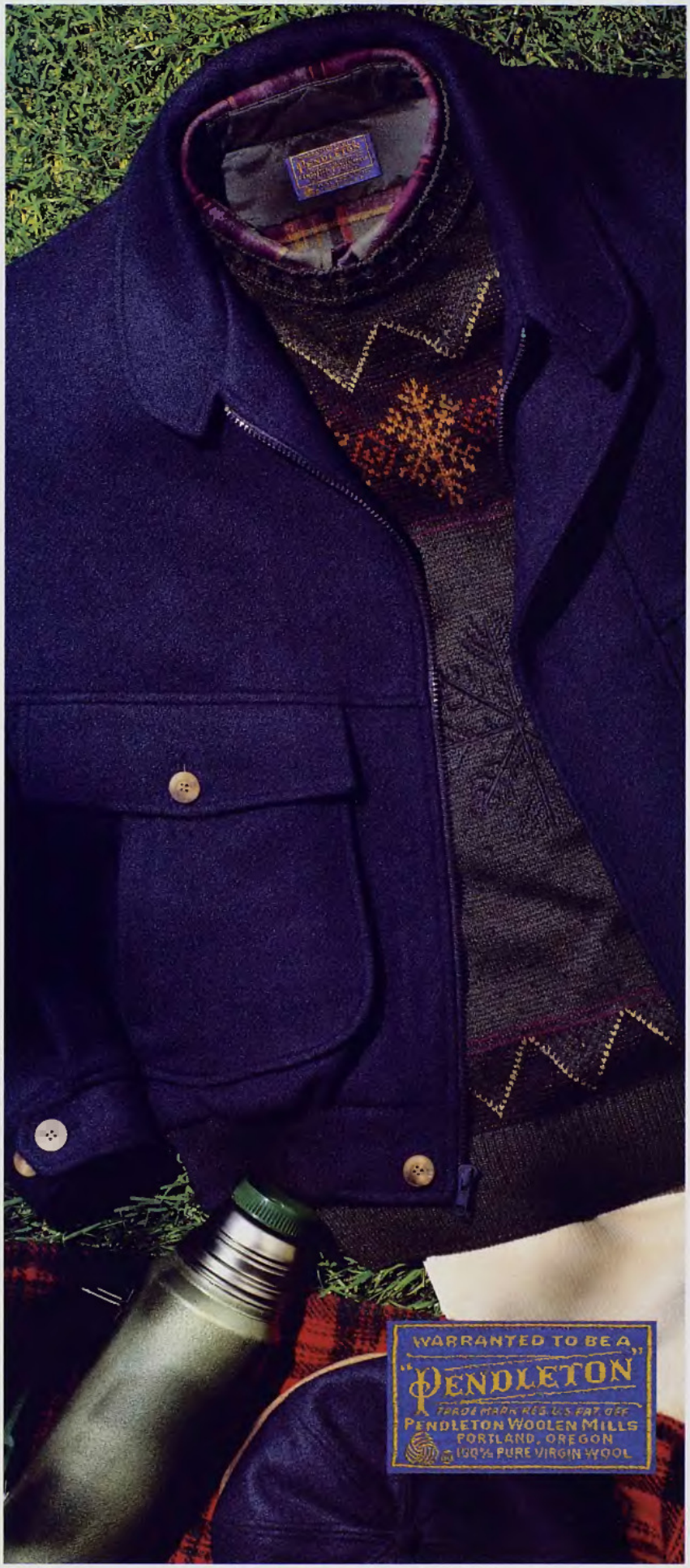
**PLAYBOY:** How do you define feminism?

**OATES:** In a root way: Everyone should receive equal pay for equal work. To me, feminism is basically economic.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there differences between the sexes?

**OATES:** Your question is particularly appropriate for PLAYBOY because I really have to go against some feminist thinking. No, I don't think the two sexes are that different. There's an intensification of aggression, especially sexual aggression, in the male: Sexual feelings, instincts and desires of the male are in many cases more intense than in the female. For instance, female rapists or sex offenders are virtually nonexistent. There are 17 times as many male criminals as female criminals, and the sexual component has a lot to do with that. But it's a continuum. If you got rid of all men and had only women left behind in some bizarre dimension, you would then find clustered toward one end of the continuum these adversarial and aggressive women. And they would be the "new men." So I don't feel the sexes are different in kind, only in degree.

**PLAYBOY:** Camille Paglia, the author of *Sexual Personae*, suggests that "male aggression and lust are the energizing forces of culture, and that if civilization had been left in female hands, we'd still be living in grass huts."



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**OATES:** That's ridiculous. She obviously hates being a woman. And she's identifying with what most men consider the worst traits of maleness. The men I know in Princeton and elsewhere, and the men in my family, are not marauding males energized by lust and aggression. They're energized by desire for creativity. Norman Mailer once said that nobody says to a woman, "Come on, be a woman!" But to be a man, it's either explicit or implicit: "Come on, be a man!" And that admonition to be a man is fraught with a good deal of anxiety. What does it mean? Be a man like Mozart? Like Einstein? No, it really means be a tough man, a physical man in terms of other men.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't there differences between men and women in the area of sports?

**OATES:** Sports may be an area in which women and men are different. And that's too bad. For the men I know who play squash or tennis or poker, it's a celebration of friendship. They love one another and they love what they're doing. And men experience sports that way. Women don't have the same thing. I don't know why not. When I watched a lot of boxing, virtually everyone I was with was male. It was a male experience, and when I was in it, it was as if I were a male. But other women experience it differently and they put their hands over their eyes: "Oooh, this is awful. How can you look at this?" As if by watching boxing I had abrogated my femininity.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it about boxing that fascinates you?

**OATES:** It's a paradigm of life where you don't know what's going to happen. It's a mimicry of a fight to the death, mortal combat. Whereas tennis or chess is a stylized mimicry of a fight—the chess players are the kings and their pawns are soldiers and they're fighting on a board, but it's only a game—boxing is not a game. It is the real thing. It inhabits a special dimension in the history of sports because it arises out of mortal combat in which one man would die. It's different from other sports not in degree but in kind. To me boxing is mainly about failure. It's about getting hurt but doing it with nobility and courage and not complaining. I tend to be sympathetic with boxers. I'm not sympathetic with the managers or with the business side of boxing, because they exploit boxers.

**PLAYBOY:** Are men fascinated by boxing because it suggests that masculinity is measured in terms of other men?

**OATES:** That's true. And boxers have a camaraderie with other boxers and with the history of boxing that excludes women. Women have nothing to do with it. Women can admire boxing, as I do, but boxers are basically boxing for other men and for other boxers.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Mike Tyson surprised by your interest when you were interviewing him?

**OATES:** I was never really interviewing Mike Tyson in a formal way and I didn't have a tape recorder. I was doing it by hand. We were in [his then-manager Jim] Jacob's apartment in New York sitting on a sofa, talking about fights, seeing boxing tapes. Mike was from a world in which everybody knew boxing, including women. To him it wouldn't have been surprising that a woman could talk about Jack Johnson or any other fighter.

**PLAYBOY:** Had Tyson read any of your writing?

**OATES:** He wouldn't have had time. He had his karate videos and splatter films. He didn't have time to turn the pages of a book and move his eyes.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Mike Tyson surprise you in any way?

**OATES:** Mike always surprises people when he walks into a room because he's so short. He's not a Sonny Liston or a Muhammad Ali. When I knew Mike he was only 20 years old. He was soft-spoken. He's not the same person anymore. Getting married and signing with Don King accelerated his aging process. He's a much older person physically. He's probably abused his body, his reflexes may be gone.

*"I refuse to look at a boxer whose physical being is an insult to a great sport. I don't want to see an overweight boxer in the ring. The sport is too important."*

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that you think he's finished as a fighter when he gets out of prison?

**OATES:** I'm an optimist. When Mike gets out of prison he may come to his senses and realize that he's been behaving self-destructively. I think he could make a comeback. If he wants to do it he can do it. And if he were in condition he could beat the current crop of heavyweights handily: Bowe, Lewis, Holyfield, Morrison, Foreman—it hasn't been a distinguished time for boxing since Tyson lost his will to fight and his title.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel Tyson got the punishment he deserved?

**OATES:** It's hard to know what anyone deserves. Do we get what we deserve? Or do we deserve what we get? I'm not a person who judges happily. I guess that's why I'm a novelist; judgment is usually suspended in a novel.

**PLAYBOY:** What other boxers and fights do you admire?

**OATES:** One of the things I liked about Sugar Ray Leonard was that, like all great boxers, he was most dangerous after he'd been knocked down. Once the average boxer is knocked down, something goes out of him. But when Leonard was knocked down and then would get up he was much more dangerous than before. I liked Leonard near the end of his career a lot more than I liked him earlier. Like many people, I wanted Marvin Hagler to win their fight and couldn't believe it when Hagler lost. Looking back, we might say that Hagler's finest moment—when he fought Tommy Hearns—turned him into a lesser boxer because of the beating he took from the man he beat. If Hagler had fought a different fight he might have beat Hearns anyway, but he would not have been hurt as much. They both took terrible beatings. That was a fantastic fight.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the heavyweights?

**OATES:** I don't like heavyweights that much, except for the outstanding ones like Ali. But most heavyweights, like Gerry Cooney, what can you say? I don't even want to see them. I never watched George Foreman during his comeback. I refuse to look at a boxer whose physical being is an insult to a great sport. I don't want to see an overweight boxer in the ring. The sport is too important and has a history that the men who are in it should respect. That's why I was so shocked when Tyson came in out of condition with Buster Douglas. I couldn't believe he would demean the heavyweight title. I found it hard to watch Mike fight because I knew him, and when I saw him lose the title to Douglas I was stunned. I literally couldn't believe my eyes. When he came into the arena that night I could see he was dry, he hadn't been sweating, he didn't look good. He hadn't trained. To me that's much more profoundly disturbing and bizarre than the things he did in his private life, which I can understand. I don't condone raping a woman but I can understand that a lot more than I can a heavyweight champion coming in at a young age and not being trained. That was shocking to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it also shocking to you that your book *On Boxing* was praised by so many aficionados, including Norman Mailer?

**OATES:** Yes. Norman has said he feels a kinship with me. It was nice of him to say. He introduced me at Lincoln Center for a benefit evening and he said, "This person wrote an essay on boxing that was so good I thought I'd written it myself." And he didn't know why people were laughing. He meant it sincerely as the highest praise. I came out and said, "It's considered high praise to be told you write like a man, but to be told that you write like Norman Mailer is off the scale." And in my novel *You Must Remember This*, I'm really inside a person who's a boxer. I just love that part of the novel,

that whole masculine ideology and the camaraderie of men in the gym. I don't suppose any other women novelists would even want to write about that.

**PLAYBOY:** You're working on screenplays based on your works. Are you ever asked to write original scripts—not based on your stories—for actors?

**OATES:** I was asked to write the Jeffrey Dahmer story for HBO. I thought it was a strange invitation. And I was invited to write something on Mike Tyson for HBO and I declined. I don't have much time. I'm usually working all the time, sometimes up to midnight. I'm now immersed in a novel I've been planning for a couple of years. It's called *Corky's Price* and it's my attempt to get inside the skin of a man, to deal with male sexuality in a candid and nonjudgmental, realistic way. It's a challenge because I certainly could fail. I can't fail writing about women—I've written about women's sexuality many times—but this is something I've never really done before. The entire novel is this man going through four days of his life. It took me about two years to get the voice for this man—a lot of profanity, obscenity, but funny. I want him to be an average man.

**PLAYBOY:** What male writers do you think have best captured the way a woman thinks and feels?

**OATES:** D. H. Lawrence is one of the pioneers in the male attempt to write about women. Lawrence had a sensibility that was androgynous. Although he was a heterosexual male, he was also possibly homoerotic. He was attracted to men, too. He was an ideal artist in that he had an erotic feeling for much of nature. This kind of intense identification with some other living presence is probably necessary for a writer. But I can't think of many of my male colleagues who've written compellingly or convincingly about women. Faulkner is an example of a truly great talent who could not create any women characters of any depth; they tend to be caricatures. Melville has no women characters. Saul Bellow is a great writer who has concentrated on male portraits. His female portraits in some cases are compelling, but it's the male portraits that are really brilliant and memorable. Shakespeare was a great writer whose masculinity is evident. He's created some great women, such as Cleopatra, but they tend to be somewhat mannish women.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you worried, then, that your male character might be considered a female-ish man?

**OATES:** Absolutely not. I feel that I know men from the inside. I've created a lot of male characters.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you suppose that your contemporaries have such difficulty capturing women but you don't have any difficulty capturing a man?

**OATES:** It's just a measure of what one's trying to do. I don't value one achievement over the other. Faulkner and Melville are great writers. It doesn't matter that they couldn't capture women as well as F. Scott Fitzgerald or D. H. Lawrence. The measurement of genius is sui generis. Geniuses are not compared with one another. I mean, it's not held against Chopin that he never wrote an opera.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you measure yourself against other writers?

**OATES:** No, that would be discouraging. I don't like the idea of competition. We have great writers living today. It's difficult for contemporaries to accept one another. Virginia Woolf said it's impossible. I agree.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the biggest compliment you've ever received as a writer?

**OATES:** I've been compared to the most extraordinary people—Bach, Melville.

**PLAYBOY:** Since Melville is often considered America's greatest writer, isn't that comparison somewhat overwhelming?

**OATES:** Melville lived for years as a complete failure. That a man of such genius would think he'd been a failure is heartbreaking. That's one of the saddest stories in American literature. When he was writing *Moby Dick* there was no prototype for it. It was an adventure story, a Shakespearean tragedy, it was metaphysical and philosophic speculation. Nobody had ever done that before in America. And then it was published and got the most vicious, ignorant, jeering reviews. Obviously his heart was broken, he didn't make any money and after that his life took another turn. I kind of identify with him. Many writers do. It's like we've done the same thing but we're more lucky. When he died his obituary in *The New York Times* was about Henry Melville—it even got his name wrong.

*"Living in Detroit changed my life completely. I would be writing a different kind of work right now had I not been there."*

**PLAYBOY:** Hemingway said American literature starts with *Huckleberry Finn*, and Mailer said that William Burroughs changed the course of American literature. Do you agree?

**OATES:** No. In terms of history, Walt Whitman changed the course of American literature. He was saying things that nobody ever said before. Not William Burroughs, because few people have even read him. But Whitman came along with *Leaves of Grass* in 1855, and he was saying things in his poetry and he had a musical, incantatory voice in which he talked about being both male and female, about homoeroticism, about having a baby. This was profoundly contemporary and was so deeply disturbing to his contemporaries that he was considered extreme. And yet he has affected so many people.

**PLAYBOY:** Can a major writer alter, as Mailer called it, "the nerves and marrow of a nation"?

**OATES:** Not the United States. But definitely individuals are affected. Whitman, Dickens, Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, Solzhenitsyn. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Upton Sinclair had effects upon legislation in America. Emily Dickinson had an effect upon individuals. People have told me that their lives have been changed by things I've written. A nun actually left the convent after she read a story of mine. Obviously she was inclined to feel that way and then the story gave her a push.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of a class society is America?

**OATES:** Oh, very much a class society. It's getting more and more evident. Segregation is more marked than it was in the Sixties. We have a new division between fundamentally illiterate people and the rest of our society, which is educated and has knowledge of computers and the electronic medium. Along with other problems of poverty, ghettos, drugs, I don't know what's going to happen. The Los Angeles riots demonstrated that.

**PLAYBOY:** You dealt with an earlier city riot, the one in Detroit in 1967, in your novel *Them*. Did you actually experience the riot?

**OATES:** We were only one block away from some of the burning and looting, and I'd never been in any situation like that where your physical being is at risk. You never forget it and as a writer you want to deal with it. It was not an easy time. Living in Detroit changed my life completely. I would be writing a different kind of work right now had I not been there. I came from this rural background and suddenly I was thrust into the city in the Sixties. It was so alive and fraught with excitement.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you miss the rural background of your youth?

**OATES:** I don't want to make my childhood sound like something out of *Tobacco Road*. It wasn't. But I went to a one-room schoolhouse and the other students, particularly the boys, were very rough, really cruel kids. A lot of things frightened me, but I had to face it day after day. At one point there were eight grades and some of the boys were big, like six feet tall, farm boys, very crude. We heard tales of things that had been done to other girls, acts of incest—an older brother forcing himself on a younger sister, then boasting about it. And I certainly was the object of

molestation of one kind or another.

**PLAYBOY:** Verbal or physical?

**OATES:** Verbal is nothing, who cares about verbal? No, really physical. Being chased, being mauled. I was molested when I was about nine or ten. I was not raped, but it would be considered sexual molestation today. And I couldn't go to my mother and say I was sexually harassed at school. I was threatened and ordered not to tell. However, I'll never forget it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have anyone you could talk with?

**OATES:** There was no consciousness then. Molested, battered children were in a category that was like limbo. There were no words, no language. If you tried to talk about it, you'd say, "I was picked on." Then there was a certain amount of hesitancy, if not actual shame, to say anything about your body, so you wouldn't want to say where you were harassed. So a lot of this was never spoken. It was extremely important for me, retrospectively, to have these early experiences of being a helpless victim, because it allows me to sympathize—or compels me to sympathize—with victims. I know what it's like to be a victim, but I also know what it's like to get away and not have been damaged or scarred. I was part of a world in which almost everybody who was weak was victimized. This seems to be the human condition: to be picked on, to be a victim.

**PLAYBOY:** Did this drive you inward, turn you to writing at an early age?

**OATES:** I was always writing little books when I was five or six. I would use a tablet and do drawings. I was never interested in dolls, I gave my dolls away. I was reading books like *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* when I was very young. I obviously was greatly influenced by Alice, who was a little girl but has some of the courage and resilience we associate with adults. And, of course, she's a female protagonist, and that made a strong impression on me.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your family religious?

**OATES:** My family became religious when my grandfather died of emphysema. He worked at a foundry and his lungs were filled with bits of metal. Our household was traumatized by that. My parents had been Catholic and they had lapsed. That's a joke to other people, but to Catholics you are never not a Catholic. You're born Catholic and you're baptized, then you become a lapsed Catholic for the next 90 years. It's like an alcoholic—you're never not an alcoholic. I'm not a person who feels very friendly toward organized religion. I think people have been brainwashed through the centuries. The churches, particularly the Catholic Church, are patriarchal organizations that have been invested with power for the sake of the people in power, who happen to be men. It breeds corruption.

I found going to church every Sunday and on holy days an exercise in extreme boredom. I never felt that the priest had any kind of connection with God. I've never felt that anyone who stands up and says "Look, I have the answers" has the answers. I would look around in church and see people praying and sometimes crying and genuflecting, saying the rosary, and I never felt any identification. I never felt that I was experiencing what they were experiencing. I couldn't figure out whether or not they were pretending.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet haven't you had some mystical experiences?

**OATES:** I actually had some experiences that were electrifying and changed my way of looking at life. But I haven't had them for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you describe what happened to you?

**OATES:** I can't talk about it. A mystical experience is ineffable and you can't put any language to it because as soon as you do you demean and reduce it. You wouldn't have a mystical experience in a Sunday Mass, you would have it out in the wilderness. You'd have to be alone. It might not have any god involved. It would be more like an activation of the deepest psyche. I've been interested in religious experience and the spiritual side of all of us, and mysticism. But organized religions such as the Catholic Church are the antithesis of religious experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel the same way about astrologers, numerologists, tarot cards and Ouija-board readers?

**OATES:** The persistence of crackpots, pseudoscientists like astrologers, suggests the failure of science and education. How can people still be superstitious, still believe in nonsense and astrology and grotesque demonic religions of every kind, every fundamentalist religion crowding us on all sides? How can we have these phenomena and say that science and education have not failed? That's embarrassing.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you're not the kind of person who would turn to therapy.

**OATES:** I can't begin to imagine going to a psychotherapist. You're going to another person who has some dogmatic ideas and his or her own agenda. Why go to somebody else, anyway? Theoretically they're listening, but in fact they're not, they're looking at the clock, thinking, How can I bend this person to my own theories? Go for a long walk or go jogging, take a retreat and meditate and think. Or read Walt Whitman.

**PLAYBOY:** Would it be fair to categorize your philosophy as: Shut up, don't complain and get on with it?

**OATES:** I have strong interior models from my parents and grandmother of how a human being should behave with dignity. Not that I always live up to it, but I sure know how you die, how you deal with life without complaining, with as much strength as possible. I'm in a profession where people are so quick to complain about the smallest things. Their vanities and egos are easily bruised. To me this is just absurd. The harshest facts of life have to do with the economy, with one's own economy. If you are poor, if you are living at or below the poverty line, then you're right up against life in a way that literary and academic or professional people are not. I come from a world where there was a fear that there wouldn't be enough money, not enough food to eat. I remember that. Now I'm in a world where somebody fears they'll get a bad review.

**PLAYBOY:** You also come from a world where one relative was murdered and another committed suicide.

**OATES:** My mother's father was murdered in a saloon fight when she was a baby, the youngest of eight or nine children. Their family was extremely poor, so she was given away to relatives. I only found out about it as an adult. Then I found out, many years later, that a relative put a gun in his mouth and shot himself while my father's mother was with him. This took place before I was born, but it's part of my parents' life. I'm pretty close to my parents and a lot of my writing draws on their experiences. They really had adventurous and arduous lives growing up in the earlier part of the century in a rough part of America, and they came of age during the Depression. They were brave, strong people.

**PLAYBOY:** Their lives weren't made any easier after you were grown and your sister was born autistic. Being as verbal and articulate as you are, that must have been quite a shock.

**OATES:** I've written about the phenomenon of one person living in language and the other not having any language. My sister has not really ever spoken. She was born at a time when virtually nothing was known about autism. An autistic person has a little bit wrong with the brain chemistry. It's a mystery. She's now in a special home.

**PLAYBOY:** Given your history, it's understandable why you would lean toward tragedy.

**OATES:** I'm always struck by that wonderful remark by Henry James, how what's bliss for one person is bane or evil or pain for another. That's so true in life—what's happy for one person can be painful for another. If you have a happy ending in a novel, it's probably not going to be happy for everyone.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are difficult and troubling works of art more beneficial to readers than happy ones?

**OATES:** Well, the classic theory of tragedy is that it allows people to be ennobled. We see people pushing the limits of their courage and their involvement. King

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ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

**How effective is ROGAINE?**
**In men:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 60% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

**In women:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

**How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?**
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

**How long do I need to use ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

**What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?**
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

**How much ROGAINE should I use?**
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

**What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?**
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

**What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?**
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

**What are some of the side effects people have reported?**
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

**Dermatologic:** irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

**What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?**
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

*Increased heart rate:* some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
*Salt and water retention:* weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
*Problems breathing:* especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
*Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris:* brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

**What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?**
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

**Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?**
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

**Should any precautions be followed?**
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

**Are there special precautions for women?**
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

**Can ROGAINE be used by children?**
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

**Caution:** Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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Lear, for instance, rises to a stature by the end of the play that he didn't have in the beginning. If it were a situation comedy and Lear were just dealing with a funny daughter, he would always be on the same level. Serious works of art push people to the extreme. That's why creative artists try risking things that could fail, because they feel that's how they learn more about themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Can fiction show a person how to survive?

**OATES:** Oh, definitely. We pick our models from art. In the past, prose fiction and drama provided models for people. I'm sure many young people now get their role models from the movies and television, which may not always be good.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any TV programs that interest you?

**OATES:** I don't watch television. I don't have time.

**PLAYBOY:** What about news events such as political conventions or the Olympics?

**OATES:** No. If I wanted to know about the conventions I'd read *The New York Times*. And I'm sorry to say that I was no more interested in the Olympics than those athletes are interested in my writing. As many athletes as there are crowding one another at the bookstores to get hold of my books, that's as much as I watched the Olympics. I like to read. Television is a different kind of medium: It's for people who are skimming along on the surface of life.

**PLAYBOY:** With the way you work, would you have felt trapped if you had children?

**OATES:** I was never driven by a strong maternal instinct. Nor does my husband have a strong paternal instinct. We never really thought about it much.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think about marriage before you met Ray?

**OATES:** I grew up in a time when young women wanted to be engaged as soon as possible. When I graduated from college in 1960, to get married was the ideal. But I was different. I was always bent on either teaching or being a writer.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you met Ray?

**OATES:** I was 21 and he was 30, so he was an older man. This had a certain romance about it. He was getting his Ph.D. and I was beginning my M.A. I guess it was love at first sight. Or love at first conversation. We met at a social gathering and we started talking. I think of marriage and/or love as a long conversation that has many modulations to it. Ray's a stabilizing force in my life. When I have trouble writing, he is a voice of calm.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that the secret to a successful marriage: Stay calm and have long talks?

**OATES:** The secret is that one is closest friends with one's spouse and it's a relationship that deepens with time.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Ray ever appear as a character in your books?

**OATES:** No, I'm so close to him that in a way I don't see him. I have assimilated

him, which is typical for people who have been married quite a while. There's a kind of pronoun "we" consciousness.

**PLAYBOY:** Do "we" share the housework?

**OATES:** I do all the housework and Ray does all the outside work—the lawn, the garden. I start making dinner at eight, which is pretty late. My take on cooking and housework is that it's part of my writing. Sometimes my brain is like a computer screen and I can do my revisions and copyediting of the day's work while I'm preparing a meal. When I'm done I'll go to my desk and make those corrections, then the whole thing's erased in my head.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that your husband never reads your work?

**OATES:** I have always felt that I didn't particularly want people close to me—my parents, my husband—to read my work. I wanted freedom and I didn't want people peering over my shoulder. I didn't want them to feel they had to like it. I'm not a person who gives her writing to her friends to read. I would feel very embarrassed to do that. Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne read each other's work all the time. That is a healthy, symbiotic relationship they have worked out. But Ray has so much of his own life to do, he just wouldn't have time to read any of my work.

**PLAYBOY:** Who takes care of the finances in your house?

**OATES:** Ray is the one in charge of the finances. When he married me many years ago, he could not have anticipated that he'd spend a lot of time dealing with accountants and investors and money men. It's nothing that he's interested in. We're both literary people and interested in culture.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you also very rich?

**OATES:** How can you ask a question like that? If I said yes I'd have a burglar visiting immediately. I don't have much idea of how much money we have, but we're not really wealthy. We don't spend money, put it that way. We live quite modestly. I'm not concerned with money.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, with all those books in print, you must constantly receive royalty checks from around the world.

**OATES:** Over the years I'm surprised by checks that come in because I don't expect them. I could probably live comfortably on my income just from Germany and Sweden.

**PLAYBOY:** What does the money mean to you?

**OATES:** Money is kind of a burden because one feels one should spend it intelligently. You can spend money in a consumptive way and waste it, but to spend money intelligently, to direct it toward meaningful goals, to give to charities that are not exploitive, that's difficult. We subsidize our friends in terms of publishing ventures. James Michener has given away millions of dollars. Giving away that amount of money has probably caused him creative angst.


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**PLAYBOY:** Are you uncomfortable talking about the subject of money?

**OATES:** When I grew up, sex was not talked about—it was a classic taboo subject. These days, I think money may not be talked about. If a child were to ask his parents, "How much money do you make? How much do you have in the bank?" that might be the taboo subject today.

**PLAYBOY:** So let's talk about sex. Norman Mailer says sex that makes you more religious is great sex.

**OATES:** How does Mailer know what's great? Maybe what he's experienced is puny, but he has only his own experiences. Norman has a sense of being an entertainer. He's like a boxer—he feels you get into the ring and you put on a show and it's adversarial. I'm not like that. Maybe I would be more like that if I were a man.

**PLAYBOY:** Was sex a scary subject for you growing up?

**OATES:** Girls were, and probably still are, afraid of sex—for a good reason. Getting pregnant was always the fear. It was a sense of public humiliation.

**PLAYBOY:** For many boys of your generation the novels to read were usually written by Henry Miller. Did you read him as well?

**OATES:** I read some of Henry Miller, but it's on the level of a comic book. People seem shallow, nothing that has any appeal to me. I do remember going to the adult section of a library when I was about 12 and I pulled *Ulysses* off the shelf and the whole book seemed to glimmer with a forbidden glow. It was erotic and forbidden and exciting and sacred. Now when I look at it I feel this identification with James Joyce, who was 38 when he finished *Ulysses*. But he was a struggling writer and that's the effort of his great struggle.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your own novels are watershed in terms of your career?

**OATES:** Evidently *Them*—it's the one people talk about. Maybe *Because It Is Bitter, and Because It Is My Heart* and *You Must Remember This*—so much of my own life and heart went into them. I can't tell, it's hard to get a bead on one's own self.

**PLAYBOY:** You omitted *Wonderland*, which caused you quite a bit of anxiety when you wrote it.

**OATES:** Probably the closest I ever came to cracking up was in the writing of *Wonderland*. Appropriately enough it's about the human brain, examining a crisis in American society by way of one representative man. It's hard to talk about. I thought I had this neurological problem and had to see a specialist, but it was more a biochemical problem caused by stress. I put so much energy into that. It was such a monumental novel, very daunting to write. It left me kind of breathless. I felt when I was done that I didn't want to write any more long novels.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the novels of Rosamond Smith the kind of novels that Joyce

Carol Oates would write? Or did you simply choose that pseudonym to escape from your identity?

**OATES:** I wanted to write psychological suspense novels that would be more cinematic than my other novels. However, as time has gone by they have gotten more intellectual and analytical, more Jamesian, more interior. All the Smith novels are about twins of one kind or another.

**PLAYBOY:** How strongly did you want to keep your identity a secret?

**OATES:** I wanted badly to keep it a secret. It was like being 11 years old again, like a little girl. I would have had reviews that were for a first novel, and everything would have been new and fresh and untried. But then the secret got out. My editor was upset and had reason to be. I didn't think it was that important if I wrote a novel under a pseudonym. Why would anyone care? But it's hard to have a secret identity because one has to have a Social Security number, income tax forms.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you feel the need to go undercover?

**OATES:** Because people don't judge the new work as new work. In my case they say, "This is Oates' 25th novel, or 50th book." Whereas with my new identity it would have been, "Here is a new novel by a writer we haven't heard of." And the attentiveness would have been for the text itself.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you disheartened when you were discovered?

**OATES:** It was sad. Disappointing.

**PLAYBOY:** Critic Alfred Kazin said that you write to relieve your mind of things that haunt us rather than to create literature that will live.

**OATES:** Well, Kazin doesn't know. It's sort of a statement like, "Does she dye her hair?" It's a haphazard pomposity that one gets from people who have no idea what they're talking about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do critics ever know what they're talking about?

**OATES:** It's unpredictable. I get extremely good reviews or angry reviews. People have said they admire that I keep going. They have a different reading of the enterprise of being a writer. My worst problems are inner-generated, they come from my own self.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that a writer who has published as much as you have develops a skin like a rhino's. How necessary is it to be thick-skinned?

**OATES:** It's scar tissue over the years. I started writing before women's liberation, publishing since 1963. I came under a lot of attack because I was a woman writing about subjects that men usually write about. John Updike once said that I really took a lot of hostile criticism. Some writers stay down in the mud. D. H. Lawrence called it the scrimmage of life. I consider myself still down there. I'm fair game for the attack.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about some of those people. We'll name a writer, you say what you think. We'll start with Norman Mailer.

**OATES:** If anyone has literary presence and power in New York it is Mailer. He has been courageous and adventurous, and he obviously loves the craft of fiction. He also gets negative reviews. People are either jealous of him or they have an ax to grind. Norman and I try different things all the time, different voices. We are much more vulnerable than many writers who repeat the same formulas for success. But Norman has taken a good deal of abuse. And it's good for him. He's a fighter, a counterpuncher. One should defend oneself.

**PLAYBOY:** Doris Lessing.

**OATES:** She's in the tradition of George Eliot—she tries to write about society in an ambitious way. Lessing's more like Norman Mailer and like me, for better or worse. She's tried different things.

**PLAYBOY:** John Updike.

**OATES:** A great writer, a major, important writer. I write to John Updike and he writes to me quite often. He's a wonderful letter writer.

**PLAYBOY:** Iris Murdoch.

**OATES:** I have read a lot of Iris Murdoch and I have written about her. There was a time when I would be asked to review


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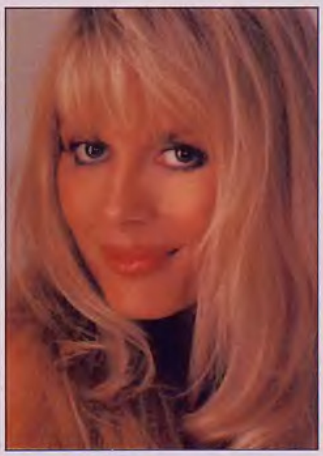

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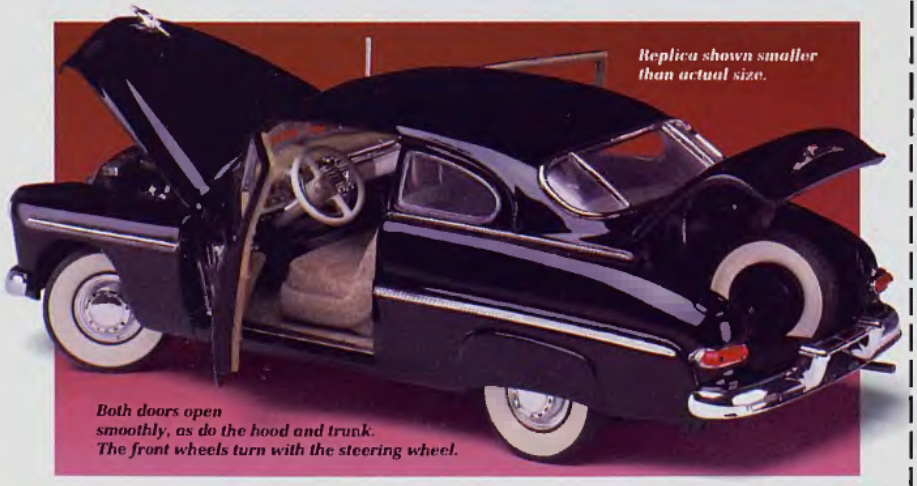

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every new Murdoch novel that came out. Her novels are somewhat repetitive.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom Wolfe.

**OATES:** He's obviously a satirist and a social critic. I don't think of Tom Wolfe as a literary figure, but he's amusing.

**PLAYBOY:** Flannery O'Connor.

**OATES:** She's an American classic. A very special, very individualistic, very idiosyncratic and, in an odd way, very Catholic writer. She had a gift for satire and treating character quickly.

**PLAYBOY:** Eudora Welty.

**OATES:** She has a broader humanity than O'Connor. O'Connor was very narrow and good at what she did—she never wrote about romantic love, perhaps knew nothing about it. Welty tried many more things. She's more ambitious.

**PLAYBOY:** Saul Bellow.

**OATES:** Bellow's brilliant. Bellow is a genius. A great writer. Brilliant themes. Saul Bellow is off the scale of even Truman Capote, Thomas Pynchon or Thomas Wolfe. You can't compare him with those others.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Philip Roth?

**OATES:** Roth is not as ambitious as Bellow. He hasn't tried as many things. But what he does he does brilliantly.

**PLAYBOY:** T. Coraghessan Boyle.

**OATES:** Tom Boyle is a wild writer, very inventive, surreal, funny. He's a serious person.

**PLAYBOY:** Gabriel García Márquez.

**OATES:** I've enjoyed him very much. My favorite Márquez is the Faulknerian *Autumn of the Patriarch*. It's his best novel.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a big Faulkner fan, aren't you?

**OATES:** Faulkner was ambitious and courageous in what he did. And that accounts for a lot. The South American writers were immensely influenced by Faulkner. Without Faulkner, Márquez wouldn't have been Márquez. To speak of greatness, we're speaking of Faulkner.

**PLAYBOY:** How about J. D. Salinger?

**OATES:** He was, or is, a winning and appealing writer who had a strong appeal at a certain time. But there's no comparison with Faulkner. I wouldn't even put them in the same room together.

**PLAYBOY:** F. Scott Fitzgerald.

**OATES:** He was a brilliant, gifted, somewhat limited writer who needed to live longer. He simply didn't develop.

**PLAYBOY:** Ernest Hemingway.

**OATES:** I've always read Hemingway for his prose. I've never thought his characters were interesting, they seem to be flat and childlike. His dialogue seems infantile, but his eye for nature and his ear for language were breathtaking. You don't find subtleties of character in Hemingway, you find them in Henry James.

**PLAYBOY:** Henry James.

**OATES:** A great master, he's up there, he's like Shakespeare.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you say has been your most influential work?

**OATES:** One short story, "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" has been anthologized a good deal and made into a movie called *Smooth Talk*, and everywhere I go people ask me about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Martin Scorsese plans to produce *You Must Remember This*, which Martha Coolidge will direct from your script. Are you excited about this?

**OATES:** Excited is a word that's not in my vocabulary, but I'm very hopeful.

**PLAYBOY:** When the movie is made of your life, who should play you?

**OATES:** Oh, that's really science fiction.

**PLAYBOY:** Capote thought the ghost of Eisenhower would be right for him.

**OATES:** Oh, well . . . the ghost of Henry James.

**PLAYBOY:** We haven't talked about how you write. Do you use a computer?

**OATES:** I don't have a word processor anymore. I write in longhand first—that's the only way I can be in touch with the emotions that the characters go through. Then I go to the typewriter and it starts to be something different. Much more in control and meticulous. That's a different process. Ninety percent of what I do now is revision.

**PLAYBOY:** How important are names for your characters?

**OATES:** Absolutely important. I spend a long time naming names. If I can't get a name right I can't write, I can't begin. I have a lot of names that begin with J, especially men. It's like my alter ego. I always go for the J if I can get away with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever used drugs to stimulate your thinking?

**OATES:** No, I'd no more do that than I'd take a bottle of ink and pour it on my rug. What if you stained your consciousness permanently? It's not a gamble that I would consider.

**PLAYBOY:** You teach two writing classes at Princeton. Can writing be taught?

**OATES:** We're not teaching writing, we're teaching writers. I believe in helping gifted students get published. I really want to be like a trainer, where you keep pushing and pushing the gifted writer. I'm looking for my Mike Tyson.

**PLAYBOY:** *Newsweek* declared your subject to be "passion and its irrational power over human destinies." Is that accurate?

**OATES:** That may be part of it. I certainly do feel that we're guided by subterranean impulses. I don't just mean individuals, I mean the collective. I mean entire nations. You see it in countries such as Iraq and Iran. It seems like a wave of irrationality rushes through an entire people and could carry them almost to suicidal behavior. And then you see it in individuals. Nietzsche said that madness in individuals is a rarity but in nations it's the norm. It's a good point.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Black Water* you attack former president Bush as evil, exploitative, hypocritical and shallow. Would he qualify as a mad Nietzschean individual?

**OATES:** You're being too meticulous. I'm amazed that Bush got away with such blatant falsehoods. He said things that were screamingly untrue, like Clarence Thomas is the best person—male or female, black or white—to sit on the Supreme Court. Nobody would believe that, including Clarence Thomas.

**PLAYBOY:** We take it that you voted for Clinton?

**OATES:** Yes. As long as I don't have to listen to him speak. Or listen to Al Gore go on and on shamelessly about his son.

**PLAYBOY:** You obviously lean more toward the downtrodden and invisible people of our society than to those in positions of power. Do you feel a responsibility to be a voice for the powerless?

**OATES:** Yes, I do. There are a lot of people whom nobody cares about. They work at the minimum wage, they're exploited, they exist all around us, but they're invisible. They can't write about themselves, they don't have any language, sometimes they're illiterate. So if anybody's going to write about them, it has to be someone who can feel sympathy for them. And I've always felt the sense of "there but for the grace of God go I."

**PLAYBOY:** With such a body of work already behind you, what are your thoughts about immortality?

**OATES:** It's just a word, a wishful word. People are not immortal.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do we feel haunted by the dead or by thoughts of death?

**OATES:** It's sad how we love people and they are so fiercely individual and so priceless and they pass away. Then as we in turn pass away, their memories are gone. It's the eternal drama of a species, of time burying the dead. The wheels keep turning.

**PLAYBOY:** If your life ended suddenly, would you feel you had accomplished much of what you wanted to?

**OATES:** I will never live long enough to execute all the ideas I have. Probably everybody has serious work to do and wild stories to tell, but life gets in the way. Everybody has a novel to write.

**PLAYBOY:** But not everybody who writes one has a chance for a Nobel Prize. How would you feel if you were so honored?

**OATES:** It would be a great honor, and it would bring honor to a body of work and to a group of people—American women writers. And it would probably change my life irrevocably. If it comes too soon it can have an adverse effect, like with Albert Camus, who was one of the youngest Nobel Prize winners. I think he was only 44 when he won it. He seemed then to have felt that he could not live up to it. But if it comes at the end of a career, obviously that's different.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's still something a long way off in your dreams?

**OATES:** I'm sure I have a long way to go. I won't hold my breath.

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# Linda & Harry & Bill & Hillary

article by
MICHAEL LEAHY

## the first friends are tv moguls and multimillionaires. so why don't they get any respect?

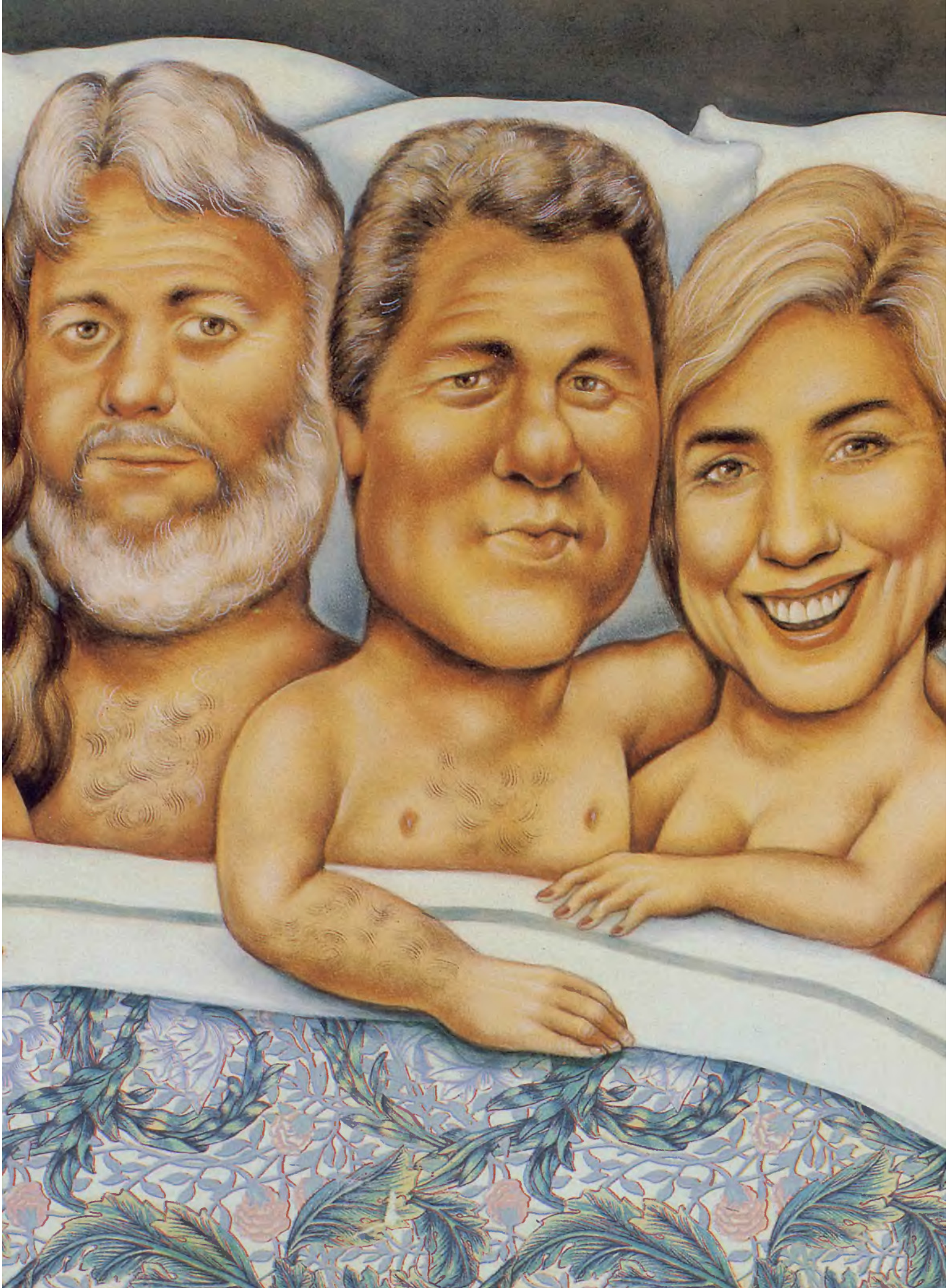
WHEN IT LOOKED as if the whole thing might die in the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, when Gennifer Flowers and the specter of the Oxford draft dodger threatened to kill him off, when he had been gripped by the flu and seemingly eaten every fast-food burger in New England while metamorphosing into an indulged doughboy, it had been Harry who had simply gone out and bought him bigger suits. It had been megamillionaire and TV emperor Harry who, working on three hours' sleep, got down on his hands and knees to lay color-coordinated carpet in a television studio for the candidate's live call-in show before New Hampshire voters. It had been Linda, ten days before the primary, who had directed the gathering of filmed testaments from Arkansans, film to be used in New Hampshire advertising in order to dispel the image of the Oxford draft dodger. It had been Linda, in July, who had written, produced and edited *The Man from Hope*, a moving 14-minute bio-pic on her friend, which rival Republican strategist Mary Matalin would later call "the single most important visual in turning around the preconvention image of Clinton as a pampered, spineless guy and in sending him out of Madison Square Garden in first place, when he had arrived in third."

After defeating George Bush, whom Harry and Linda had supported four years earlier, Bill Clinton emotionally acknowledged his debt to Harry at a November party for the producer on his 52nd birthday. "He was there when I got sick and I was under siege and I got so fat I could hardly walk," said the president-elect during a toast. There were hugs. Hillary Clinton and Linda led everyone in singing *That's What Friends Are For*.

By the following May it felt like ancient history.

Just four months after they had celebrated the first full day of their friend's new administration by sleeping in the Lincoln bedroom, the First Friends had become the headache of the week inside the White House, the latest culprits in a series of public-relations gaffes that threatened to imperil the president's image and governing ability. The charges were serious: Television producer and aircraft entrepreneur Harry Thomason, who had been the Inauguration impresario, had abused his friendship with the president by wasting his time about a matter of importance to no one but Harry Thomason and some of his friends. He had called Clinton and a White House staff member, interceding on behalf of

ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ



# TV Money

## forget movies, forget the lottery. television is the way to riches

Roseanne and Tom Arnold will reveal anything—and we mean anything—to the press. They'll discuss their sex life, they'll show off their tattoos, they'll moon photographers. But even Roseanne and Tom, with their extraordinarily flexible limits on self-disclosure, won't tell you the one thing that would probably interest you the most: They won't tell you how much money they make.

They're not alone. No one in television talks much about money, perhaps because they're embarrassed by the obscene amounts involved. America is, after all, a country where a person who runs a major corporation that employs thousands makes significantly less than a jowly talk-show host who appears, through the miracle of syndication, when 90 percent of the nation is sound asleep.

While everyone in TV is well paid, some become phenomenally wealthy. Only 14 percent of the networks' prime-time shows stay on the air long enough—four years—to make it into the highly lucrative world of syndication. But for those that do, the rewards are mind-boggling. Here's a sampling of who makes what (some of these figures are exact, others are educated guesses):

Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and Harry Thomason: Linda and Harry are famous for being, as they like to put it, too rich to be corrupted. They have *Evening Shade* and *Hearts Afire* currently on the air, and *Designing Women* is in syndication. Each week they make $200,000 for *Evening Shade* and *Hearts Afire*. And their share of the syndication profits of *Designing Women* is an impressive $20 million.

Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David: Compared with *Evening Shade*, *Seinfeld* is a much bigger hit. David, as executive producer, makes $100,000 per show, or $2.4 million for 24 episodes. Seinfeld makes less—only $80,000 per episode. And he's the star.

Gary David Goldberg: *Brooklyn Bridge*, a series that bombed, earned producer Goldberg $1.5 million. That's nothing, of course, to the $60 million he made from syndicating an earlier show of his, *Family Ties*, which did so well in syndication that a Paramount executive once handed Goldberg a check for $35 million as a first installment. That's not bad for a man who didn't earn enough money to file an income tax return until he was 32 years old.

Barry Kemp: Kemp is hardly a household name, even for showbiz zealots. And few people saw or remember his most recent show, *Delta*, starring Delta Burke. But Kemp, as producer, earned $100,000 per episode, which is pocket change compared with his share of the syndication money from his stint on *Coach*. Kemp will probably walk home with $38 million when that deal is done.

Rheinhold Weege: Not every producer tries to follow a hit show with yet another money machine. Weege was satisfied enough with his $40 million from the syndication of *Night Court* that he moved to the Midwest to spend more time with his family.

Don Bellesario: Situation comedies tend to do better in syndication than one-hour dramas, but don't worry about Bellesario. He made $13 million from the syndication of *Magnum, P.I.* and until the end of last season was pulling down about $75,000 an episode as producer of *Quantum Leap*.

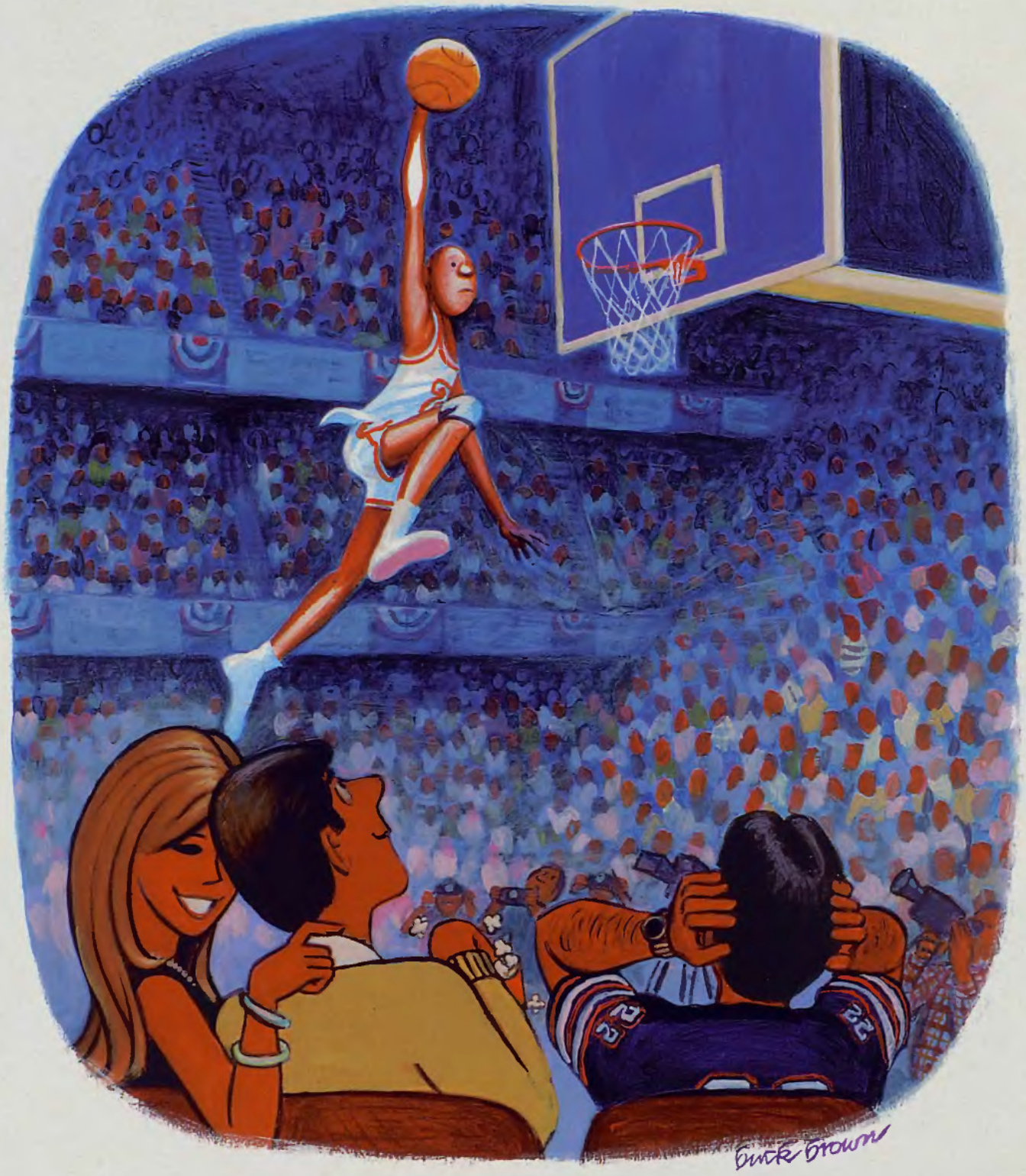
Jeff Sagansky: He doesn't actually make shows, but he runs CBS Entertainment and is often credited with turning that network around. His contract pays him $750,000 a year through 1994 and he also gets a bonus each year the network is *(concluded on page 175)*

a Cincinnati-based aviation consulting firm in which Thomason held a minority interest and which, only days earlier, had been rebuffed by the White House travel office when a partner expressed interest in bidding for a piece of the White House charter business. Within a week of Thomason's phone calls, an investigation of the travel office was launched, during which someone from the Clinton administration set in motion an FBI investigation as well. Bloodcurdling screams came from Republicans who, evoking the horrors of Watergate, charged the White House with using the FBI for personal gain and political purposes. Travelgate, as it was called, swiftly dumped Harry Thomason and his wife, 46-year-old television writer and producer Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, into the world of newspaper photographs and TV talk shows. Harry dryly indicated that he had but a trifling $25,000 interest in his partners' charter business and characterized his actions as those of a patriotic whistle-blower. "I just called to the White House's attention," he told *Good Morning America*, "a rather galling and outrageous practice of a government office that didn't want to consider companies that wanted to do business with them—not do business with them, but just consider them. It seemed to me that it was something I should bring to the attention of the White House, because all my friends in the charter business were saying, 'We can't talk to these people, we can't do business with them. Is that the way that government is supposed to work?' I didn't think it was. No, I didn't [stand to gain financially from this]."

For her part, a more fiery and colorful Linda expressed a newfound sympathy for Bebe Rebozo and other former First Foils. She said she would not permit "slanderous" allegations to go unanswered, blithely declaring that, as she and her husband each made a six-figure salary weekly, "setting our sights on the travel office would be the financial equivalent of us taking over somebody's lemonade stand."

Harry and Linda let it be known that they received millions to produce their sitcoms, and an unseemly portrait of an out-of-touch couple from lotusland bragging about their riches began to take shape. Republican operatives, sensing the political fallout, could hardly mask their glee. Mary Matalin, a Bush strategist who was, improbably, a friend of the Thomasons', chooses her words carefully: "I don't know if I would have advised the same approach they took, the media blitz. I know the White House is mad at them for going on shows and talking about it."

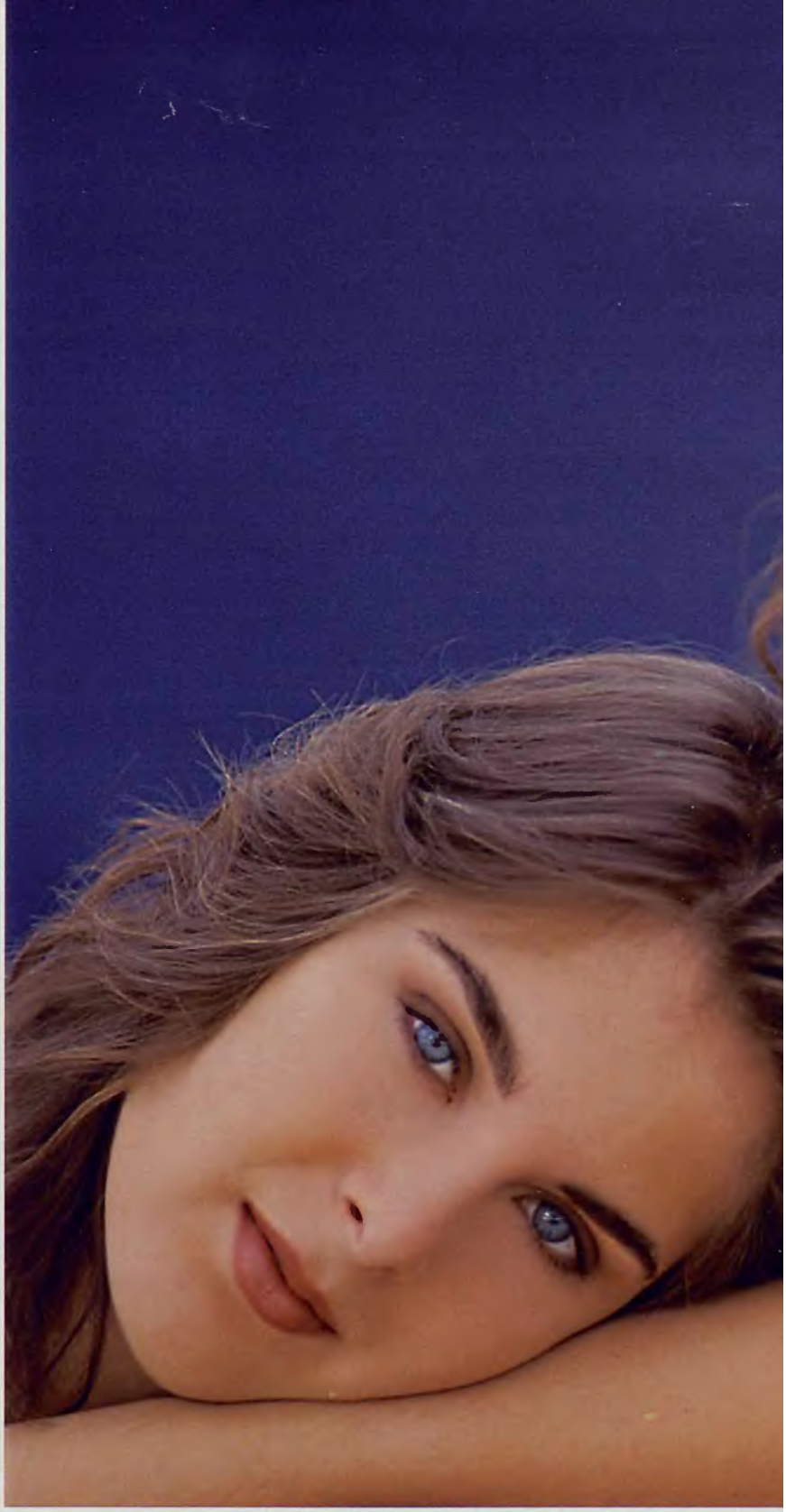
*(continued on page 100)*




*"You know, I have a few in-your-face moves of my own."*

text by MARK ZUSSMAN

BY BIRTH ORDER, the oldest of the triplets is Marilise, pronounced Mah-ree-LEEZE-ee but without too much emphasis on the final syllable. Whisper it as if you were barely getting a life-sustaining breath into *The Girl from Ipanema*. The middle sister is Lilian. Say more than Lih-LEE-ah, less than Lih-lee-ahn. Then comes Renata. Heh-NAH-tuh. The Brazilians are slouches at an initial "r." Hence, the city the sisters live in, assuming you're ready to go native, is HEE-oo, not what you've always called it, REE-oh. Now forget which is which and who's on the left and who's on



That's Ipanema Beach the three sisters are on, above left, and the mountains behind them, strangely enough, are called the Two Brothers. Decked out in festive custom-made sequin-and-feather costumes, below left, the Parto triplets made a special appearance with the Caprichasos de Pilares samba school in last February's Carnaval parade.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND PEDRO MARTINELLI

# THREE OF A KIND

for rio's beautiful porto triplets, fame is as easy as one, two, three

the right. This isn't trick photography. But makeup and photo artistry can't help but minimize the differences among the sisters, though the differences are real. Besides, the triplets themselves are not above a prank. Three distinct pictures of them appeared in one Brazilian magazine above responses to the question "Do you like guys shy or extroverted?" Lilian said extroverted; Marilise, shy; Renata voted with Lilian. "Actually," reveals Renata, "all three pictures are of Lilian." And so the triplets play trickster once again. Marilise, Lilian and Renata Porto were born, at ten-minute intervals, on March 1, 1974, in the south Brazilian town of Tucunduva in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. The triplets have been famous for about three

years as models for Onix jeans, Neutrox shampoo and Azaleia sandals. But they have also appeared four times in one year in *Playboy Brazil*. That is why if you mention triplets anywhere in Brazil, from Iguaçu on the border with Argentina and Paraguay to the faraway Amazon, the response will be either "Ah, the gauchas" (the female counterparts to gauchos) or "Oh, the PLAYBOY triplets." When they worked at a trade show recently in São Paulo, they signed 9000 *(text concluded on page 176)*

In Brazil, the backside is referred to as the *bum bum* or the *bunda*, and it carries more prestige than the basam, which in Brazil tends to be small. The Parta sisters profess bewilderment at the chestiness of North American women. Says Renata, "It must hurt the back."

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY DUDU CONTINENTINO, NELSON RIO, RIO DE JANEIRO

I LIKE TO ASK married couples how they met. It's always interesting to hear how two lives become intertwined, how of the nearly infinite number of possible conjunctions this one or that one comes into being, to hear the beginning of a story in progress. As a matrimonial lawyer I deal extensively in endings, and it's a relief, a sort of holiday, to visit the realm of beginnings. And I ask because I have always liked to tell my own story—our story, I should say—which I had always felt was unique.

My name is Donald Prout, which rhymes with trout. My wife, Cameron, and I were in the Caribbean on vacation when we met Johnny and Jean Van Heusen. We were staying at a tiny, expensive resort in the Virgin Islands, and we would see them in the dining room and later on the beach. Etiquette dictated respect for privacy, but there was a countervailing, quiet camaraderie born of the feeling that one's fellow guests shared a level of good taste and financial standing. And they stood out as the only other young couple.

I had just triumphed in a difficult case, sticking it to a rich husband and coming out with a nice settlement despite considerable evidence that my client had been cheating on him for years with everything in pants. Of course, I sympathized with the guy, but he had his own counsel, he still had inherited millions left over and it's my job to give my client the best counsel possible. Now I was enjoying what I thought of as, for lack of a better cliché, a well-earned rest. I hadn't done much resting in 12 years, going from public high school to Amherst—where I'd worked part-time for my tuition—to Columbia Law to a big midtown firm, where I'd knocked myself out as an associate for six years.

It is a sad fact that the ability to savor long hours of leisure is a gift some of us have lost, or never acquired. Within an hour of waking the first morning in paradise, I was restless, watching stalk-eyed land crabs skitter sideways across the sand, unwilling or unable to concentrate on the Updike I had started on the plane. Lying on

# HOW IT ENDED

they were a model couple in a caribbean paradise. funny how nothing is what it seems to be

fiction by JAY McINERNEY

PAINTING BY JOHN RUSH

the beach in front of our cabana, I noticed the attractive young couple emerging from the water, splashing each other. She was a tall and elegant brunette. Sandy-haired and lanky, he looked like a prep-school boy who had taken a semester off to go sailing. Over the next few days I couldn't help seeing them frequently. They were very affectionate, which seemed to indicate a relatively new marriage (both wore wedding bands). And they had an aura of entitlement, of being very much at home and at ease on this pricey patch of white sand and turquoise water, so I assumed they came from money. Also, they seemed gloriously indifferent, unlike those couples who, after a few days of sun and sand and the company of the loved one, begin to invite their neighbors for a daiquiri on the balcony to grope for mutual acquaintances and interests, anything to be spared the frightening monotony of each other, without distraction or relief.

•

The example of the Van Heusens was invigorating. Seeing them together revived the concept of matrimony for me. After all, I reasoned, we were also an attractive young couple—an extra pound or two notwithstanding. I thought more of us for our ostensible resemblance to them, and when I overheard him tell an old gent that he had recently graduated from law school and passed the bar, I felt a rush of kinship and self-esteem, since I had recently made partner at one of the most distinguished firms in New York.

On the evening of our fifth day we struck up a conversation at the poolside bar. I heard them speculating about a yacht out in the bay and I told them who it belonged to, having been told myself when I'd seen it in Tortola a few days earlier. I almost expected him to recognize the name, to claim friendship with the yacht owner, but he only said, "Oh, really? Nice boat."

The sun was melting into the ocean, dyeing the water red and pink and gold. We all sat, hushed, watching the spectacle. I reluctantly broke the silence to remind the waiter that I had specified a piña colada on the rocks, not frozen, my teeth being sensitive to the crushed ice. Within minutes the sun had slipped out of sight, sending up a last flare, and then we began to chat. Eventually, they told us that they lived in one of those eminently respectable communities on the north shore of Boston.

They asked if we had kids and we said no, not yet. When I said, "You?" Jean blushed and referred the question to her husband.

After a silent exchange he turned to us and said, "Jeannie's pregnant."

"We haven't really told anyone yet," she added.

Cameron beamed at Jean and smiled encouragingly in my direction. We had been discussing this very topic lately. I was ready; for some reason she didn't feel quite so certain. But I think we were both pleased to be the recipients of this confidence, though it was a function of our lack of real intimacy, and of the place and time (we learned, somewhat sadly, that this was their last night).

When I mentioned my profession, Johnny solicited my advice about firms; he was going to start job-hunting when they returned. I was curious, of course, about how he had come to law so relatively late and what he had done with his 20s, but I thought it would be indiscreet to ask.

We ordered a second round of drinks and talked until it was dark. "Why don't you join us for dinner?" he proposed as we all stood on the veranda, reluctant to end the moment. And so we did. I was grateful for the company and Cameron seemed to be enlivened by the break in routine. I found Jean increasingly attractive—confident and funny—while her husband was wry and self-deprecating in a manner that suited a young man who was probably a little too rich and happy for anyone else's good. He seemed like someone who was consciously keeping his lights on dim.

As the dinner plates were being cleared away I said, "So tell me, how did you two meet?"

Cameron laughed; it was my favorite parlor game. Telling the story of meeting and courting Cameron gave me a romantic charge that I had ceased to feel in the actual day-to-day conduct of our marriage.

Johnny and Jean exchanged a meaningful look, seeming to consult about whether to reveal a great secret. He laughed through his nose and then she began to laugh. Within moments they were both in a state of high hilarity. Of course, we'd had several planter's punches and two bottles of wine with dinner and none of us except for Jean was legally sober. Cameron in particular seemed to me to be getting a little sloppy, especially in contrast to the abstinent Jean, and when she reached again for the wine bottle, I tried to catch her eye, but she was bestowing her bright, blurred attention on the other couple. Finally Johnny said to his wife, "How we met. God. You want to tackle this one?"

She shook her head. "You try, babe."

"Do you smoke a cigar, Don?" He produced two metal tubes from his pocket. Although I am not a big fan of cigars, I occasionally smoke one with a client or a partner, and I took one now. He handed me a cutter and lit us up, then leaned back and stroked his sandy bangs away from his eyes and released a plume of smoke.

"Maybe it's not such an unusual story," he proposed.

Jean laughed skeptically.

"You sure you don't mind, honey?" he asked her.

She considered, shrugged her shoulders and then shook her head. "It's up to you."

"I think this story begins when I got thrown out of Bowdoin," Johnny said. "Not to put too fine a point on it, I was dealing pot. Well, pot and a little coke, actually." He stopped to check our reaction.

I, for one, tried to keep an open, inviting demeanor, eager to encourage him. I wouldn't say I was shocked, but I certainly was surprised.

"I got caught," he continued. "By agreeing to pack my old kit bag and go away forever, I escaped prosecution. My parents weren't too pleased about the whole thing, but unfortunately for them, virtually that same week I had come into a little bit of gramps' filthy lucre and there wasn't much they could do about it. I was tired of school anyway. It's funny, I enjoyed it when I finally went back a few years ago to get my B.A. and then do law school, but at the time it was wasted on me. Or I was wasted on it. Wasted in general. I'd wake up in the morning and fire up the old bong and then huff up a few lines to get through a geology seminar."

He inhaled on his stogie and shook his head ruefully at the memory of this youthful excess. He did not seem particularly ashamed but rather bemused, as if he were describing the behavior of an incorrigible cousin.

"I went sailing for about a year—spent some time in these waters, actually, some of the best sailing waters in the world—and then I drifted back to Boston. I'd run through most of my capital and I didn't feel ready to hit the books again and somehow I just kind of naturally got back in touch with the people who had been supplying me when I was dealing at Bowdoin. I still had a boat, a 36-footer. And I got back in the trade. It was different then—this was more than ten years ago, before the Colombians really moved in and took over Stateside distribution. Everything was a lot more relaxed. We were gentleman outlaws, adrenaline junkies, sail bums, freaks with an entrepreneurial jones."

He frowned slightly, as if hearing the faint note of self-justification, of

*(continued on page 159)*

*"You know, that's a really wicked stepmother you have there."*

INTERACTIVE COMPACT DISC SYSTEMS ARE ABOUT TO CHANGE THE WAY YOU WATCH TELEVISION

# TV AS YOU LIKE IT

THE OLD ADAGE "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" has become the consumer electronics dictum for the Nineties. Companies once considered archrivals are now teaming up in an effort to grab a piece of the industry's latest multibillion-dollar pie: interactive television. Apple and IBM have formed a multimedia software company called Kaleida. Microsoft, General Instrument and Intel are working on a smart cable box, with RCA and IBM developing a smart TV to go with it. Matsushita, AT&T and Time Warner are backing an interactive entertainment system called 3DO. AT&T also just bought 20 percent of Sierra and has formed a partnership with Sega. Movie studios, in their rush to embrace the new technologies, have created such a fervor that the movement has been dubbed "Hollywood Meets Silicon Valley—Part Deux."

What does all this mean for you? Ultimately, an entirely new approach to television viewing. Instead of lying back and absorbing entertainment, you'll have the option of interacting with programs in a number of ways. Want to switch cameras to watch Michael Jordan slam-dunk from another angle? No *(continued on page 156)*

MODERN LIVING BY
DAVID ELRICH

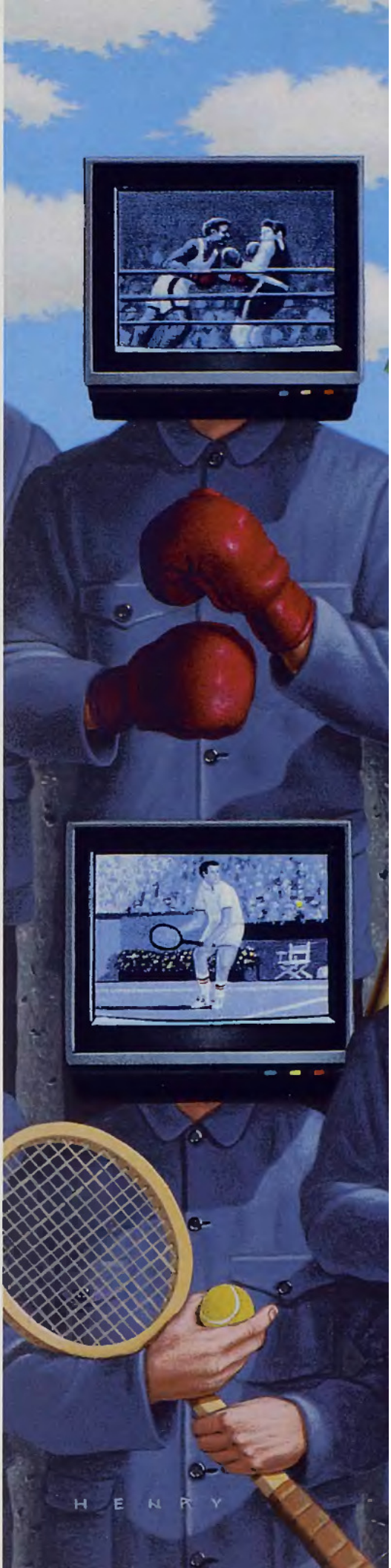



ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG HENRY

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

# A PASSION FOR PARIS

By LeRoy Neiman

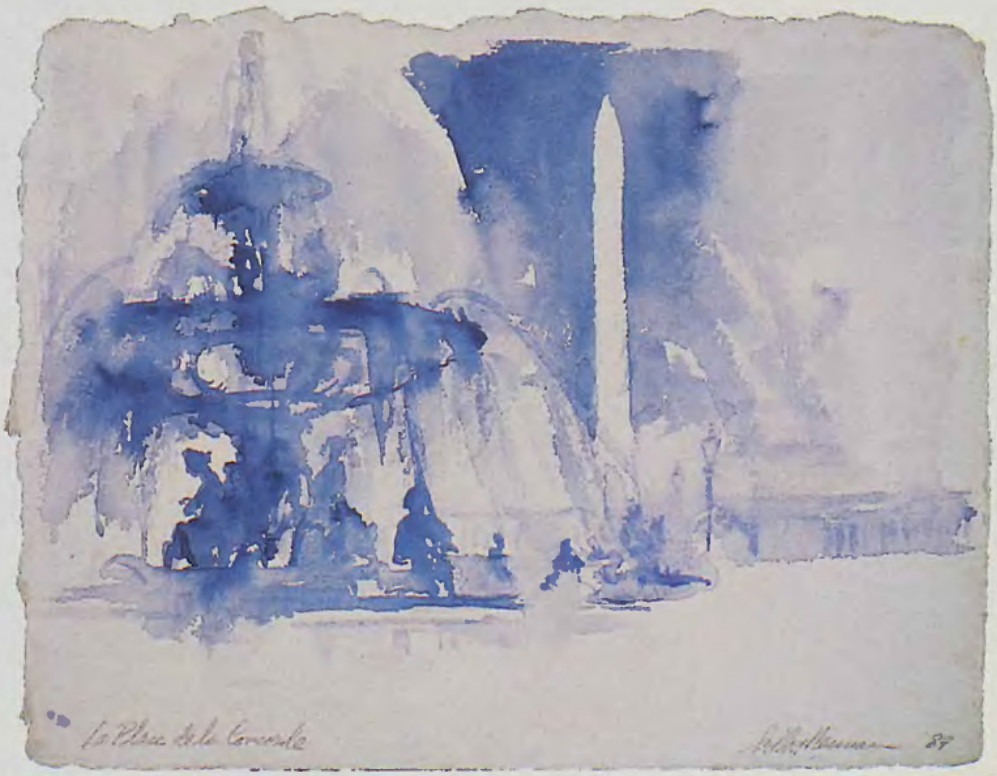
our favorite artist
chronicles an urban love affair

LeRoy Neiman '89

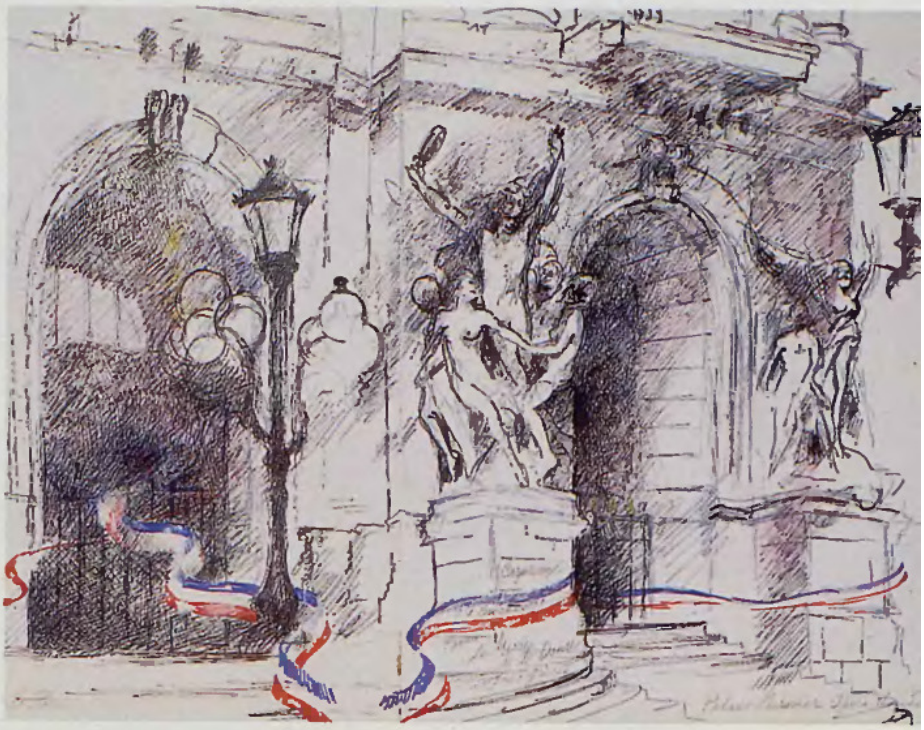
My Parisian mélange (opposite) would be incomplete without champagne and Chanel No. 5, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the tomb of Napoléon Bonaparte and the Arc de Triomphe, among other landmarks. It may look like gridlock on the Champs-Elysées (above), yet the sidewalks of that fabled avenue provide a nonstop pageant of Gallic energy and high-style feminine beauty from around the world. But don't follow the example of Louis XVI, who lost his head in Place de la Concorde (below), now the site of the Obelisk and two fountains.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Paris was late in the summer of 1944, when I was a GI in the U.S. Army. We had been fighting our way south from the Normandy beaches since June, and the war would go on for another year. It was no time to feel romantic, but my first glimpse of that beautiful city on the Seine marked the start of a love affair that has never ended. And it wasn't just because the streets were filled with crowds of French men and women cheering and waving and generally going nuts with joy as we rode along the boulevard on our half-tracks. The Parisians, free at last from the German occupation, saw us as liberators. All I could see was the scenery: the magnificent avenues and monuments to the glories of French history, the public parks and gardens alive with masses of flowers. And the breathtaking women, stylish in all things, as only French women are.

I knew I'd go back to Paris when the war ended. And I did, many



Howls of outrage from the ort world greeted the Opera House (below) when it was completed in 1875. They said it was too ornate, too dated, too ugly, but I love every stone in it—and so did Marc Chogoll, who painted the ceiling of the auditorium in 1964. The classic horror story *Phantom of the Opera* wos set here. My picture shows one of the controversial entrance sculptures, *Dance*, by Carpeaux.



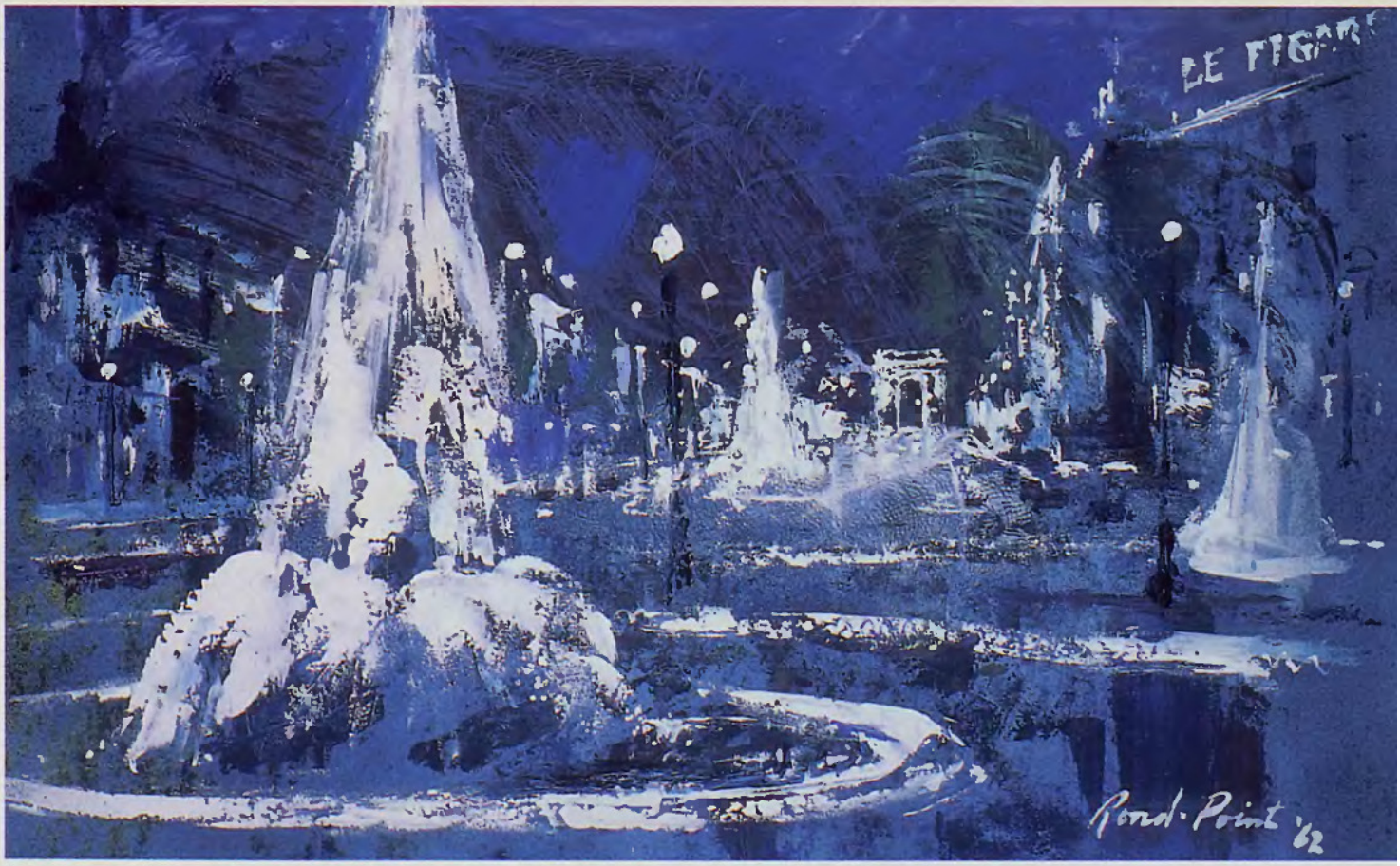
Food and drink, Parisian style: the Place de l'Opéra or the venerable Fouquet's (above), La Coupole or the chic Chez Francis (below).

Along with the Eiffel Tower, the stately mass of Notre Dame cothedral (below) symbolizes Paris to the rest of the world. An essential part of the city landscape for more than 800 years, its site on the picturesque Ile de lo Cité is the heart of Paris.

times, first as an art student, later on assignment for PLAYBOY and then repeatedly over the years to sketch and paint. The City of Light, as it is called, was to me the city of life. Cafés, sidewalks, cabarets, markets—even the museums and the art galleries—wherever you looked, you saw something remarkable to catch and hold your imagination. Drama, passion, comedy, pathos—they were all around you, rich and ripe, like fruit in an orchard.

Certain memories—a face or voice or gesture—stayed with me, as vivid now as the day I saw them. A feast for the mind and for all the senses, that's how I have thought of Paris since that first glimpse almost half a century ago.

The French didn't invent urban chic, but they definitely gave it an edge and an attitude. I've sometimes wondered if the well-bred Afghan hound seen arriving at the Ritz in a vintage Ralls (abave) tipped the hatel daarman. After dark is when the City of Light earns its name, thaugh my eye is drawn nat by the glitter but by the saft splash of the Rond-Point fauntains on the Champs-Elysées.



*"For Linda and Harry, the world is divided into two camps: Us vs. Them. Arkansans vs. Yankee snobs."*

Within the recesses of the White House, disappointment with the producers' public-relations campaign burgeoned. Aides began sniping. "We're hoping this will go away if we leave it alone," says one, "but Harry and Linda are bent on overkill. All these shows—CNN, ABC, you name it. They don't understand they're giving a longer life to this mess by putting themselves in the headlines."

Linda suspected the existence of a disgruntled faction within the White House, and she knew of nosy journalists poking around, rattling cages, hoping to prod the people into admitting that all was not well at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. She carefully screened print journalists, and those deemed worthy of her time were generally bound by tight strictures defining which remarks could and could not be attributed to her. Early on, PLAYBOY was deemed unacceptable. Friends and family were told not to talk. Her brother Randy, an attorney in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, consented to talk about his sister and brother-in-law—only to telephone 48 hours before the scheduled interview to inform this reporter that the chat was off. Linda had expressed her displeasure, citing her feminist concerns. Then, late on a weekend afternoon, long past the original deadline for this story, Linda reverses her position in the name of self-interest. "You beat us down," she says over the phone in good-natured resignation. "I guess we have to talk. So what are we going to talk about?"

She had called this writer at home but, notwithstanding that initiative, she wants to be clear about what is on and off the record. And she is very cautious in her responses.

Why have she and Harry come under such attack from politicians and the Washington press?

"What do you mean, 'attack'?" she counters. She wants time to formulate a response. "The reaction of some people——," she says slowly and then pauses. "Let me see how I want to put this." She thinks it over some more. "At the center of the problem is, no——" She reworks the thought yet again. "Here it is: The attitude of some people, like the Washington press, is, 'Who do you think you are, saying all these things on television? It's not the way things are done.' There is a vocal, powerful minority out there that thinks you can [offer political comment] only on the op-ed page of *The New York Times* or CNN or *MacNeil-Lehrer*."

As she blasts the Washington press as "the fourth branch of government," she stops to ask her listener to hang on, there's a call on the other line. It's Hillary Clinton phoning from Hawaii. Linda returns, having told the first lady she'll call her back, and demands to know to where "this article is going. Is this another 'The hicks get caught up over their heads in Washington'? Is that it? 'The hicks who talk funny, blah, blah, blah'? Tell me it's not that. Tell me it's not going to be me talking funny. Tell me it's not some kind of Minnie Pearl crap. They always do that to me, don't they?"

They. For both Linda and Harry, the world is divided into two camps: Us versus Them. Arkansans versus Yankee snobs. Hollywood outsiders versus the entertainment establishment. Friends of Bill versus the D.C. power elite. Wherever they went, it often seemed to the couple that they were under siege.

The Washington press fed their fears by gnawing on them, dismissing them as a couple of shameless self-promoters. A caustic scribe in *Newsweek* advised them to "go home."

But when Travelgate broke, the Thomasons kept talking. It was an unwelcome posture for Harry, a man who, even when armed with clever lines from Linda's pen, was an awkward, halting speaker. But Linda came alive for journalists, suggesting that a just revenge would be in store, revealing plans for a new TV series about Washington for which the current controversy had yielded "tons of material" about opportunistic politicians and reporters.

"The Thomasons don't understand that less is more here when you deal with image problems," says the White House aide who complained about overkill. "None is sometimes more here. You ignore the other side and hope it dies, and it usually does. They're Hollywood people and maybe they don't see what they're doing to us. To them, maybe you run over people. Somebody doesn't do what they want, they cut him off at the knees. Maybe there's no such thing as excessiveness to them."

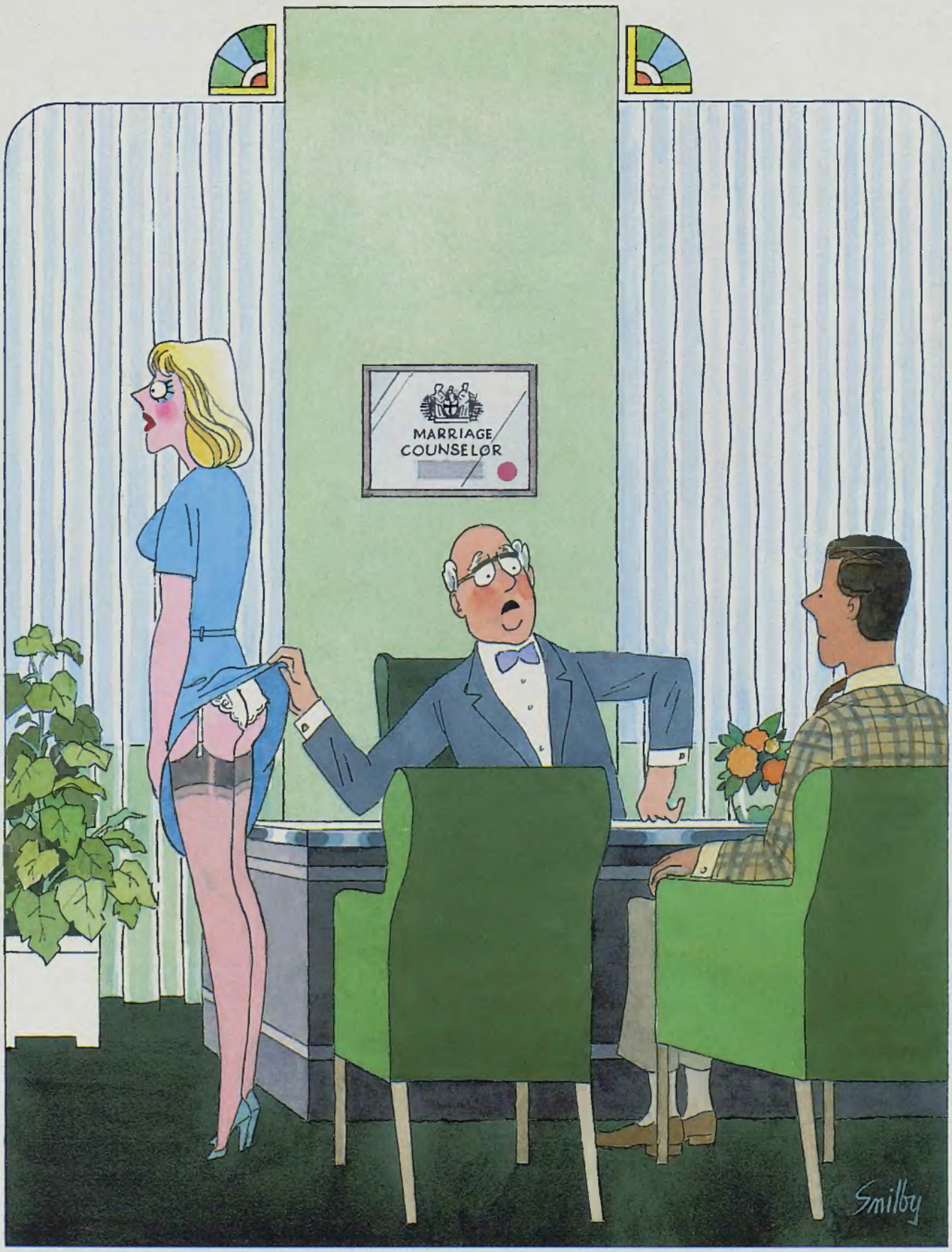
Them. Hollywood people. Had they overheard, the Thomasons might have smiled, never having been on the A-list in their adopted town. The couple chose to live in the hinterlands of the San Fernando Valley, didn't frequent trendy restaurants, seldom attended industry parties and generally were viewed as Arkansas immigrants on something of a cultural visa. Washington was even worse. When Linda was quoted as saying of herself and her husband, "We are definitely going to serve as consultants for how the White House can be effectively used," the White House aide was incredulous: "It would have been more accurate for her to say that she's just a friend who wants to help out. There are better things for her to be talking about right now than her influence or Christophe."

Christophe is the hairdresser who, introduced by Linda to Hillary Clinton, trimmed Bill Clinton's locks for $200 while Air Force One tied up traffic at Los Angeles International Airport for 45 minutes (according to media accounts). Harry had reportedly called Christophe and made all of the arrangements. Linda became swallowed up in another public-relations campaign. "Christophe has never cut our hair," she insisted. "Christophe has worked on one of our shows. The president has no idea what Christophe charges. The president would go to Haircuts R Us."

Travelgate had segued into Hair Force One. It was a double-Excedrin week for the Clinton aide, who explains: "Washington doesn't take kindly to celebrity outsiders dabbling. And that's the perception. Outsiders dabbling and maybe looking to get something for themselves. Not just Linda and Harry but all these people from the West Coast talking about health care or the environment. For them, when all this is over, they get to go back home and make television shows and movies."

Them. Linda had identified herself, upon arriving in Hollywood, as a charm soldier in a rebel battalion of Thems. She came from southern Missouri, just over the border from Arkansas—which is to say the northern edge of the Bible Belt in the Ozarks—and she had an accent that, to city folks, might have called to mind Elly May Clampett howling for Jethro. Someone less secure than Linda Bloodworth may have wondered whether, in hearing that drawl, studio chieftains would write her off as a yahoo. But characteristically, she flaunted what she had, made it all—the accent, her hyper

*(continued on page 170)*




*"Come, come, Mr. Morris. You're not going to tell me you can pass up a great piece of ass like this."*

dealing with
miss november is
a moving experience

# HANDLE WITH CARE

PICTURE THIS. You've survived the Everyman ordeal of moving—that is to say, you've survived but one of your most precious heirlooms, alas, has not. Let's say the movers have inadvertently damaged the framed photograph of you with your arms around Winona Ryder and Mickey Rourke to such an extent that it's just you with your arm around Mickey. At the moving and storage company's complaint department, expecting to go toe-to-toe with someone named Boom Boom who wears a kidney belt, you are instead staggered by the apparition of Miss November: a French-Irish siren named Julianna Young. She has in her voice the vulnerable rasp of Superman's movie girlfriend and the eye-opening figure of Wonder Woman on her very best day. There must be a mistake. Is this a temp dispatched by Botticelli?

"I've worked the same job in customer complaints for seven years," Julianna peacefully



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

explains, "and I constantly deal with people who are unhappy. My job goal is to ensure that they leave happy. I enjoy that. And usually, they're quite satisfied."

You soon realize that you are no longer the injured party of goods and services run amok but someone who will never quite view the inalienable right to gripe in the same light again. You want to thank her for using joy to communicate the way most people use a telephone, for helping you forget, for the moment, your petty recriminations over material objects. Do you write her a sonnet?

"You won't find the key to my heart with a pad and a pencil," Julianna admonishes with a smile. All right, then, do you offer her a dance, since by now your feet are a few inches off the ground, anyway?

"You have to have some very, very long arms to get them around me," she teases, her eyes drifting down her body.

"When I was in Catholic school, the girls had to wear a one-piece jumpsuit. My breasts were

 "I hate it when I walk into a room full of couples and see the fights break out. Women hit their men and say, 'What are you looking at?'"

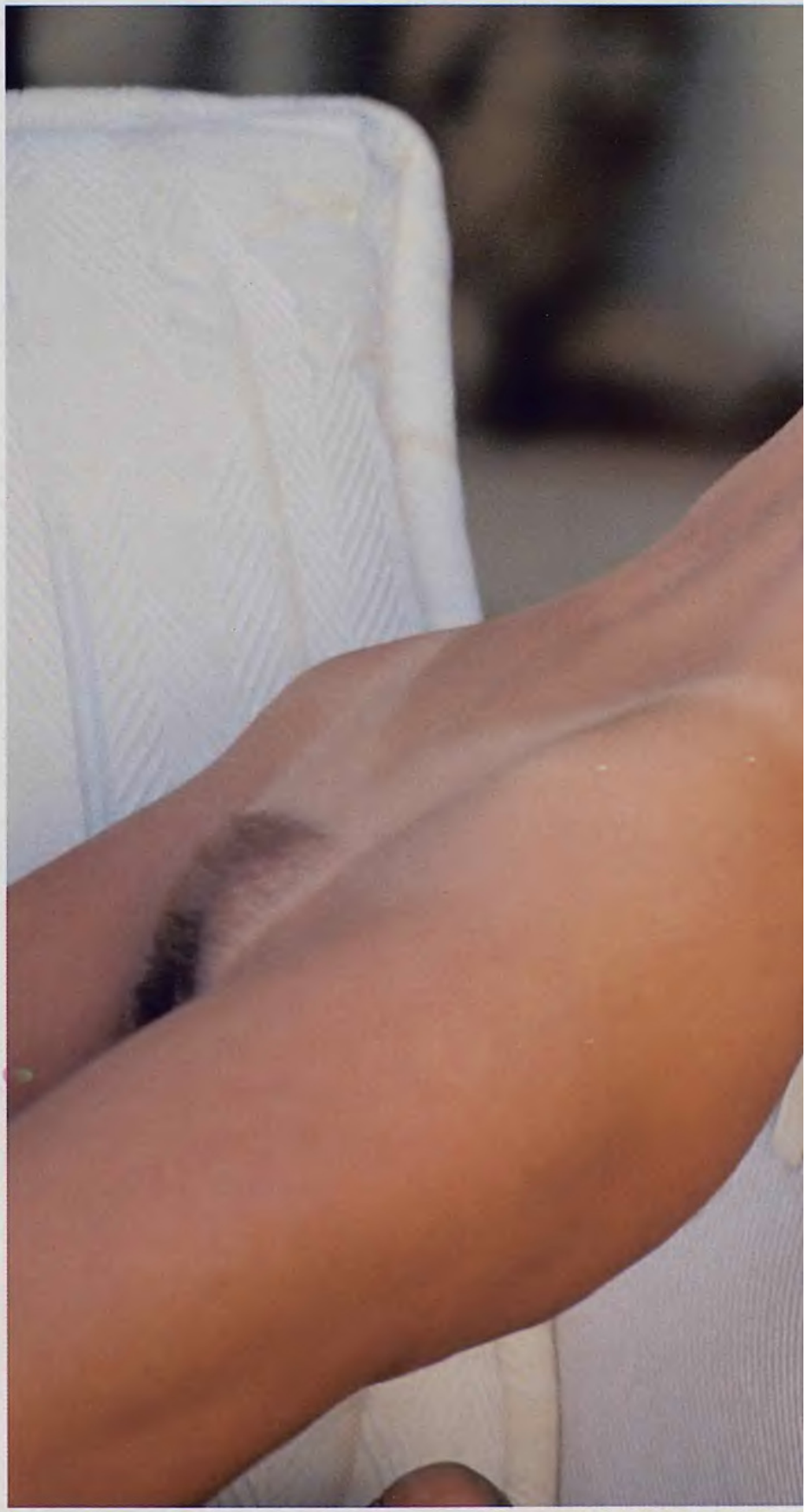
so large, I couldn't wear it. In physical-education class, I had to wear a boy's uniform, which was a T-shirt and little shorts. When we had to do jumping jacks, the whole gym would come to a standstill because everyone was watching my breasts go up and down. But my large breasts are actually a blessing. They'll get me through the door, and my brains can keep me there."

As a last resort, you do what all men are genetically encoded to do: You purchase a box of chocolates for Julianna. Jackpot.

"People have told us for the past ten years that women eat sweets because it makes them feel loved. Well, when I feel like I want to make love, or I want to have someone make love to me and I can't, or the opportunity can't happen, I'll eat sweets. I'm afraid if that gets out, though, the first time someone sees me eating ice cream he'll walk up to me and say, 'I'll give you what you want.'"

Sometimes that's the price you have to pay for a moving experience.

—MICHAEL ANGELI



Commenting on director Oliver Stone's recent offer—they met in-flight—to put her in one of his movies, Julianna says, "I know I'm going to be happy forever, no matter where I work."

"The camera crew was delightful. When you're working, they're working. They look at you as if you were clothed. They look at your face, though sometimes they have to look at your body, to get the lighting right." Perfectionists, all.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: JulianNA Young

BUST: 38DD WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7½" WEIGHT: 110 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 9.19.60 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Campbell, Kentucky

AMBITIONS: Acting, modeling, and one day to visit Rome, Italy.

TURN-ONS: Watching the Marlins play baseball, driving very fast boats, the sound of rain.

TURN-OFFS: I am too liberal-minded to have any, nor is it my place to preach.

LAST GOOD LAUGH: I was dancing in a club and my bustier broke. I covered myself with a towel, but then the police came and tried to take it away – the towel was club property!

LAST GOOD CRY: The hour and a half I spent watching the movie "Free Willy." Also, seeing the devastation from Hurricane Andrew.

WHERE I LIVE: I come from south Florida, a sunny place for shady characters.

Perfect angel

Party girl

Marlins maniac

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Tracy was complaining about her date to her girlfriend Emily. "The creep called me a slut," she huffed.

"That's awful!" her friend exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"I told him to get out of my bedroom," Tracy replied, "and take his friend with him."

After six weeks of training, the recruit was finally given leave. "Darling," he wrote to his wife, "I'll be arriving at the airport on Sunday. But," he warned, "you'd better reserve a hotel room nearby."

Just before his departure, he received a note from his wife. "Sugar," it said, "I'll be there to meet you. But you better be the first guy off the plane."

Why did the Clintons send Chelsea to a private school? Because in a public school, the Secret Service would have been outgunned.

A gnome was riding on a crowded bus when a woman stepped on him. He showed his annoyance by glaring up at her, but when her foot crushed him for the second time, he lost his patience. "Hey, you brunette! Watch where you're stepping," he shouted.

The woman glanced down. "I'm not a brunette," she insisted. "I'm a blonde."

"Oh, yeah?" he snapped. "Not from where I'm standing."

The patient explained that it hurt when she touched her forehead, touched her knee, touched her chest or touched her elbow. "Was your hair originally blonde?" the examining physician asked.

"Yes, but what difference does that make?"

"Your finger's broken."

Poor little Donny wanted a toy of his own, so he wrote a letter to God begging for $20 to buy one. After he mailed it, a kindhearted postal clerk forwarded it to city hall, where it came to the attention of the mayor. He wrote Donny a nice note, enclosed a five-dollar bill with it and mailed it to him.

When the envelope arrived, Donny was furious. He grabbed a pencil. "Dear God," he wrote. "Thanks for the $20. Only, why'd you have to send it through city hall? The bastards kept 75 percent for taxes."

The middle-aged gentleman stopped in at a neighborhood tavern and was enjoying a drink at the bar when a young man with a huge multicolored mohawk took a seat next to him. He couldn't help but stare at the young man.

"Hey, dude, what's your problem?" the mohawked man barked, clearly annoyed. "Didn't you ever do anything crazy when you were young?"

"Of course. That's the reason I was staring," the older man replied. "Once, when I was young, I fucked a peacock, and I couldn't help wondering if you were my son."

When a businessman went home and presented his wife with a necklace for their anniversary, she said, "This is beautiful, James, but what I really wanted was a Mercedes."

"I know," he replied with a frown, "but I couldn't figure out where to buy an imitation Mercedes."

A missionary was captured by cannibals. Just as they were about to throw him into a pot, he held up a lighter, flicked it and a dancing flame shot out. All but the chief of the cannibals were awestruck and bowed down before the missionary.

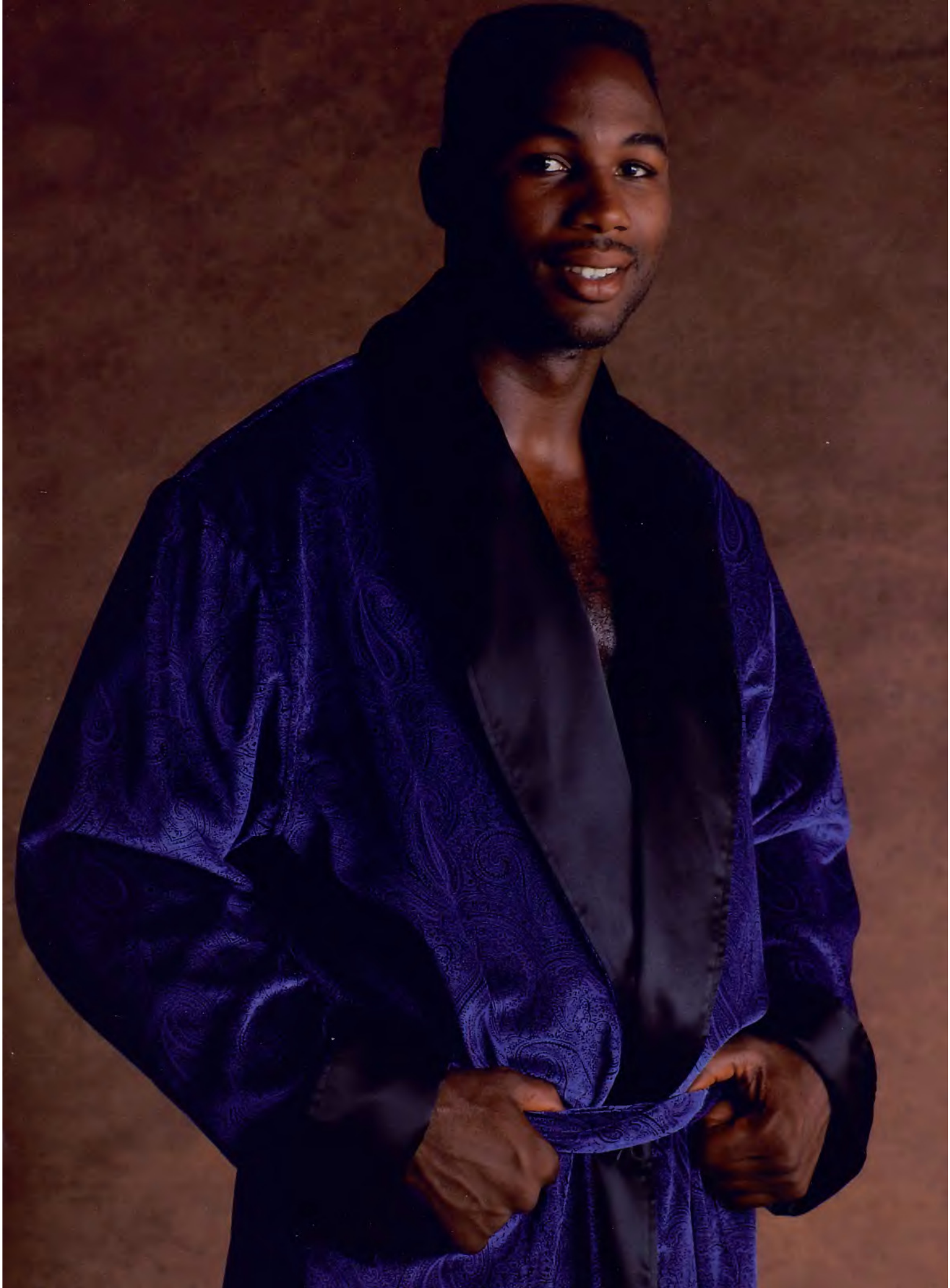
"It's a miracle!" they cried.

"Hey, it's only a lighter," the chief said.

"Yeah," one native replied, "but it worked the very first time!"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"I think we're losing 'em."*



when it comes to loungewear, lennox lewis doesn't pull his punches

# ROBE WARRIOR

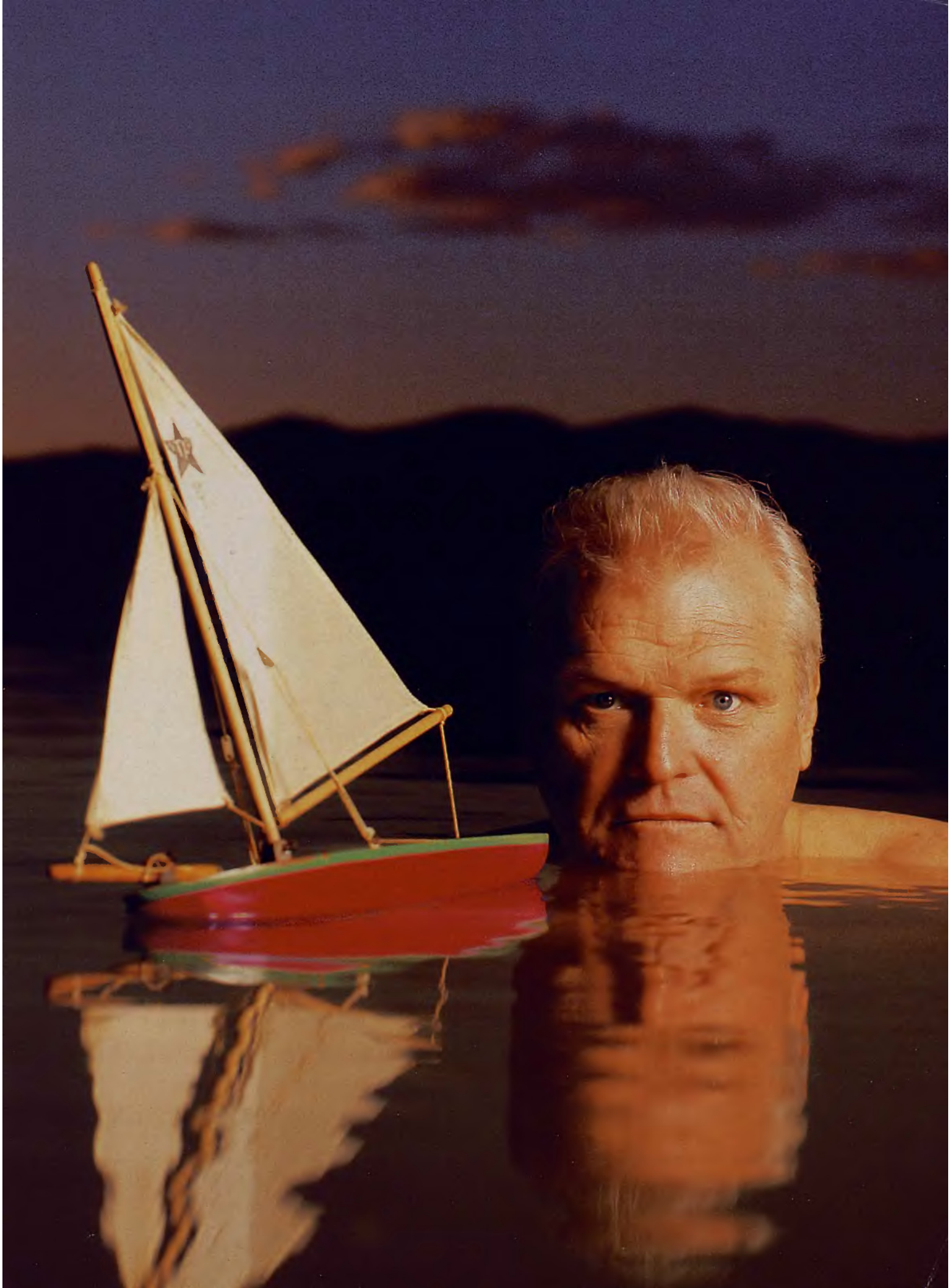
*fashion*
By HOLLIS WAYNE

STANDING 6'6" and weighing 230 pounds, World Boxing Council heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis can lounge around in anything he wants. But it should come as no surprise that the British boxer, whose 23–0 record will soon match him up with World Boxing Association champ Riddick Bowe, prefers to relax in the best—namely, the latest looks in robes. That's right, there are trends in luxurious robes just as in tailored menswear; right now, rich colors, silky fabrics and handsome detailing, such as contrast collars, cuffed sleeves and ankle lengths, are what you want. You can even go practical with a style lined in terrycloth. And since luxury begets luxury, we favor silk pajamas or boxer shorts—as Lewis does at right—worn underneath. Talk about a knockout look.

When Lennox Lewis meets Riddick Bowe in the ring in 1994, it will be déjà vu. The two heavyweight champs fought in the 1988 summer Olympics in Seoul, Korea, where Lewis took home the gold. At left, Lewis sports a blue-and-green cotton velvet poisley robe with black silk satin shawl collar and cuffs, by Mork Christopher, $775. Right: He hangs loose in a burgundy silk robe with a windowplaid print of 18th century walking canes and raglan sleeves, $595, worn over a pair of silk sotin boxer shorts, about $150, both by Cecilia Metheny.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY LATEGAN

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171.



# BRIAN DENNEHY

*Brian Dennehy's credits, piled one atop the other, stand as tall as the 6'3" Irish-American actor himself. His films include "Cocoon," "Presumed Innocent," "Gorky Park," "Best Seller," "10," "Silverado" and "First Blood," in which he was the first to unhinge Rambo. Dennehy's stage work moves easily from "The Iceman Cometh" to "The Cherry Orchard." He has enlivened TV and cable with "The Jackie Presser Story" and "To Catch a Killer," in which he played John Wayne Gacy. He's also writing and hoping to direct an adaptation of Elmore Leonard's "Swag" and will soon appear on TV as the chief psychiatrist in the series "Birdland," set in a mental hospital.*

*When Dennehy isn't working, you'll find him either at home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, at a new home near Dublin, Ireland or indulging a passion for sailing. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Dennehy in Los Angeles, where the actor stopped briefly on a trip between Ireland and Vancouver, B.C. "Dennehy takes an entropic view of life," says Rensin. "But he seems eager enough to talk about any subject on earth, even though he thinks everything around us is falling apart."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: What are the automatic privileges afforded to a man of size?

DENNEHY: They are dubious privileges at best. Years ago people I'd never met would come up to me in bars and say something like, "You're not so fucking tough." People always ask me if my size has helped or hurt me in this business. It's pretty much an even split. There are roles I'd love to do and don't get because of my size. But I don't go home at night and say, "You son of a bitch, why weren't you born Tom Cruise or Kevin Costner?" At some point you just say, "OK, this is it." I guess that's some kind of maturity. But I struggled with it for a long time. I was not happy being who I was. I went to Columbia on a football scholarship. There's something rewarding about making a good, hard tackle, but I was much more interested in the mental aspects of the game. While at school I contacted the Columbia Players, which was a famous drama group. I really wanted to be a part of it. Yet, because I was a well-known football player, there was no way. I remember vividly how much that hurt. I wanted that. And I knew I could not have it.

**acting's perpetual heavyweight contender explains the lure of the sea, the fine points of irish melancholia and his big plans for sharon stone**

**2.**

PLAYBOY: What would you like to be small enough to do?

DENNEHY: A love scene with Sharon Stone.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that there are few love scenes for actors over 30 who don't have 32-inch waists? What important erotic secret is America missing because of that attitude?

DENNEHY: In France guys like Gérard Depardieu are sexy and interesting and are allowed complete lives on- and offscreen. In this country it's incomprehensible that someone over 50 might still be getting laid. That limits us. But it has always been that way in Hollywood. It's that old rationale: "Do I want to fuck her? If I want to fuck her, I'll give her the part in the movie. Because if I want to fuck her, everybody else wants to fuck her." Or it's "She's attractive, she can act, but I don't want to fuck her, so she can't have the part." It's all about fuckability.

Women actors have to be not only fuckable but unattainable, which is not to say that certain women haven't achieved success by being really attainable. When I was a kid I was crazy for Lilli Palmer because she was unattainable. The same thing is true of Sharon Stone. She is a very interesting and attractive woman. She has figured out that the process is a joke. It's a gag you play with the audience. You give up a little piece of yourself. But at the same time, you're winking at the audience, saying, "I know what you're thinking and you know that I know what you're thinking, and let's just have a good time and enjoy it." That is a critical breakthrough for an actor to make.

It's popular around this town to knock what Sharon's done the past couple years. Actually, what she figured out is extremely sophisticated. Demi Moore, for instance, desperately wants this thing, and the problem is you can see that. You can feel that. Film critic David Denby said that the overwhelming emotion Moore gives off is anger. The reason is that her desire comes out as "Goddamn it, why don't you get it? You know, I deserve to be a star." [*Laughs*] And maybe she does. She's not a bad actress. She's certainly attractive. Sharon Stone doesn't have that desperation. She has this coolness and this great sense of humor.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: You could easily be talking about Madonna. Why can't she pull it off on the silver screen?

DENNEHY: She's not an enormously talented singer. She's not an enormously talented dancer. She's not a great songwriter. And yet she's the biggest star in the world simply through sheer fucking will. I respect her enormously. To get on the leading edge and stay there—especially for a woman—is miraculous. As for movies, she was kind of cute and spontaneous in her first few pictures. But she really has no respect for acting. I've met her once or twice. I get the impression that she's really bored. It was the same thing with Sinatra. Although he was a good and interesting actor for many years, he just hated the process of making movies because it was—and he's right, it is—fucking boring. It's hour after hour of just hanging around waiting to do these little bits and pieces. Sinatra couldn't stand the idea that 12 hours of his life were going by every day and he was working four or five minutes. That may be Madonna's problem. She doesn't want it to be boring, but it is.

The thing about acting, especially in front of a camera, is that you can't reach out and grab the camera and shake it and say, "I want this." It doesn't work that way. You have to figure out what it is that you want and then you have to hide it from the camera and you have to let the camera discover it. And it better be something you really want.

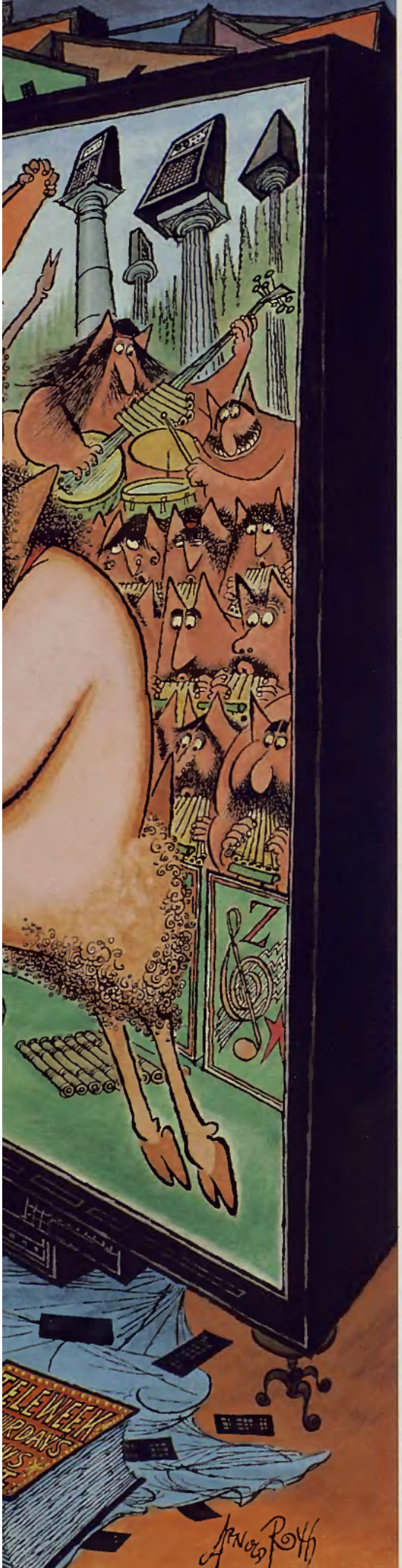
**5.**

PLAYBOY: What are you obsessive about?

DENNEHY: Work, for sure. But in this country we take that as a given. Strange. [*Pauses*] As I get *(continued on page 164)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO




**IN THE NOT-SO-REMOTE FUTURE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SURF THROUGH 500 CHANNELS**

# And on Channel 371 . . . Cat Aerobics!

humor by robert s. wieder

THE MOMENT the cable TV industry announced its plans to expand to 500 channels, a host of entrepreneurs, promoters, hustlers and Barry Diller wanna-bes began trotting out their ideas for programming to fill those channels. Already gearing up are, in fact, the Golf Channel, Food Channel and Military Channel (which, if God has a sense of humor, will wind up positioned next to the inevitable Gay-Lesbian Channel).

The ominous aspect to all this is the concurrent telecommunications revolution, which will cross-wire everything (TV sets, telephones, personal computers) with everything else (satellite dishes, CB radios, garage-door openers), meaning you won't just have access to 500 TV channels, you'll be unable to avoid them.

Switch on your PC and the screen will display a *Brady Bunch* cast member doing a leg-wax infomercial. Plug in your blow-drier and you'll find yourself staring at the Elephant Man in the mirror. Turn on your waffle iron and your microwave oven door will light up with—yikes Jesu!—Richard Simmons.

The only defense against this video onslaught may simply be to start your own TV channel. There will be some 450 new slots available on the dial, and if your channel's program content appeals to enough people to fill a 747, you can probably make a go of it.

Here are just a few promising channel concepts that will get your creative juices flowing:

**The Star Trek Channel:** Talk about a no-brainer! This is the closest that TV comes to heroin dealing. There are people who would postpone a kidney transplant rather than miss *Deep Space Nine*. This obsessed bunch will devour all the *Trek* movies, series reruns, cartoons and "making of" documentaries you can throw at them. Add *Trek* trivia game shows, heated factional debates (*Spock vs. Data: Who's Most Way-Cool?*), cast biographies (*Whoopi Goldberg: How It Came to This*), philosophical analyses (*Why Is It that Even Alien Ectoplasms Speak English Better than Ensign Chekhov?*) and your adults-only, late-night parody, *Captain's Log*, and we may be talking two channels here. Fine—whatever it takes to keep Trekkers glued to their sets and off the streets.

**The Migraine Channel:** It's our most widespread chronic affliction. Sponsors would include Squibb, Upjohn, Sandoz, Miles and your many other concerned and sympathetic friends in the pharmaceutical industry. This could be a veritable gold mine. Then again, *(continued on page 162)*



ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

PLAYBOY PROFILE

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

BY CRAIG VETTER

# C O A C H

## BILL WALSH HAD THE SUPER BOWL RINGS, THE HALL OF FAME BERTH, THE TV GIG. BUT WHAT HE REALLY WANTED WAS TO GO HOME

THERE'S A LARGE billboard outside Stanford Stadium that advertises the football team's 1993 season. The home-game schedule, boldly painted on a background of leaping flames under the words HOTTEST TICKET IN TOWN, is flanked by a 20-foot-high portrait of the coach who put the heat into this program just by showing up. It's a pretty good likeness as billboard art goes: white hair over tan face, a quiet smile that puts vivid parentheses around his mouth, crow's-feet at the corners of his deep-set eyes, thought lines across his forehead.

"My God," said Bill Walsh when he saw it for the first time as he and a friend drove by this spring. "Do I really look that old? If I do, they're probably going to try to make me retire early."

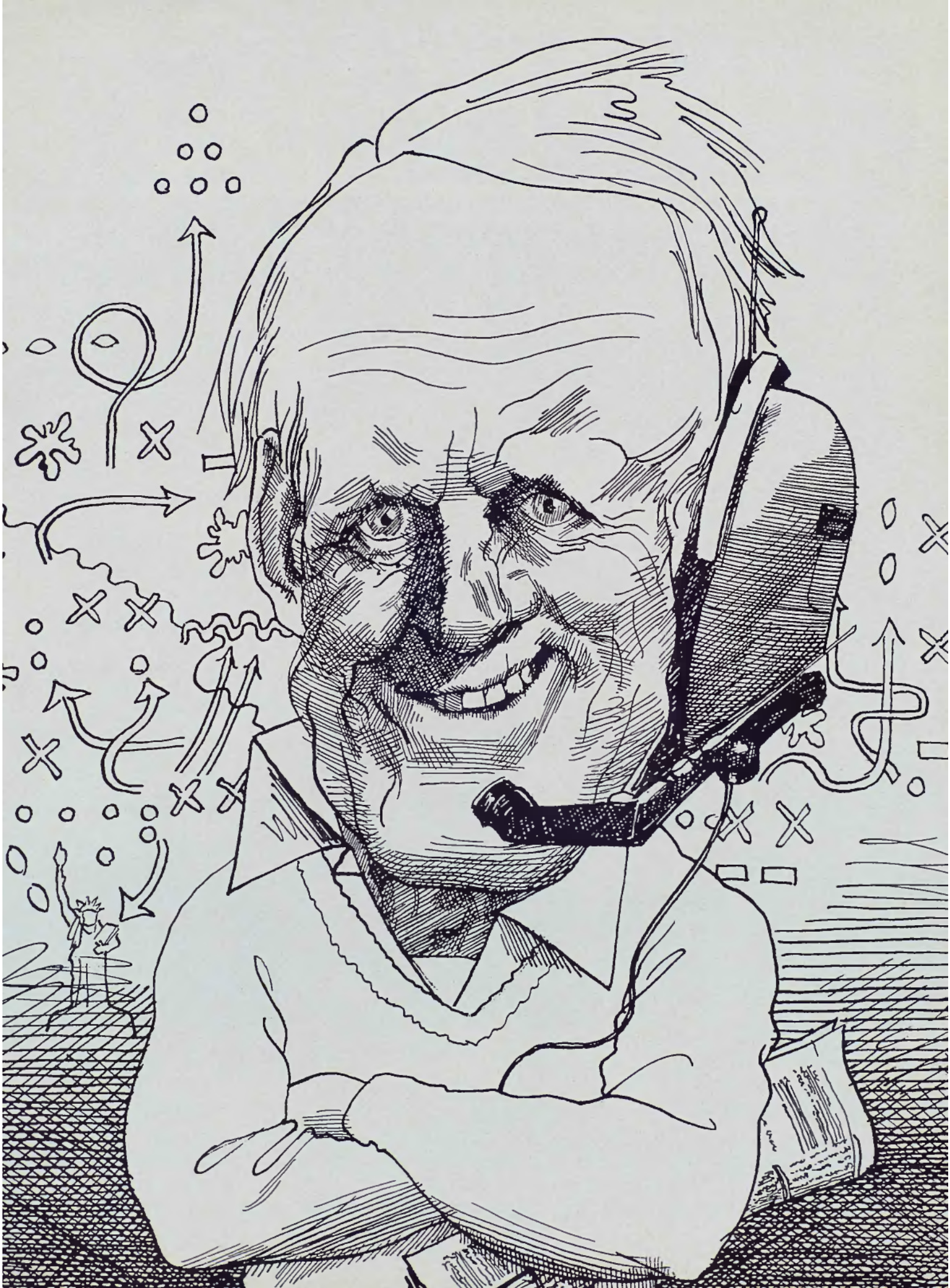
Sure they will, if you can picture Stanford's athletic director, Ted Leland, gathering the football team, the student body and the alums to tell them that the man who took the San Francisco 49ers to three championships, who was acclaimed as coach of the decade for the Eighties and who was inducted this year into the Pro Football Hall of Fame is looking just a little too wizened for the head coaching job at Stanford. Never mind that his stunning decision to return to college coaching was one of the biggest sports stories of 1992, that season ticket sales, alumni gifts and media attention have risen as a result, that in his first year back he led the Cardinal to its best overall season in 20 years, a national ranking of number nine and a postseason victory over Penn State in the Blockbuster Bowl. "Never mind," Leland would have to say, "that at 62 years old he may be the most creative football technician there ever was—I'm afraid we're going to have to ask him to retire early. Or else we'll have to repaint that billboard."

Which is exactly what happened. When the story of Walsh's joking reaction got back to those in charge, a sign painter was quickly sent to do a little cosmetic touch-up around the eyes, on the forehead. You get the feeling that they would have made him look like his 1955 San Jose State yearbook photo if they thought it would extend the five-year contract he'd signed.

In a way, of course, taking the lines out of Bill Walsh's face is a little like asking him to return his Super Bowl rings: They're a part of him, and he's earned every one. Still, it's hard to blame the university officials for doing whatever they think it will take to keep Walsh happy on the campus they call the Farm. As it is, they probably don't have to worry.

"I think I can say I've never been happier," Walsh said as the team's 1993 spring practice went into its last week. There was a small rhythm break on the word think, as if you can never be entirely sure of something like happiness, as if he didn't want to jinx the luck of having come through almost three decades in professional football without having lost his love for the game.

"There were some isolated exhilarating moments *(continued on page 151)*



# PLAYBOY COLLECTION

**things you can live without, but who wants to?**

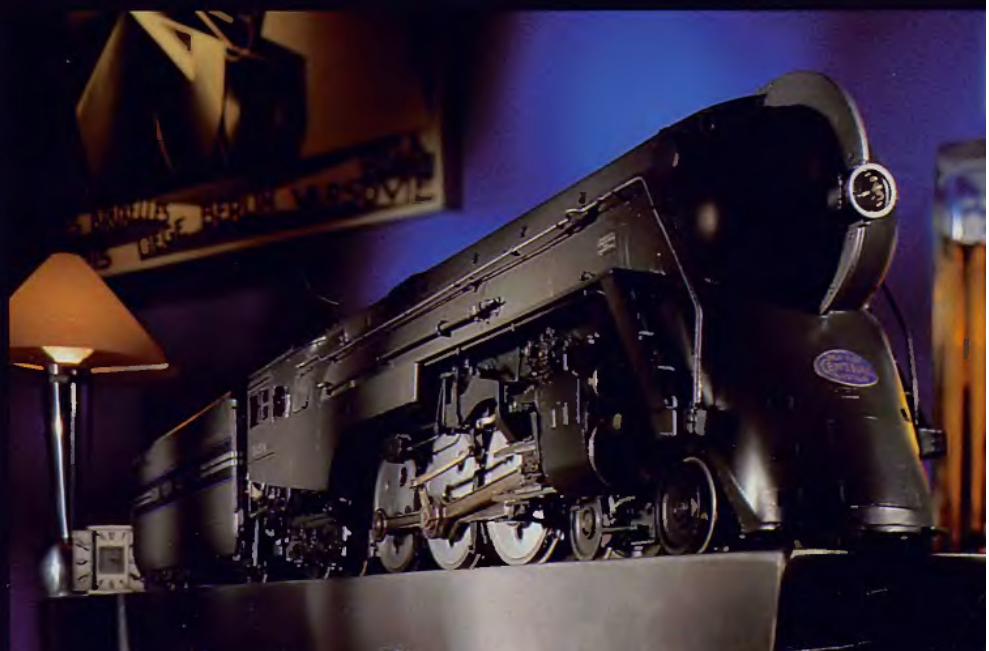
Handcrafted in Italy, both the Bulldog briefcase (top)—which expands from 4 to 14 inches—$795, and the classic carpetbag, $695, are from Pusser's of the West Indies' Sailcloth & Leather collection. They feature brass trim, inside zippered pockets, carrying straps and lined interiors.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Videonics' video editor, with thumbs-up ond -down buttons, enables you to easily edit bad scenes from good. It's compatible with most camcorders and VCRs, about $200.

This pewter Old Boy butane pocket lighter is decorated with pipe shapes and names, $89.95. The Autograph #8 pipe is made of Sardinian brior, $490. Both by Savinelli.

Lionel's limited-edition 1938 New York Central Dreyfuss Hudson locomotive and tender are handmade of brass, nickel silver and stainless steel, $2500, including a cose.



This mahogany gaming and jewelry box by Michel Perrenoud of Switzerland comes fitted with removable compartments for chips, cards and dice, or personal baubles, $675.

Want to toss the same type of knife that Steven Seagal threw in *Under Siege*? It's the Gil Hibben Thrower III, a 10" stainless-steel model from Smoky Mountain Knife Works, about $18.

Sharp's OZ-9600 Wizard electronic organizer combines touch-screen technology with a typewriter-style keyboard to allow info to be quickly entered and retrieved, about $650.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

The Spirit of St. Louis, a reproduction of an early-aviation-era field radio, features AM/FM, TV and weather bands and also plays cassettes, by Poly-flame Concepts USA, $80.

article by
DOUG HORNIG

# THE BIG CHILL ON CAMPUS SEX

if you thought political correctness on campus was ominous, brace yourself for sexual correctness

THE AMERICAN struggle over sex—who may have it, with whom and under what conditions—was joined when the first Puritan slapped the cuffs on the first libertarian and led the laughs in the village square. Since then, the most personal of human activities has been subjected to a tortured array of public regulations, devised principally by church and government. Now other institutions want to patrol the sex beat.

It's happening in public agencies, where casual office banter risks accusations of misconduct. It's happening in business, where managers are warned against unprofessional levels of intimacy with those they manage. Most of all, though, it's happening in academe, where the politically correct theorists of righteousness put ever-finer points on their blue pencils.

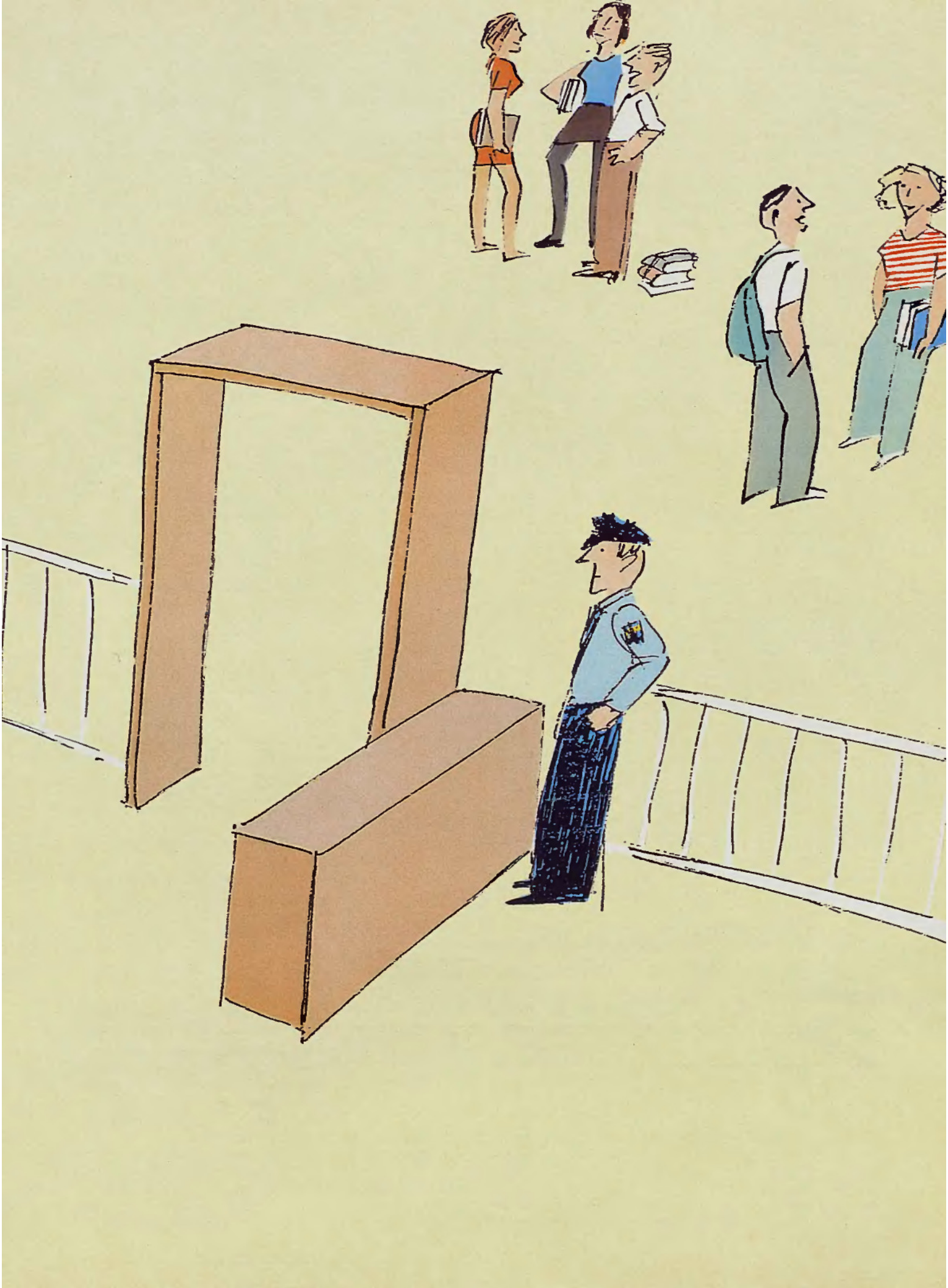
After years of expanding freedom, campuses are tightening up again. Part of that comes from a legitimate concern about AIDS, of course. But the propriety of certain choices has also come under scrutiny. Those who fail the test of correctness must be ready to do battle.

The latest skirmish was brewing in Charlottesville, Virginia, and I went there to see how the conflict played itself out.

•

The University of Virginia has always been a bit Janus-faced: The stately, cultured features of the "community of scholars" that Jefferson envisioned

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT



contrast with the slightly deranged, drunken grin of a down-and-dirty party school.

The good-time reputation has, however, been headed down the tubes for more than a decade, ever since the demise of Easters.

Easters (a.k.a. "the best damn party in the country") was a bacchanalian event celebrating the joys of excess in food, drink, sex and recreational drugs, culminating in a mass wallow in the University Avenue Mud Bowl. By 1982, though, police couldn't handle the crowds without overstuffing the city jail. So Easters was abolished.

This was followed by a crackdown on alcohol consumption, caused in part by a traffic accident involving a van full of inebriated students, and in part by an increase in the legal drinking age to 21.

Recreational drug use took its hit in 1991, when a small army of narcotics agents swarmed onto campus, busted 12 young men for possession of small amounts of marijuana, LSD and mushrooms and seized and padlocked three fraternity houses.

First parties, then booze, then drugs. Perhaps it was inevitable that sex was next. University of Virginia president John Casteen didn't need help handling sexual coercion or harassment; those are already violations of university policy and federal law. Consensual coitus, however, was unregulated. That didn't sit well with some control-minded faculty and staff members, who believed that students need protection from professors and vice versa.

Ray Nelson, dean of the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences, says: "I started all this a couple of years ago when I suggested to the president that we have in place a policy addressing conflict of interest, certainly no ban on personal relationships. My motive was largely that I had heard there were some problems with teaching assistants dating their students, as they will do, and this can get into a mess. I wanted to have a tool so that if people do get themselves into a mess we have a way to get them out of it.

"I didn't want people to stop falling in love with grad students," stresses Nelson. "I think it's a wonderful way to find a wife or a husband."

The standing President's Advisory Committee on Women's Concerns had also decided that a clearly defined policy was needed. It, too, was lobbying the president, and its vision of the future was rather different.

"Young people don't fully understand the situation they're in," says committee spokesperson Ann Lane. "They talk about love, about chemistry. They don't understand that to get involved with a member of the faculty puts them in a subordinate position.

"Age is not the critical issue," she continues. "We're talking about the role of professor—which is a role of advising, encouraging, teaching, supporting—and the role of lover. They just seem obviously to be in conflict."

In the end, Casteen ruled that the matter was properly the province of the Committee on Women's Concerns, and that was where he turned for recommendations. In mid-November 1992 the committee—some two dozen faculty, administrators and students—presented Casteen with the first draft of its policy on faculty–student sexual relations. Starkly etched in boldface type were these four articles:

(1) A teaching assistant or grader shall not make romantic or sexual overtures to, or engage in sexual relations with, any student currently in his or her class.

(2) A faculty member may not make romantic or sexual overtures to, or engage in sexual relations with, any undergraduate student.

(3) A faculty member may not make romantic or sexual overtures to, or engage in sexual relations with, any graduate student in the same department who has not completed all of his or her course work, or any graduate student currently enrolled in a course offered by the faculty member, or any graduate student currently working for or being supervised by the faculty member.

(4) A faculty member who allocates funds or other benefits among student applicants may not make romantic or sexual overtures to, or engage in sexual relations with, any student who is receiving, or is in a position to receive, those benefits.

The three-page document also contained a controversial subclause: "Sexual relationships that are prohibited by the rules set out above presuppose that the university regulation has been violated."

Casteen has never spoken publicly about the proposal, and maybe with good reason. Had such restrictions been in effect at Berkeley in the early Seventies, John Casteen would have been unable to woo his own wife: He met her while he was an English professor and she was a grad student.

•

The specter of a torrid love affair between mentor and pupil has stalked academic imaginations at least since the 12th century, when Abelard dallied with Héloïse and got himself unmanned as a result.

Happily, castration is no longer a generally accepted form of punishment for social transgressions. But some still find it intolerable if sex inserts itself into the special relationship between teacher and student. Many schools formally discourage even consensual faculty-student trysts, and a few have elaborate and specific restraints. Harvard's code, ten years old now, outlaws sexual contact between a student and a professor (including graduate teaching fellows) connected to that student.

A Harvard spokesperson described the code's enforcement apparatus as a spy system. Whoever witnesses an illicit liaison is required to report it. If you aid and abet one, you share liability with the guilty parties. If you merely fail to turn in miscreants you may be subject to sanctions.

A setup as oppressive as Harvard's finds scant support in Charlottesville. "Horrible," says one professor, who adds, "but then, that's Harvard. No one there has sex, anyway."

Although the University of Virginia may not aspire to be Harvard, there are those who believe passionately in the sexual segregation of students and teachers. Most prominent among them are two history professors: Ann Lane, director of women's studies and member of the Committee on Women's Concerns, and Cindy Aron, who chairs a subcommittee on sexual harassment.

Members of the subcommittee authored the broad regulations that were presented to the faculty senate in November. Final approval by the full committee had come only after a year of consideration and sometimes divisive dissent. It seems that the women's committee itself was split between regulators and supporters of a less rigid program.

In the end, the regulators won. Aron chiseled the majority's position in stone: "This is not about romance, it's about power. There is a power relationship embedded in the structure, and for a professor to have an intimate sexual relationship with a student is an abuse of that power."

The resolution applied to any student, any teacher. If instituted, it would set a precedent for restricting sexual liaisons. Aron, though subcommittee chair, was not a member of the faculty senate. Thus it fell to Ann Lane, who was a member, to walk point for its proposal. I went to see her.

If I had gone expecting to meet an ogre, I would soon have been disabused of the notion. Lane is an intense, articulate woman with a ready

*(continued on page 167)*

*"The other things I like about it are that it's low-fat, low-sodium, caffeine-free and it contains no sugar or preservatives."*

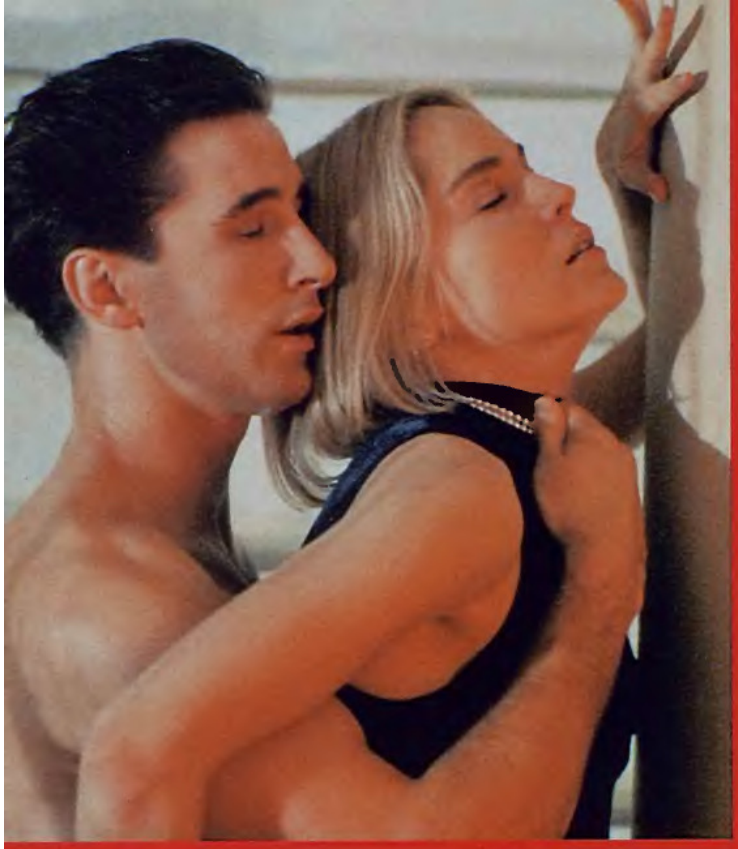
# LOOKING BACK ON A YEAR OF THRILLS, KILLS AND GENDER-BENDERS

**text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON** The question was an intriguing one, and during the first few months of 1993, helped by a shrewd publicity campaign, it titillated movie fans around the world: What's the big surprise in *The Crying Game*? By early spring the answer had been leaked by TV film critic Gene Siskel, more than hinted at by Jaye Davidson's Best Supporting Actor Oscar nomination and finally written large in the closing credits of the scattershot spoof *Hot Shots! Part Deux*, which recklessly reveals *The Crying Game*'s secret: "She's a guy."

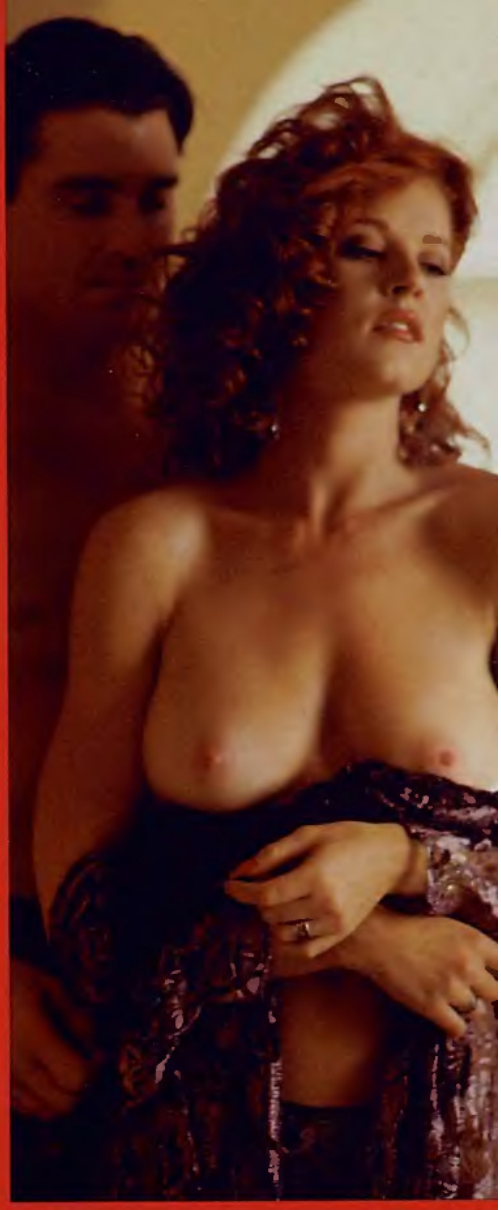
As the year progressed, it became clear that *Crying Game* wasn't the only film sending mixed signals about sex, and several major hits begged the question with considerably more tease than titillation. "Would you sleep with Robert Redford for a million dollars?" was the proposition that pulled well over $100 million into the coffers for *Indecent Proposal*, starring Redford, Demi Moore and Woody Harrelson. *(text continued on page 144)*

# SEX IN CINEMA 1993

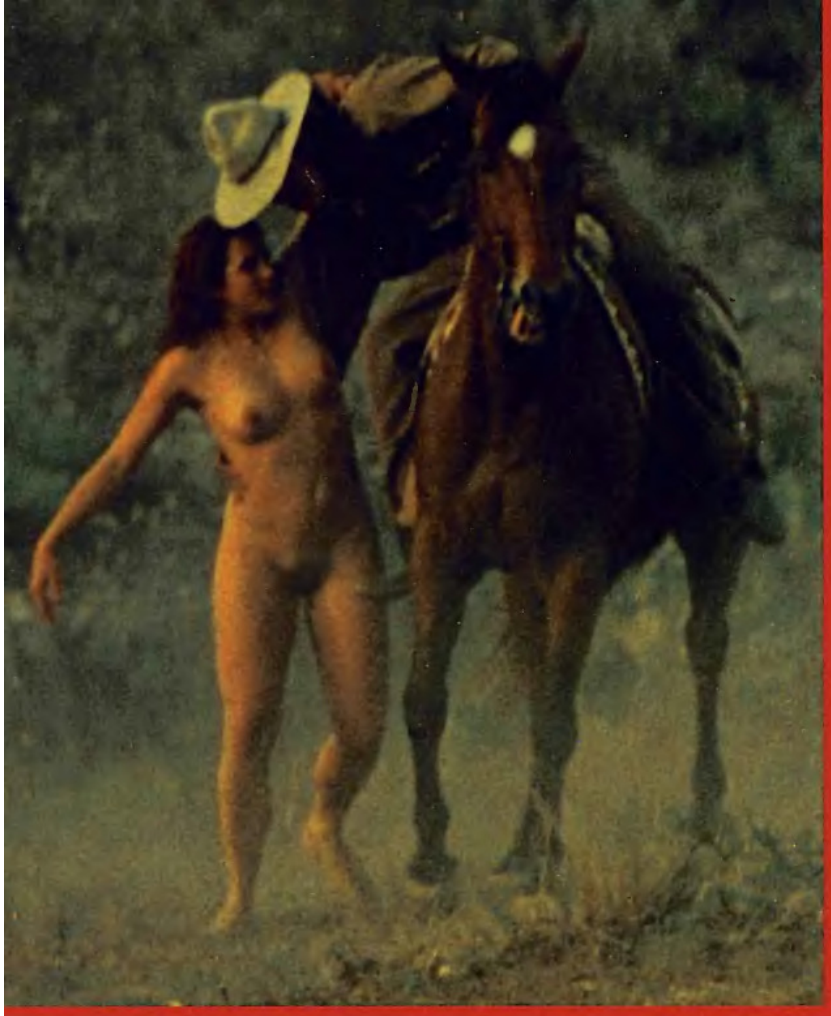
**DAMAGE CONTROL** When raters threatened *Damage* (above, with Juliette Binache and Jeremy Irons) with an NC-17, director Louis Malle protested loudly but made cuts. **LEAVE IT TO BEAVER** *Basic Instinct*'s beaver shot (top right) inspired such send-ups as *Hot Shots! Part Deux* (with sultry Brenda Bakke, center right) and *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon* (showcasing the genuine rodent at right).

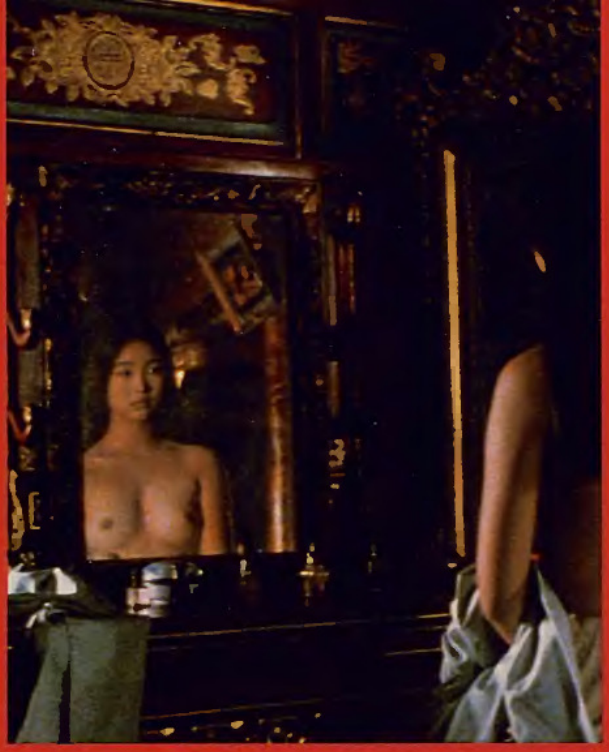


**FATAL ATTRACTIONS** In Hollywood, sex sells—if accomponied by foul play. Cought up in *The Firm*'s plot ore Gory Busey, Holly Hunter and Tom Cruise (left). In *Sliver* (obove left), Sharon Stone digs suspected killer Williom Baldwin. PLAYBOY's Miss July 1989, Eriko Eleniak, bottles terrorists in *Under Siege* (above center). In *Single White Female* (obove right), Bridget Fondo endures o lecherous employer (Stephen Tobolowsky) as well os a homicidal roommate. Shannen Doherty and Michoel Woods ore entangled in seriol killings in *Blindfold* (below right). *Fatal Instinct* spoofs the entire sex-cum-violence craze; below, Seon Young ond Armond Assante lompoon *Body Heat*.



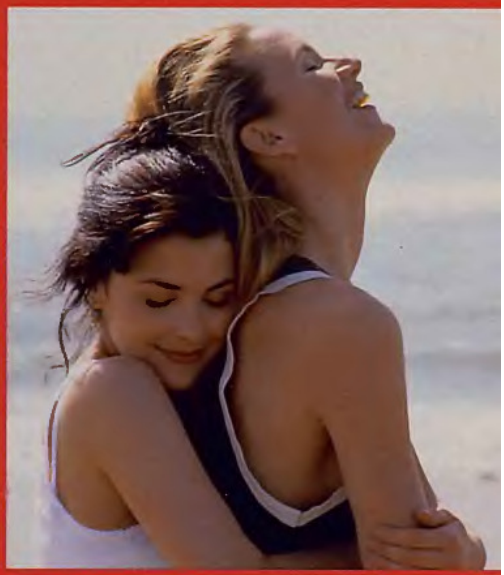
**TALES ON TAPE** Erotic thrillers, a new genre of fast-forword-to-video fare, include *Double Threat*, with Solly Kirkland (above); *Mirror Images*, which calls upon Delio Sheppard (with Gary Kasper, right) to explore her deod sister's love life; ond *Bloodfist IV*, storring Catya Sassoon and Don Wilson (below).



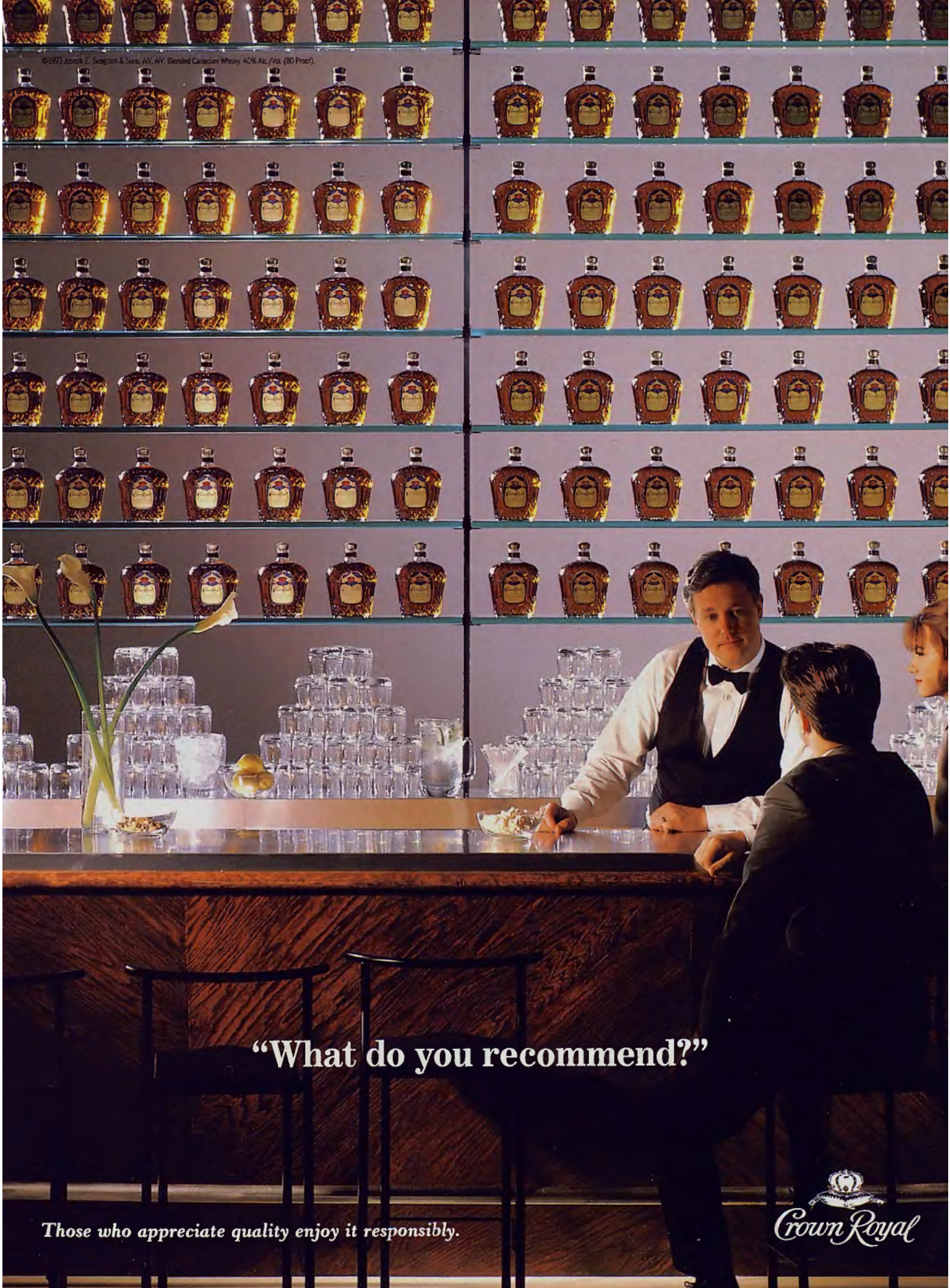


**PASSPORTS TO PASSION** Mexico's *Like Water for Chocolate* propels a lusty Claudette Maille into the woods with soldier Joaquin Gorrido (above). Linh Dan Pham prepares to wed her mother's ex-lover in France's *Indochine* (top right). Australia's *The Piano*, a champ at Cannes, unites Holly Hunter and Harvey Keitel (right) in ardent adultery. From Sweden comes *House of Angels*, in which Helena Bergstrom (front, bottom right) incites friends to shock her neighbors; and in Spain's *Jamón Jamón* (below), Penelope Cruz helps young suitor Jordi Molla to the conclusion that breasts taste like ham.

**WHOEVER TURNS YOU ON** She turns out to be o he in *The Crying Game* (obove), when reluctont terrorist Stephen Reo discovers Jaye Dovidson's body ports are not what he expected, ond in *M. Butterfly* (left), in which Jeremy Irons' mistress is portroyed by John Lone. *Three of Hearts* poirs Sherilyn Fenn ond Kelly Lynch (right) in o lesbian romance thot is disrupted by Williom Boldwin. In *Orlando*, Tilda Swinton changes sex ofter centuries as o mon (in her female persono, she enjoys o romp with Billy Zone, below).



**THE RATINGS GAME** No wonder moviemakers are creating kid flicks: When they try to shoot films for adults, MPAA raters slap their wrists, forcing many directors into revisions. Not so John Duigan, whose *Wide Sargasso Sea* (sequence above left) went out bravely flaunting its NC-17 designation. In this adaptotion of novelist Jean Rhys' prequel to Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Rochester (Nathaniel Parker) is first entranced, then repelled by his hot-blooded Creole bride (Karina Lombord). In contrast, directors Jennifer Lynch and Udi Edel were obliged to trim some sizzle from *Boxing Helena* (above right) and *Body of Evidence* (opposite), respectively, to earn R ratings. Kinks distinguish both *Helena* and *Evidence;* in the former, a maimed beauty (Sherilyn Fenn) is compelled to watch as her physician captor (Julian Sands) makes it with another woman (Nicolette Scorsese); in the latter, murder-by-hot-sex suspect Madonna gives her mouthpiece, Willem Dafoe, a hot-wax job and gets her reward.


©1993 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, NY, NY. Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).
"What do you recommend?"
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
Crown Royal

# PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

an inside look at which makes and models are hot and which are not for 1994

article by KEN GROSS

As 1993 DRAWS to a close and the 1994 model year begins, PLAYBOY has been interviewing automotive executives, checking out show cars and sneak-previewing new wheels worthy of your interest. What's the word? Good news on the home front—the Detroit renaissance is in high gear. American makes have reclaimed significant sales volume, and Japan's market share here seems to have peaked—at least temporarily. Unfavorable exchange rates have forced Japanese automakers to increase prices just when domestic manufacturers are holding fast and even reducing some sticker prices. American gains have been helped by value pricing (selected well-equipped models with popular options, sharply discounted) and improved quality. Even where prices have increased, domestics have added more content, so the net result is a better deal. Costly European marques such as Mercedes-Benz and BMW are also holding prices and offering extremely attractive financing for leases. Here's a take on what's happening country by country.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

AMERICAN CARS

This will be a big year for Chrysler. Its Eagle Vision, Dodge Intrepid and Chrysler Concorde sedans are challenging imported and domestic models alike. Smart styling, dual air bags and value-for-dollar pricing have made all three the hottest newcomers of the year. Hello, GM: This is your umpteenth wake-up call. The long-wheelbased 1994 New Yorker (both in conservative and sporty LHS versions) is another head-turner. Chrysler will also debut cab-forward-styled Dodge and Plymouth Neon subcompacts this fall, with dual air bags and pricing less than $10,000. Smart.

Ford is also doing well. It manufactures five of the top ten best-sellers, including the Taurus, which has displaced the Honda Accord as America's top-selling passenger car. Coming next will be a restyled 1994 Mustang (pictured on page 142) to challenge Chevy's Camaro; updated Thunderbirds and Cougars; the Windstar, a V6-powered minivan that will replace the Aerostar late in 1994; and the Ford Contour, an aerodynamic sedan developed in Europe.

However, all is not rosy in Detroit. Mercury's boxy-looking Capri convertible is a slow seller, as are the Buick Skylark and the Olds Achieva. And the Ford Explorer probably won't get an eight-cylinder engine until 1996. By then, Jeep and GM sports utilities will have left it in the dust.

Despite recently announcing some welcome profits, General Motors is still struggling through its prolonged reorganization. It will cut more plants, people and programs in an effort to catch up with Ford and Chrysler. One model that we'll be happy to see disappear down the road is the Dustbuster-shaped minivan. Blaming cost considerations, Saturn has delayed its first major restyling until 1996—and raised prices in the meantime. Go figure. It's also looking at a second plant, but forecasts of half a million units annually are premature. Saturn's success derives from its evocative advertising, no-haggle pricing, dedicated new dealerships and timely introduction in the midst of a buy-American frenzy. Despite all the hype since the car's introduction, it's still not a Honda Civic.

The Chevy Camaro and Pontiac Firebird coupes have it right with new Borg-Warner six-speed gearboxes and 275-hp Corvette engines. Priced at less than $20,000, they're a hell of a deal. Although Chevrolet has suffered from a new-model paucity that saw it lose more than 300,000 trucks and cars annually against archrival Ford, that trend is about to end. The 1995 Lumina sedan and Monte Carlo coupe are real cars rather than embarrassments. (The same can be said for the totally restyled Cavalier.) Listen up, muscle-car freaks: The 1994 Impala SS (it's basically a Caprice police car with an LT-1 Corvette engine, 17-inch alloy wheels, jazzy trim and a plush interior) evokes memories of the Sixties, when big-block Chevy sedans ruled the streets. Lastly, the 1994 Cadillac De Ville Concours,

equipped with a 270-hp four-cam V8, is the hottest domestic six-passenger sedan around. Don't buy it any other way.

GM's best future bet? We're putting our money on the 1995 Oldsmobile Aurora. It's an all-new $30,000-plus front-wheel-drive sedan that knee-jerk Lexus and Mercedes-Benz buyers should at least test-drive—unless they want to part with thousands of extra dollars for wheels that aren't that different from what GM will be offering.

NEW FROM JAPAN

While the land of the rising sun's profits aren't rising as rapidly as they were a few years ago, don't count out the Japanese. As Jim Perkins, Chevy's general manager and an ex-Toyota employee, put it, "Never underestimate the Japanese. They'll be back in 18 months, but we're ready for them now." The bad news for Japan is that Detroit minivan, pickup and sports utility sales are skyrocketing, while Japanese entries have floundered. Toyota's Camry, despite being an excellent car, still hasn't caught up with the Taurus. (Yes, the Camry will finally have a passenger-side air bag in 1994.) And its vaunted T100 pickup is a bust—too expensive and in need of a V8. Honda's Accord has also been soundly outsold by Taurus. Even sales of the do-no-wrong $50,000-plus Lexus LS 400 are slowing. Despite five new introductions last year, cash-poor Mazda's sales have leveled, forcing it to abandon its plans to introduce a luxurious Amati model.

Although the Impreza subcompact is a real value, Subaru continues to slip. Isuzu priced its V6 Trooper too high, and it has all but abandoned the car business.

Back in Japan, Nissan has closed a major factory, and business is down for everyone. It also retired its American chief executive. Mazda quietly demoted and reassigned many of its top U.S. personnel. The activities of "executive coordinators" (not-too-thinly disguised shadow staffers from Japan) have increased as the "home team" rushes in replacements to solve its problems.

On a more positive note, Honda plans to manufacture nearly all its U.S.-sold Accords in Ohio and will continue to export thousands of American-built models. What's more, some 1994 Accords will be equipped with V6 engines. It's about time. We predict sales of Toyota's new Supra, a twin sequentially turbocharged guided missile, will seriously threaten those of the Mazda RX-7, which we chose as PLAYBOY's Car of the Year for 1993. The RX-7 remains significantly unchanged for 1994.

Ford's perennial ponycar gets a stylish new shape for 1994. A bucking bronc in the grille, slashing side scoops and a pushrod 5-liter V8 engine evoke memories of earlier Mustangs. The V8 price: $18,000, loaded. Expect a high-performance version to surface in 1995.

The Nissan Quest minivan is the closest Japanese competitor to the class-leading Chryslers. Nissan will also soon offer a restyled 240SX coupe with a reported 230-hp turbocharged engine. So much for appeasing the insurance companies.

Looking farther down the road, Toyota plans to introduce a Caprice–Crown Victoria challenger in 1995. (Let's hope there's a V8 engine in it.) Some months ago, Mazda let PLAYBOY view its tiny AZ-1 sports coupe. This diminutive, 660cc microcar features gull-wing doors and a high-revving Suzuki motorcycle engine. While not yet legal in the U.S., it is the most intriguing small car we've seen.

EUROPEAN MODELS

Ah, those crafty Bavarians. By 1995, BMW, which decisively passed Mercedes-Benz in sales last year both at home and abroad, may be building small hatchbacks in South Carolina, priced—keep your fingers crossed—at less than $20,000. Meanwhile, if you're in the market for a convertible and have relatively deep pockets (containing at least $38,800), its restyled 325i four-seater convertible is one to consider, thanks to two hot innovations: an easy-to-attach aluminum hardtop and concealed roll protection that pops out of the headrests if the car is flipped.

Mercedes-Benz is also looking to introduce models that aren't priced upwards of—and into—six figures. On the drawing board are plans to build a sports utility vehicle that will sell in the U.S. for less than $40,000 "with all the Mercedes core values" and to export some production worldwide. In an attempt to play catch-up, Benz has launched its C-class, a slightly smaller Mercedes with the same kind of rock-solid bank-vault feeling that's built into the marque's full-sized models.

While sales of Volkswagen's underpowered Eurovan remain disappointing in the showrooms, its powerful V6 Corrado coupe and Passat sedan are catching on among members of the give-me-something-that-isn't-Japanese crowd who like the feel of a European car and don't want to see themselves coming and going at every stoplight.

Porsche, the company with the rising sticker prices and declining dealerships, seems to have turned a corner. It will build the sensational-looking Boxster, which is based on the show car of the same name.

Jaguar is another company with sales that are up. It has shoehorned a 301-hp V12 into its aging XJ12 sedan and created a car that's a kick to drive.

While we're talking British, a smaller open-air Land Rover model, the Defender 90, will debut in the States this fall priced at just under $30,000 with no top or backseat. It will be powered by the same 182-hp V8 that's used in the Land Rover County model. At 3600 pounds, it has a horsepower-to-weight ratio comparable to many sports cars. A soft top, air conditioning, brush bars and a winch are available along with other accessories.

In troubled times, small automakers must innovate. Thus Saab (helped by partner GM) will present an all-new 900 this fall powered by a V6 engine. Volvo's 850 sport sedan will soon have a red-hot turbo version. And right now, it's anyone's guess as to whether Alfa Romeo will still be represented in the States next year. The restyled Spider won't be imported. While the new Quadrifoglio sedan is powered by a more potent 230-hp engine, that may not be enough reason to support the marque Stateside any longer. Lotus, on the other hand, has enlarged its quick Turbo Esprit's interior and dropped the price of the face-lifted GT from $86,000 to $67,000.

In 1994 look for irresistible leases, great package deals and a continuing surge in light truck and sports utility sales. Happy motoring!

*"Good Lord, man, get out of that dark, unhealthy closet and into the fresh air and sunshine!"*

# SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 132)

*"'Don't you want me to lick your balls?' she purrs into the receiver during a diaper change."*

Another film that prospered by mouthing off about sex but showing little of it was *Made in America*, which cast Whoopi Goldberg as a black woman who is told, after almost 20 years, that her daughter's dad—a sperm donor—is a white used-car huckster, played by Ted Danson. Except for one brief and awkward comic tussle, their on-screen affair is mostly mental. (Offscreen, apparently, it was something else again.) Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks, teamed in the hit romantic comedy *Sleepless in Seattle*, don't even meet—much less mate—until the final reel.

By late summer, family values seemed to have conquered Hollywood. Industry bean counters, having discovered that G and PG movies make money, placed their bets on child stars in such features as *Once Upon a Forest*, *Dennis the Menace*, *Home Alone 2*, *Rookie of the Year* and *Jurassic Park* (rated PG-13 and not for the very young, whose favorite dinosaur may still be Barney). Even *Last Action Hero* has Arnold Schwarzenegger swashing and buckling alongside 12-year-old Austin O'Brien. And as Mr. and Mrs. Blue in *Undercover Blues*, Dennis Quaid and Kathleen Turner fend off the bad guys with their toddler in tow.

When they do develop movies for mature audiences, industry bigwigs have evidently concluded that sex is most marketable when combined with violence. After last year's horny, homicidal and high-grossing *Basic Instinct*—which lingered on in a slew of parodies with similar titles—Sharon Stone returned in the tamer but much-talked-about *Sliver*. Its publicity was far more enticing than the film itself; as *Newsday* critic John Anderson observed, "*Sliver* produced a lot of heavy breathing before it even got on the screen. Now that it has, that sound you hear is Paramount Pictures hyperventilating." To avoid the hated NC-17 rating, still anathema to many advertisers and exhibitors, *Sliver*'s producer and director agreed to cuts, though not the 110 requested by the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board. The movie emerged with minimal nudity, a rear-entry, up-against-the-wall love scene between Sharon Stone and William Baldwin and a pruned sequence of Stone masturbating in a bathtub. Despite its stress on lust, voyeurism and violent death in a high-rise apartment house, there's nothing in the toned-down *Sliver* that would have rocked cinematic standards two decades ago.

Madonna, who is anything but mediashy, had another of her widely publicized flops in *Body of Evidence*, also trimmed to suit the MPAA's ratings board. Playing a woman charged with bringing on her lover's demise via supercharged sex, Madonna ensnares her defense attorney (Willem Dafoe) with such devices as a quickie atop a car and ritualized lovemaking involving candle drippings and implied cunnilingus.

Director Louis Malle protested vociferously against the cuts that earned his *Damage* an R rating late last year (fans can presumably see the excised parts on the unrated video now in circulation). This coolly erotic psychodrama based on Josephine Hart's best-seller stars Jeremy Irons, who sheds his pants and his inhibitions as an eminent British doctor dallying disastrously with his son's intended bride (Juliette Binoche).

The most ambitious film to defy the MPAA ratings curse, taking an NC-17 rather than submit to censorship, is *Wide Sargasso Sea*. Newcomer Karina Lombard and British co-star Nathaniel Parker bare all in a pulse-pounding adaptation of Jean Rhys' novel, a kind of prequel to Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. Lombard plays the Jamaican heiress who marries the youthful Rochester but goes mad when his passion cools. Lombard's performance paved the way to a brief role in *The Firm* as the mysterious island beauty who seduces Tom Cruise on the beach.

Philip Kaufman, director of 1990's *Henry & June*—the movie that moved the MPAA to swap its X rating for NC-17—turned out a relatively steamy R-rated melodrama from Michael Crichton's best-seller *Rising Sun*. As L.A. detectives Sean Connery and Wesley Snipes investigate the death of a party girl (top model Tatjana Patitz) done away with during coitus in the boardroom of a Japanese-owned company, a videotape of the sultry victim's final minutes of rough sex with a mysterious assailant is played and replayed.

Young director Jennifer Lynch's *Boxing Helena* became a cause célèbre when Kim Basinger lost millions in a breach-of-contract suit for reneging on her agreement to take the controversial title role. Before Kim, Madonna had already declined. Sherilyn Fenn said yes to playing Helena, a glamourous girl-about-town who becomes a literal basket case when a young surgeon (Julian Sands), by love possessed, decides to amputate her arms and legs. Voyeurism turns these characters on: Sands spies through the window while a pre-surgical Fenn

*"I didn't sleep my way to the top. I waited until I got to the top, and now I sleep with whomever I want."*

gets it on with a brutish bed partner (Bill Paxton), and later, she watches while her captor seduces Nicolette Scorsese to disprove Helena's aspersions about his sexual prowess. Dark humor and a streak of outrageousness seem second nature to Lynch, daughter of eccentric director David (*Twin Peaks*) Lynch. "Some people walk out of *Boxing Helena*, of course," admits Jennifer. "One man sat through it but came out looking very pale. When I asked why, he said: 'I feel really ashamed that I enjoyed it so much.' But the amazing thing is that about 65 percent of women react positively to the movie."

A more seasoned movie maverick, Robert Altman, has been focusing his camera on American foibles for more than a quarter of a century. He does it again in *Short Cuts*, a long, dark satire adapted from the stories of Raymond Carver. Hailed as one of the movie events of the year, *Short Cuts* is a series of interlocking tales in the mode of Altman's *Nashville*. Despite considerable nudity, male and female (see this issue's review), the film's most controversial sequence features Jennifer Jason Leigh as a young mother who gives explicit phone sex to clients while tending her children. "Don't you want me to lick your balls?" she purrs into the receiver during a diaper change.

In the imminent *Carlito's Way*, Al Pacino plays a paroled convict trying to go straight. Carlito takes over management of an after-hours club where sex on the premises is SOP, but he is shocked to find that his girlfriend (Penelope Ann Miller) has been stripping at a go-go joint. *Carlito's* promised high (or low) point is a decadent Long Island pool party, described by a publicist as "Seventies permissiveness regurgitated," where anything goes—from cocaine to blow jobs.

My choice for most erotic major movie of the year, however, is Australian director Jane Campion's *The Piano*, which shared first prize at the Cannes Festival in May with a Chinese entry, *Farewell My Concubine* (more of which later). Two American actors, Holly Hunter and Harvey Keitel, share billing with New Zealand's Sam Neill (who also came up from down under to play top guy in *Jurassic Park*) in this cross-cultural milestone. Slow to build but spectacularly sexy, *The Piano* offers a tour de force by Hunter as Ada, a mute young woman sent to New Zealand in the mid-1800s to be Neill's bartered bride. Rather than haul it up from the beach, Neill trades Ada's prized possession, a crated piano, to Baines, a lusty neighbor (Keitel). Baines subsequently makes a deal with Ada: He will sell back the piano, one key at a time, in return for sexual favors. And they are off on an audaciously sensual orgy of illicit passion that is both startling and delicate. Keitel appears frontally nude, with the same air of abandon he showed last year in *Bad Lieutenant*, but this time he secures his status as a credible leading man.

Ada was but one of several female film characters whose bodies became a sort of carnal currency. Like *Honeymoon in Vegas* before it, *Indecent Proposal* treats women as bargaining chips (if not chippies) in a man's world. So, too, does *Mad Dog and Glory*, a comedy that has gangster Bill Murray sending Uma Thurman on loan for a week to shy police photographer Robert De Niro—out of gratitude for De Niro's saving his life.

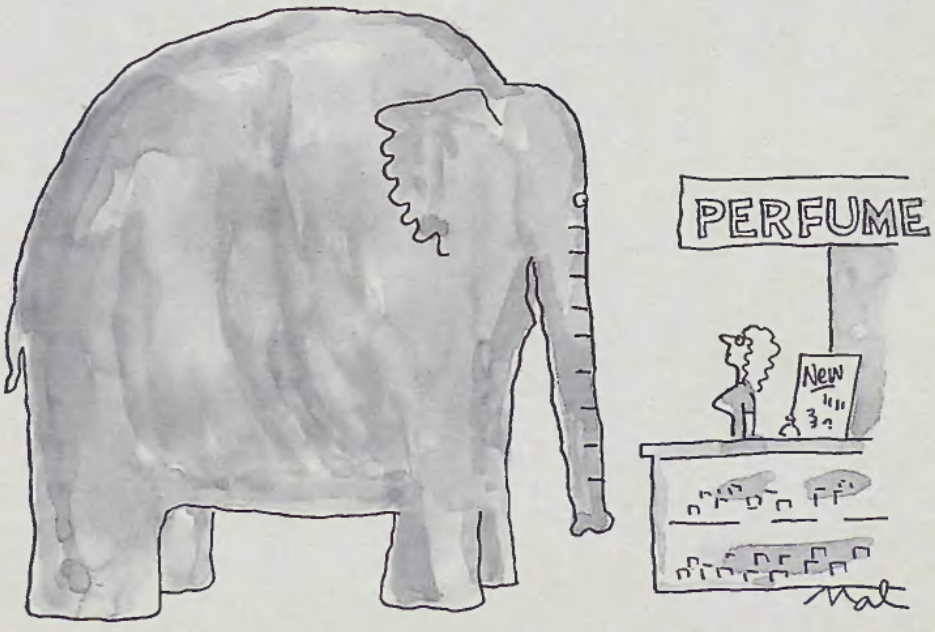
The truly provocative theme of recent releases, as heralded by *The Crying Game*'s love story between a transvestite (Davidson) and a terrorist (Stephen Rea), shaped up to be one of sexual ambiguity. Cross-dressing foolery in the *Tootsie* manner is coming to the screen soon in *Mrs. Doubtfire*, which has Robin Williams disguised as a British nanny so his ex-wife will hire him to look after their own kids. The same trend may be seen in Gus Van Sant's *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, based on the Tom Robbins novel. Uma Thurman stars as a sultry hitchhiker on her way to a Dakota beauty ranch where the beldam in charge is played in drag by John Hurt. (As a sideline, Hurt's so-called Countess operates a company called Yoni-Yum, specializing in feminine-hygiene products.)

*M. Butterfly* is a far more serious example of sexual confusion, based on the Broadway-London stage hit retelling the true story of a diplomat (Jeremy Irons) who insists he never knew that his Chinese mistress (John Lone) was actually a man, and a spy. Echoing that bizarre tale is another saga inspired by fact, Maggie Greenwald's *The Ballad of Little Jo*, with Suzy Amis as a Western settler who staves off unwanted attentions by living out her entire life as a male (only the Asian ranch hand who shares her bed knows the truth).

*Farewell My Concubine*, the co-winner with *The Piano* of the Palme d'Or at Cannes, is an elegant historical epic about the lives of two famous actors in the Beijing Opera troupe—one of whom plays only female roles and obviously yearns to be more than a friend to his heterosexual co-star. Second to none of the above is the gender-bending classic *Orlando*, British director Sally Potter's vivid adaptation of the Virginia Woolf novel about a character (Tilda Swinton) who lives for 400 years, changes sex in mid-life and enjoys a romance with a Russian princess (Charlotte Valandrey), then with a dashing American adventurer (Billy Zane).

Outing in films about gays is another matter, and the end of the line is not *Philadelphia*, which nonetheless marks a big breakthrough in Hollywood's approach to AIDS. A decade ago, top male stars might have considered such roles tantamount to career suicide, but in *Philadelphia*, Tom Hanks portrays a gay attorney who sues his law firm for dismissing him upon learning that he is HIV-positive. Antonio Banderas plays Hanks' lover, Denzel Washington his initially homophobic lawyer. *Chain of Desire*, an updated American version of the Viennese classic *La Ronde*, includes in its depiction of a daisy chain of loving couples two homosexual interludes. In the first, Malcolm McDowell is a married man meeting a young hired stud; in the second, the boy finds a temporary haven with a sensitive male couple, one of the pair unblushingly nude.

*Three of Hearts* may well be the first major American romantic comedy to




*"Do you have anything that smells like peanuts?"*

treat lesbians so blithely. Kelly Lynch and Sherilyn Fenn play a troubled twosome whose breakup becomes permanent when Lynch hires a gigolo (William Baldwin) to show her girlfriend that men are bad news. Of course, Fenn falls for Baldwin and vice versa, a solution that many gay people found ludicrous. Things work out more amicably all around in *The Wedding Banquet*, a knowingly liberated comedy about a Chinese-American New Yorker named Wai-Tung (Winston Chao), whose live-in lover (Mitchell Lichtenstein, son of artist Roy Lichtenstein) gets peevish when Wai-Tung's parents push him into a marriage of convenience. From Japan, *Okoge* combines eye-opening insights into the gay world of Tokyo with sympathetic views of another odd threesome: a shy young woman with no apparent sex life and the two male lovers—one married—to whom she offers her flat as a site for their rendezvous. They make use of it, zestfully. A true oddity in the genre is Dutch director Roeland Kerbosch's *For a Lost Soldier*, an unequivocal treatment of adolescent erotica, about a Canadian soldier's love affair with a 12-year-old boy following the World War Two liberation of Holland. Stateside such a movie—with at least one highly suggestive scene between man and boy—would be unlikely to get made, let alone be widely distributed.

Even so, the 30 feature films shown in New York's fifth annual Lesbian and Gay Film Festival and its ilk represented a surge of permissiveness that included *Chain of Desire*, Derek Jarman's biographical *Wittgenstein*, a graphic documentary called *Nitrate Kisses* (female senior citizens locked in carnal embraces) and Mark D'Auria's *Smoke* (about a washroom attendant with a yen for overweight older men). One of more than 60 gay film festivals regularly scheduled from San Francisco to Berlin to Hong Kong, New York's was notable for its inclusion of such unlikely items as *Calamity Jane*, the 1953 musical starring Doris Day. No, the movie doesn't claim that sharpshooter Jane was a closet lesbian, but the festival program notes state baldly: "When Day sings *Secret Love*, the gals know what secret she's talking about."

•

The wall-to-wall-straight-sex film is virtually extinct except as a take-home video, and X—since the MPAA abandoned it in favor of NC-17—has become more a marketing tool than a legitimate rating. Probably the latest phenomenon to turn on the home audience is the so-called erotic thriller, which combines soft sex with beautiful women in tales of intrigue, danger and sundry dark deeds. This past spring, several top contenders of the genre were touted in a full-page feature in *USA Today*. Among the leaders are *Double Threat*, co-starring veteran Sally Kirkland and Andrew Stevens in a tale of treachery involving a faded film star, her leading man and the body double who does her nude scenes; *Body of Influence* (with Shannon Whirry as the voluptuous patient of a lusty shrink, played by John Cassavetes' son Nick—the title, of course, a direct steal from Madonna's *Body of Evidence*); and *Sins of Desire* (Nick Cassavetes again, teamed with onetime 007 leading lady Tanya Roberts as a couple brought into close contact while investigating a bogus sex-therapy clinic).

Actors Whirry and Joan Severance have capitalized on these erotic thrillers to soar to new levels of eminence. Following *Illicit Behavior* opposite Jack Scalia, Severance went on to star in Zalman King's *Lake Consequence* as a latter-day Lady Chatterley who runs off for erotic adventures with a tree trimmer (Billy Zane). Whirry had a major hit on the circuit with *Animal Instincts* (though the title has a *Basic* ring to it, the film—with Maxwell Caulfield and Olympic athlete Mitch Gaylord vis-à-vis Shannon—is actually a spin-off from the tale of Jeffrey and Kathy Willets, the Florida deputy sheriff and wife who turned prostitution into a cottage industry (*The Creep, the Cop, His Wife & Her Lovers*, PLAYBOY, March 1992).

According to the publicist for a producer whose hottest titles have included *Animal Instincts* and *Mirror Images* (with *Mirror Images 2* on its way): "My guess is that all this started with *Fatal Attraction*, which made erotic thrillers more acceptable." The genre is less than acceptable, however, to veteran adult-film entrepreneurs such as Candida Royalle, whose Femme Productions turns out lighter, pro-feminist but explicit fare in the vein of her latest, *Revelations*. That's the soft-focus saga of a heroine (Amy Rapp) who is living in a futuristic America where

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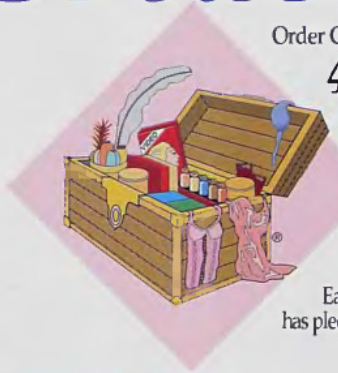

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intercourse is forbidden except for breeding purposes. She discovers some videotapes spelling out the raunchy good old days of recreational coitus. According to Royalle: "I'm definitely not making what they call erotic thrillers. I don't want to get into that. In America, it's a symptom of our total discomfort with sex that we can't stand the idea of erotica for itself. So we have to sublimate our desires by adding the threat of violence and danger."

When it comes to imported erotica, the clear leader of 1993's pack is Mexico's *Like Water for Chocolate*, the most widely seen foreign-language film in years. Alfonso Arau's titillating fable concerns Tita (Lumi Cavazos), who loses her beloved Pedro (Marco Leonardi, the young male star of *Cinema Paradiso*) because tradition requires him to marry her elder sister. Proving that cuisine is the way to a man's heart, Tita cooks up a rose-petal sauce with such aphrodisiac potency that the entire family gets horny—another sister, stripped naked, runs off with a rebel on horseback, and Tita herself ultimately beds Pedro in a close encounter by candlelight.

England, though, revealed relatively few naughty bits in 1993. Kenneth Branagh's version of *Much Ado About Nothing* did launch its Shakespearean high-jinks with all the lads shedding their tights for a bit of skinny-dipping. Eric Idle also drops trou briefly when he's forced to hide in a lady's closet in the farcical *Splitting Heirs*. A black comedy called *The Hour of the Pig* has some fun blending sex with religious rituals and body English in a French village. But English director Peter Greenaway's *The Baby of Mâcon*, not yet released in the U.S., was judged a disappointment at Cannes; the story of a miraculous child who becomes a kind of fertility symbol reportedly lacks the zing of Greenaway's earlier *Drowning by Numbers* or *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*.

From Spain comes *Jamón Jamón* (the word means ham, to which an orally fixated character compares the taste of women's breasts). *Jamón* contains frequent scenes of coupling in a meaty social satire. It's all started by a protective mama who hires the town hunk from a local ham warehouse to seduce gorgeous Silvia (Penelope Cruz), the girl her son got pregnant. The Swedish *House of Angels*, about a wild blonde chanteuse who inherits a farm in a quiet rural community, treats audiences to a nude swimming party she sets up to shock her stodgy neighbors.

In French films this year, sexuality seems largely cerebral, despite some glimpses of skin in *Betty* and incest in *Olivier Olivier*. Twisted love triangles are the concern of *Un Coeur en Hiver* (*A Heart in Winter*) and Oscar-winning *Indochine*, which stars Catherine Deneuve as a woman whose lover falls for her adopted daughter (no, Woody Allen was not the film's technical consultant). The real conversation piece in Paris has been *Savage Nights*, which received four César awards after Cyril Collard, the film's writer, director and star, died of AIDS, having appeared in his own autobiographical drama about a bisexual who has unsafe sex without telling either his male or female lovers.

What's on the books, both at home and abroad, is an open question. Britisher Mike Leigh's *Naked*, set for a 1994 release in the U.S., is said to be a sensation, highlighted by screen newcomer David Thewlis' white-hot performance as a lout scouring the mean streets of London. Madonna will surely have another go at heavy breathing as she pursues big-screen stardom in *Snake Eyes*. Regarding director Richard Rush's upcoming *Color of Night*, *Variety* columnist Army Archerd reports: "There'll be little left to wonder about" in love scenes between Bruce Willis and Jane March (of *The Lover*). Adds Rush: "It'll be a fight to get an R." Time will tell. Many a filmmaker's bold words have weakened when the MPAA starts threatening an NC-17.

Women in films are already having their say about what excites audiences, a clear trend headed by Jane Campion, whose startling *The Piano* leaves much of the competition playing *Chopsticks*. There may be the ripple of a womanly, warm-blooded new wave in Maggie Greenwald's *The Ballad of Little Jo*, Jennifer Lynch's *Boxing Helena* and Sally Potter's remarkably accomplished *Orlando*. Strong indications of more to follow come from producer Brandon Chase, whose *Erotique* is already under way for release in early 1994. In anthology form, four women directors (Lizzie Borden of the U.S., Hong Kong's Clara Law, Brazil's Ana Maria Magalhaes and Germany's Monika Treut) will offer what Chase calls "a woman's view of erotica in the Nineties," adding that "these are strong women, and they don't make wimpy statements."

Whether the images they put on the screen are more explicit or less so, the people who make movies are managing to address some unprecedented concerns about sexual roles, tackling subjects previously deemed all but untouchable. And Hollywood's product will never be limited to *Betty Boop Meets Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Commenting on the industry's current infatuation with profitable flicks for kids, Universal's Tom Pollock observes: "As the baby boomlets grow into their teens, they will become more interested in *Porky's*." Or, one hopes, in *The Piano*. The allure of sex in cinema is part of an erotic evolution that sometimes stalls or skips a beat but can't be stopped, and filmmakers have not lost sight of that truth. So don't go away.

*"All the attractive men I meet are either married or in meetings."*

# BILL WALSH

*(continued from page 122)*

in the NFL," he said, comparing those years to now. "Incredible moments. It was my whole life, and the last thing I want to do is demean it. But if you take the day-to-day quality of your existence, the diversity of life on this campus, the associations you have . . . if you just want to coach the game of football, this is the ideal circumstance."

Ideal indeed: spring on the lush Stanford campus, with the breeze dragging the smell of eucalyptus and freshly cut grass into the warm, sunny air, with more than 80 young men in football pads shouting like Marines, doing jumping jacks, stretching. After their warm-up they will split into squads for a couple hours of drills that have been scripted to the minute by Walsh, who is casually patrolling among them in red shorts and a white polo shirt, looking, if anything, younger than the image on the repainted billboard. He is the trim, bronze epitome of California handsome and he moves with an easygoing aspect that disguises his intensity and downplays his reputation in favor of the business at hand.

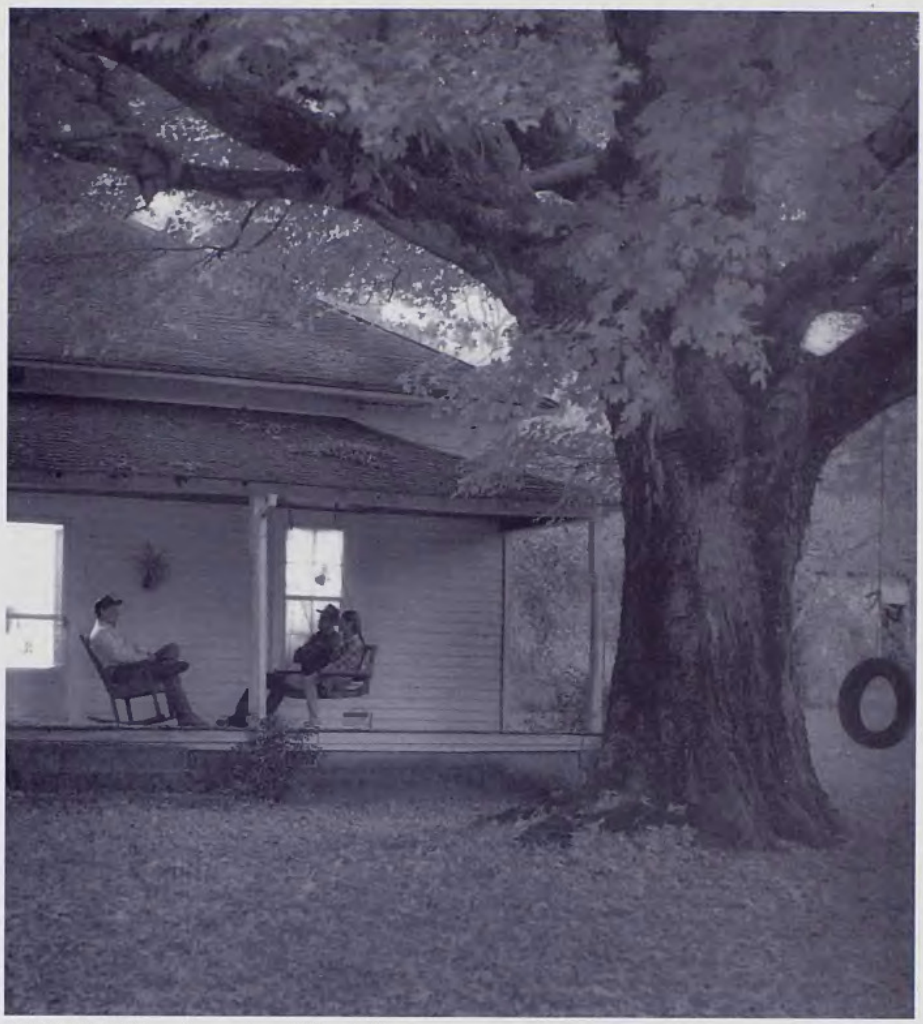
"Call me Bill," he told the Stanford squad when he met them for the first time last year. "Like the Pope saying, 'Just call me John Paul,'" said Scott Ostler, a sportswriter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Not a bad analogy, except that Walsh has more big rings than the Pope, a fact that was not lost on his awestruck players. They had trouble responding to Walsh's wry sense of humor when they met him.

"He was like a comedian who kept bombing," says defensive coordinator Fred vonAppen of those early team meetings. "He couldn't understand it. He'd crack a joke with his Johnny Carson–style delivery and they were afraid even to smile. He kept saying, 'I've lost my touch.'"

VonAppen, a rough-looking man who reads poetry and listens to classical music, has coached with Walsh for nine years, including six seasons and two Super Bowls with the 49ers. He has seen the coach's touch through many moods.

"He's a complex man," VonAppen says, "somewhat of an enigma. I gave up trying to understand him a long time ago. In a way he has the kind of personality that creates a love-hate relationship. He's not always the distinguished, patriarchal guy television viewers are used to seeing on the sidelines. He's a very competitive guy, and he can be scathing, especially in the heat of battle. There have been times when I would have gladly split his skull with an ax. Then again, he's the greatest."

VonAppen, like his mentor, seems pleased to be back in college football after his years in the pros. "The unique

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thing about the collegiate experience," he says, "is that you make more money than the people you're accountable for. I got the feeling in the pros that I was more an assignment monitor than a teacher. And you're always having to cut somebody, end their careers, send them from $700,000 a year to an entry-level job. It's the nature of the business, no matter how good the player is, whether it's Joe Montana or whoever. You're always looking for somebody better. In the college game you see a guy come in with acne, shaving twice a week. He plays four years of football and goes out shaving every day, all his permanent teeth are in and he has an engineering degree. You feel as if you've had some developmental impact on the man. I think that's why this job is so satisfying for Bill. He's a teacher again."

VonAppen had signed a contract and been on his way to coach for the Green Bay Packers when Walsh offered him the job at Stanford.

"It was like the godfather calling," he says. "How do you say no?"

Others who got an offer they couldn't refuse include Doug Cosbie (ten seasons at tight end for Dallas), Tom Holmoe (seven years at safety with the 49ers), Keena Turner (11 seasons at linebacker for the 49ers), Mike Wilson (ten years at wide receiver for the 49ers) and Monte Clark (former Lions and 49ers head coach). Altogether the coaching staff owns a total of 21 Super Bowl rings, but Walsh didn't hire them for their jewelry. He has always picked his assistants out of a basic respect for their intelligence, he says. "All you need for chaos is a dull person who's aggressive."

Turner, who had never coached before, got a message on his answering machine that could have been from Johnny Carson. "There are two jobs open at Stanford University, and you're being considered for both of them," said the recorded voice. "One is president of the university and the other is assistant outside linebacker coach."

"By the time I got the message, they'd already found a new president," says Turner. "So I had to take the other job."

"You have to admire the risk he was taking, naming me and Keena and Tom Holmoe to his staff," says Wilson of his telephone call. "He took some criticism for hiring young guys who were not part of the coaching fraternity. He told me, 'Don't be intimidated. If there's anything you need to know, I can teach you.'" And if Wilson had needed proof of that, all he had to do was look around the NFL, where George Seifert of the 49ers, Sam Wyche of the Buccaneers, Mike Holmgren of the Packers, Bruce Coslet of the Jets and Dennis Green of the Vikings, all former Walsh assistants, are now head coaches. In fact, it was Green's departure from Stanford that opened the head coaching job. The events that followed Green's resignation were, from athletic director Leland's point of view, nearly miraculous.

"A mutual friend called to say that Bill was interested in Denny's job," says Leland. "From there, everything was very quick, very easy. Bill wanted to come so badly that he didn't negotiate very hard. I wanted him to take the job so badly that I was willing to give him Hoover Tower. We agreed on a salary close to what Green had been making [reportedly $350,000 a year] and finished negotiations about 11 in the morning. I was totally unprepared for the reaction. By three o'clock that afternoon the radio was broadcasting the rumor that he was coming back. All of a sudden we had a security problem: News helicopters appeared over the campus, the national media went into a frenzy."

When Walsh tells the story of his return to Stanford, he gets a hitch in his voice that betrays how unhappy he had become in the three years following his retirement as the 49ers coach. Not that he was without a job. NBC had already offered him a contract for a fourth year as their premiere color commentator, and George Seifert had invited him to return to the 49ers as some sort of senior advisor. For Walsh, who reads military history with a special fascination for the field commanders, both offers had a worm in them.

His career on television had not been a happy one. The critics had been tough on his professorial style, and he had grown strangely distant from football.

"I didn't even follow the game anymore," he says, "except for the game I was scheduled to broadcast. It just wasn't satisfying. TV broadcasting is a tenuous business, and I didn't like the kind of critique I was getting. They talked about my voice, or the mispronunciation of a name, rather than the substance of what I was trying to say. I don't blame anybody for it and I don't regret the experience, but I flew home on Monday mornings feeling hollow."

The 49er invitation to become vice president in charge of personnel was even less appealing. "I just didn't think it would be good for them or good for me," he says.

VonAppen's description of the San Francisco offer is less circumspect: "He didn't want to be the old man sitting around drinking coffee, dispensing advice that nobody was going to take."

"It was a Monday morning," says Walsh of the day he made his decision, "just about 24 hours after my last broadcast, the AFC championship game. I was driving south on 280, which runs through the Stanford hills, to meet George Seifert at the San Jose airport for a conversation about the 49er job. I knew Denny had left. In fact, I had been active in the search for his replacement. But when I looked over at the campus,

I thought, Wait a minute: That job is open. I could do that job. I put the whole thing together in my mind in 15 or 20 minutes. It was very emotional to say to myself, and to tell my wife, Geri, 'I'm going to do it, start a new career, go right back into it all over again.' You take on so much more than football as a head coach: alumni relations, community relations, fund-raising. I knew if I succeeded everything would be fine. If I didn't, it would mean I had overreached, compromised myself."

Walsh's fear of overreaching may have its roots in his long, sometimes bitter apprenticeship. And looking back, he doesn't give himself high marks as a young coach. "I was too demanding, too authoritarian," he says of his early career, which he began as head coach at Washington Union High School in Fremont, California. He had just graduated from San Jose State with a degree in education and was full of the youthful sort of arrogance that has everything backward.

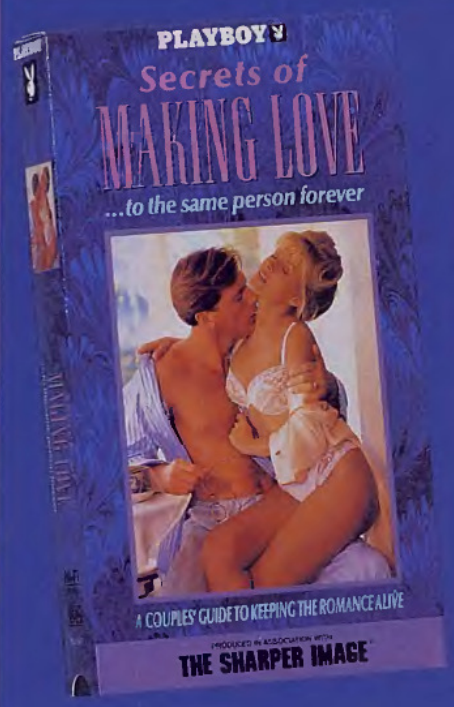
"I went in thinking the game was designed for me to coach it, that it would be my platform for greatness. In reality the game has evolved for the players to play it. They're not out there as puppets for you to manipulate. Your job is to teach them to function by themselves."

At 27 years of age Walsh left Washington Union with the ambition to have the top coaching job at a college somewhere by the time he was 30. As it turned out, he was to spend the next 18 years as an assistant. He started as defensive coordinator under Marv Levy at the University of California in 1960. Three years later he began his first tour at Stanford, where he spent three seasons coaching the defensive backfield for John Ralston. In 1966 he took his first job in the pros under Al Davis with the Raiders, where he made the switch from defense to offensive backfield coach. Two years later he was hired as quarterback and receiver coach by the man he regards as one of the great architects of the modern game, Paul Brown of the Bengals.

At the time, Walsh's tenure in Cincinnati turned out to be both the zenith and nadir of his career. Under Brown, he was given room to experiment with a sophisticated pass offense that relied heavily on the use of alternate short receivers when the long receiver was covered. Walsh called the passing game from the press box, and though some critics pejoratively dubbed it the "nickel-and-dime," quarterbacks Virgil Carter, Greg Cook and Ken Anderson all used it with great success.

By the time Paul Brown retired in 1976, Walsh had been in Cincinnati for eight years and was generally thought to be heir apparent to the Bengals head-coaching job. Instead, Brown named offensive-line coach Bill Johnson.

"It shattered me," says Walsh. "It was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beginning to look as if I would never make it as a head coach. Nobody would take me seriously. I thought about getting out of the game. I had a good friend who owned an advertising agency and another who worked for Levi Strauss, and if either of them had offered me a job I would have taken it."

Instead, Tommy Prothro of the San Diego Chargers hired Walsh as offensive coordinator. A year later Stanford offered him the head coaching job he had thought would never come. He was 45 years old. Two years later the San Francisco 49ers, who had become the most pathetic team in professional football by winning seven and losing 23 in the previous two seasons, offered Walsh the helm of their sunken ship. Three years later he sailed them to the Super Bowl, and people began to call him a genius.

•

"The word genius gets thrown around because people don't have developed vocabularies," says Walsh. "I'm a technician, or a mechanic—those are better words."

"He's always resisted the genius label," says Von Appen. "He's cerebral, a master tactician with a great sense of timing, and some people might equate that with genius. One of his strengths, I think, is putting together personalities that work well together, particularly in stressful situations. He's high on skill development and knowledge of the game. If you're on his staff you had better know the game, and you had better be able to teach the skills necessary to execute his tactical plans. The bottom line is, he expects results, and if he gets them he gives you a lot of autonomy. It's a classy style."

Walsh's management style is by now as famous and celebrated as his theories of pass offense. In a typical week he receives ten requests to speak before business and civic groups, and last January the *Harvard Business Review* published an interview with him that has become one of the most requested reprints in the history of the magazine. In the interview he details a management credo—benevolence, commitment to people, egolessness, attention to detail—that makes him sound as if he'd spent time with a Zen master, then gone on to West Point.

"The coach has to drop or sidestep his ego barrier," he told the interviewer. "The head coach's system should never reduce the game to the point where he can blame his players for failure simply because they did not overwhelm the opponents. The real task is to help people through troubled times. There will be some suffering and there is no way to avoid it. You can't lose your nerve. Even in defeat you can make progress if you have confidence, patience, a plan and a timetable."

Walsh the master planner loves his timetables. And because he believes that no football skills can be taught in less than ten minutes or more than 20, practice is broken into short segments called situational drills, which emphasize simulated game problems.

At the sound of an air horn the team splits into squads and sprints to assigned places on one of the three practice fields. Walsh stays with the passing unit to work with his quarterbacks on the aerial attack that has forever been at the heart of his strategies. He stands behind the passer and watches as the same pass pattern is run over and over. Between plays he leans into the huddle to explain, with gestures, the details of his complicated system, which demands from his teams as much intellectual as physical ability. Within his tactical arsenal are hundreds of formations for the players to learn, new plays for every opponent, even plays drafted at halftime in some games, all designed on the theory that the way to win is to confuse and outwit your opponent, to keep him off-balance enough that you can beat him to the punch.

"Football is a game of skill, not a game of brutal punishment. Let the other guy brutally punish," he says on the way to one of his favorite analogies. "It's like boxing, a fight between the champion and a challenger. For the first six rounds the challenger is standing toe-to-toe with the champ and it looks as if it might be an upset. But all through those six rounds the champ is beating the challenger to the punch by half an inch. His punches are a little quicker, a little sharper. At the end of the sixth round the challenger is starting to wobble, and when they have to stop it in the eighth, he doesn't even know what happened. It's the same in football. You have to beat the other guy to the punch. It may not show up till the third quarter, but eventually, the other team begins to fade. Then the game's over and he thinks he beat the hell out of you and you've just won 33 to 16."

Walsh did not pick that score out of the air. He's remembering it fondly from Stanford's 1992 defeat of Notre Dame at Notre Dame, in which his smaller, slower, underdog team was down 16 to nothing in the second quarter and came back to score 33 unanswered points.

"He told us not to panic," says senior quarterback Steve Stenstrom of the halftime meeting at that game. "He was very calm, and we had actually prepared for a situation that had us down. He told us there was plenty of time, told us what we had to do. Then he told us to go out there and get it done."

The afternoon practice ends with the full offensive and defensive units lining up against each other in specific down and yardage situations in anticipation of the Saturday scrimmage.

"Watch the tricky shit," yells one of the linebackers as he looks across the line at Stenstrom, and ten yards behind him at Walsh, who is still in the middle of the field, arms crossed, right hand against his cheek in the pose television cameras caught so often over the ten seasons he spent on the sidelines with the 49ers.

As practice breaks, Walsh takes a slow, solitary walk toward the locker rooms: past the swimming pools, where, a campus joke has it, he jogs on the water to stay in shape; past the tennis courts, the real source of his fitness, where he plays fierce, hard-on-himself tennis nearly every day.

"There aren't many places he can walk without being bothered," says Leland, recalling a conversation in which Walsh enumerated the little things that are the hallmarks of his comfort with the Stanford job. "He's an extremely sensitive guy who stews on things, worries about them. He was successful in the tough, quasi-political, backstabbing world of pro football, but I'm not sure he liked it. This seems to fit him better."

•

Around ten o'clock in the morning on the first Saturday in May, 800 alumni and boosters stand to cheer as Walsh follows his team into Stanford Stadium for the Red and White scrimmage, a scripted series of plays designed to show the coaches what they will be starting with in the fall. Running back Roger Craig is there, along with three of the five graduated seniors who were drafted into the pros a few weeks earlier. And James Bond Stockdale, retired admiral, eight-year Vietnam prisoner of war, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, vice-presidential candidate under Ross Perot, fellow at Stanford's Hoover Research Institute, watches intently from the sidelines as his good friend Walsh directs the action.

The two of them met while Walsh was with San Francisco. He had been moved by Stockdale's book, *In Love and War*, and invited the former fighter pilot to travel with the 49ers and occasionally to speak to them the night before a game about courage, focus and the ability to do your job while all hell is in your face.

"He's a rare bird," says Stockdale. "Very brainy. He's a stalker, the guy who's walking through the forest always sizing up the situation. He knows how to get the best out of his people without curtailing their individuality. And, of course, the players respect him, which is essential to strong leadership. It's not like the military, where everybody stands up when the CO walks into the room. But in those team meetings you could tell the urge was there."

As the scrimmage ends, players and staff circle the coach, then kneel to listen as he stands at the center of the human anemone, turning slowly, speaking in his quietly emphatic style, pausing to smile

as intermittent laughter testifies to the fact that the team is getting his jokes by now. He loves these impromptu moments with his young players, and he uses them to talk about much more than football.

"Virtually everything you say to a player at this age, they're going to recall," he says. "In many ways you can be a more effective teacher than if you had them in a classroom setting. I remember a practice during the Los Angeles riots when I talked to them about inner-city problems, about the importance of this country's facing up to these deep, long-neglected issues. And they listened. Earnestly listened. It gives you the feeling that you're having an impact on their lives, on the contribution they'll make after they quit playing football."

As the circle breaks, half a dozen local reporters move in with questions. A good spring overall, he tells them, several outstanding freshmen coming in to replace the graduates, some worry over the quality of the backup players. "It's a matter of getting these guys to believe in themselves individually," he says when asked what the key will be to a winning season.

Then, as he signs autographs, the public-address announcer reminds fans that tickets are now on sale for the first game of a long, hard Pac Ten schedule, "against a team," the announcer says without naming it, "coached by John Ralston." The team is San Jose State, and Ralston is the man who brought Walsh to Stanford 30 years ago.

•

"There is a symmetry to it," agrees Walsh after the scrimmage as we sit in his small office, surrounded by photos of friends and former players. "Stanford has been a special place for me. From the reception I'm getting these days, everywhere I go, I think people appreciate my decision to come back here. Especially men in their 50s, who can see that there are alternatives to grinding yourself down to nothing before you retire.

"I knew I was taking on a lot when I accepted this job, but it's different than it was in the pros. There's a certain innocence to college ball. The players play because they love the game. It's an adventure for them. They're committed to their school, they care for one another and, at least early on, they're not looking for mercenary reward."

He is, of course, still involved, at least personally, in the hard world of professional football. Just two weeks before we talked, the 49ers had suffered through an awkward series of events that led to the release of Joe Montana, who had made a deal with Kansas City. In the midst of the stumbling, on-again-off-again negotiations, all the key players—Eddie DeBartolo, George Seifert, Joe Montana, his wife, Jennifer, and his agent—called the Stanford coach to talk it over.

"It was an impossible situation," Walsh says, reflecting obvious pain over the way his protégé's glorious career with San Francisco ended. "I think everybody's heart was in the right place. Emotional decisions were made and the timing was bad." He still calls Montana the greatest quarterback who ever played the game and, in fact, offered him a job as assistant coach at Stanford.

"I expect Joe can have a great career in Kansas City," he says, "if he can avoid injuries. I think in all the emotion over his leaving, people lost sight of the fact that he's been out of football for two years and that his elbow could become inflamed again. It could happen in one play. He could be running left and try to throw back across the field and tear something, and that elbow would be history."

As for the future of pro football, Walsh thinks the game is on a course of rapid and profound change. "It's going to be a faster game, for one thing," he says. "There will be fewer huddles as a way of keeping defenses off-balance. Players will be forced into greater specialization. Skills will become more isolated, just as they are in society. You'll have a first-down running back and a third-down running back, for instance. And free agency is going to mean that players will spend fewer years with a coach. He's going to have to be able to adapt to abrupt change. He'll have to go from having a great player one year to having a rookie at the same position the next year. It's going to call for better coaching."

Whenever the conversation turns to what has become the Walsh legend, he reacts with a shy sort of irritation at the notoriety that paints you 20 feet high and ten years younger on roadside billboards, the hype that tends to leave out the failure and frustration that put the lines in your face.

Not that he doesn't have a sense of humor about it. On his way out of the Red and White scrimmage he had stopped briefly at a lawn tent that held yet another portrait of him. This one, an oil by LeRoy Neiman, had been commissioned by the athletic department and was on view for the first time to alumni and friends who were being offered limited-edition lithographs of the portrait for $2500 a copy. The original was mounted in an ornate golden frame and rendered in the slash-and-daub Neiman style, posing the coach, in heroic and youthful profile, against the background of a packed stadium.

"What do you think?" someone asked as Walsh stood considering the image.

The coach thought for a minute, then smiled. "Nice frame," he said.

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## TELEVISION *(continued from page 94)*

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problem. You'll also be able to alter the plots of movies, buy tickets to concerts and ball games, order a CD while watching a music video, purchase items from your favorite catalogs and department stores, play video games over the airwaves, learn how to paint or how to play a musical instrument, improve your golf swing, customize your own workout—the possibilities are endless.

Initially, most of this interactive action will be on the familiar five-inch compact disc. Think of it as the computerization of the American living room, with the audio CD evolving into the CD-ROM of the computer world. In addition to storing crystal-clear digital sound, these next-generation multimedia CDs will let you manipulate brilliant graphics, full-motion video and text via computers disguised as user-friendly black boxes. And given the CD's tremendous storage capacity—up to 650 megabytes compared with 24 for the best video-game cartridge—programmers can create entertainment and educational software beyond anything you've ever seen.

According to Trip Hawkins, developer of the interactive format called 3DO, this will be the decade of CD-based multimedia. "People are tired of passive entertainment. They want to interact with programs in realistic, stimulating ways," says Hawkins. "The reason multimedia is so hot is that the technology is finally available to let people do the kinds of exciting things they want—fast and cheap."

Of course, just as VHS and Beta battled it out in the home-video arena, there are several competing systems, including 3DO, vying to become the standard in CD-based interactive entertainment. Here's a roundup of who's who and what each system has to offer.

*"Well, you did promise him a walk, dear."*

#### PHILIPS CD-I

Called the "Imagination Machine," Philips' CD-I was one of the first multimedia components on the market. Initially released in 1991, it will be relaunched this fall with full-motion digital video and some exciting new software.

Hardware: CD-I combines digital sound, video and 16-bit computing power in a component that resembles a single-disc CD player.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs, photo CDs (discs that store images taken with 35mm cameras) and interactive CD-I discs. CD-I can also play VHS-quality movies when used with an optional full-motion-video cartridge ($250).

Advantages: CD-I is a worldwide standard backed by Philips, the multibillion-dollar company that invented audiocassettes and jointly developed the CD format with Sony. It's also the first system to offer full-motion digital video.

Disadvantages: Philips is still the only CD-I hardware manufacturer in America. (Buyers typically like to see more support.) Plus, it's rumored that 16-bit systems will eventually be replaced by more powerful 32-bit ones.

Hot titles: *Voyeur* (Philips Interactive Media and Propaganda Films): The first in a new wave of adult interactive movies, this PG-rated disc (starring Robert Culp, of *I Spy* fame) lets you sneak peeks into characters' bedroom windows. *Playboy's Complete Massage* (Playboy Home Video): An interactive guide to sensual rubdowns. *Kathy Smith's Personal Trainer* (Philips Interactive Media): A full-motion-video disc that lets you personalize your workout, count calories burned and track weight loss. *Top Gun*, *Apocalypse Now* and *Beverly Hills Cop II* (Paramount): The first full-motion-video movies on five-inch disc.

Price: About $600 for the player, with discs priced between $20 and $60.

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### SEGA CD

Sega CD makes no claims to be anything more than a hot game machine—no education or reference discs here. That (and a relatively low price) may be why close to a million players have been sold in America, compared with 100,000 worldwide for CD-I.

Hardware: The 16-bit Sega CD module hooks up to the Genesis console, which is sold separately. A built-in QSound chip adds 3-D audio to games without the need for rear speakers.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs, CD&G (compact discs that have audio and still graphics) and Sega-licensed CDs.

Advantages: The system takes electronic gaming up a big notch by improving video quality, sound experience and difficulty levels. Sega is so confident of this new product line that it has invested $10 million in a studio that will be used solely to design discs for Sega CD.

Disadvantages: Video imagery is not as smooth-moving as it is on some of the other systems.

Hot titles: *Jurassic Park*, *Batman Returns* (both by Sega) and *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (Sony Imagesoft): Three action-packed games based on the movies of the same names. *World Series Baseball* (Sega): Good sports action featuring all 28 teams with stats from real major-leaguers. *Mortal Combat* (Acclaim): The number-one arcade game comes to Sega CD with the same fistfighting excitement. *Make My Video: INXS* (Sega): Create your own music videos using three songs by this hot Australian rock group.

Price: The Sega CD console ($229) must be connected to a Sega Genesis system ($99). Games are priced between $20 and $60.

### 3DO

The most talked-about multimedia system, 3DO was formally introduced in January 1993 by entrepreneur Trip Hawkins. The founder of video- and computer-game maker Electronics Arts, Hawkins is counting on his new system to become the industry standard in interactive CD entertainment. So is Panasonic, the producer of the first-generation 3DO hardware (the FZ-1 REAL Interactive Multiplayer), and a number of other heavy-hitter companies.

Hardware: A 32-bit processor that looks like a standard CD player.

Software: Five-inch audio and photo CDs, interactive 3DO discs, plus full-motion-video discs when the add-on module becomes available in mid-1994. Twenty 3DO titles are scheduled for release by Christmas.

Advantages: 3DO has an impressive list of backers, including AT&T, Matsushita (Panasonic) and Sanyo on the hardware side, and 300 software developers, including MCA/Universal, Time Warner and Electronic Arts. With double the power of its 16-bit competition, 3DO delivers enhanced color and superior, faster-moving graphics. A built-in technology called Cinepak offers near-full-motion-video capability without requiring an add-on module.

Disadvantages: Despite all the early hype, many industry insiders are taking an "I'll believe it when I see it" attitude.

Hot titles: *The 7th Guest Part II: The 11th Hour* (Trilobyte): 3DO version of the haunted-house mystery that many consider to be the finest CD-ROM computer game ever made. *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (Spectrum Holobyte): Enjoy excellent 3-D graphics and digital sound while "exploring strange new worlds" with the crew of the starship Enterprise. *Demolition Man* (Virgin Games): Based on the action flick starring Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes, this game lets you alter the futuristic cops-and-robbers plot using 15 minutes of extra footage edited from the movie. *The Dream Machine* (New Machine Publishing): A hostess guides you through a house of pleasure and you decide if you'd like her to be passive or domineering. Includes video clips of top adult-film stars.

Price: $700 for the hardware, with CDs priced between $50 and $60.

### PIONEER LASER ACTIVE

Rather than work exclusively with digital technology like its competitors, Pioneer's new Laser Active system combines analog video with digital audio to offer the same great picture and sound favored by laser disc lovers. While the quality is top-notch, hardware and software support are critical to the format's long-term success.

Hardware: Optical disc system is also a laser disc player.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs, eight- and 12-inch laser discs and 12-inch Laser Active discs. Add-on modules let you play Sega and Turbo Grafx games as well as karaoke discs. About ten Laser Active discs have been promised.

Advantages: Picture quality is the best of all the interactive systems. The machine also has the potential to be the ultimate combination player because it accepts CDs, LDs and has slots for other game systems. Modules can be designed for new optical formats (such as 3DO) as they're developed.

Disadvantages: Pioneer is the only hardware manufacturer, and support from the software community is limited as well.

Hot titles: *Pyramid Patrol* (Taito): An outer-space/other-dimensional shooter featuring graphics on a par with those of the virtual reality movie *The Lawnmower Man*. Unfortunately, it's the only Laser Active game we've seen.

Price: The Pioneer CLD-A100 Laser Active player costs $799, with Sega and Turbo Grafx modules priced at $499 each. A karaoke pack is an extra $299, with discs expected to cost about $80.

### TURBO TECHNOLOGIES INC.

The new owner of the Turbo Grafx 16 and Turbo Duo CD systems, TTI is going after an older game player than Sega and Nintendo attract. Some great new software and interesting technologies may be just what the company needs to carve that niche.

Hardware: 16-bit game system.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs, Turbo Grafx 16 cartridges, original Turbo CDs and new Super CDs. About 30 games will be available by Christmas.

Advantages: In addition to offering a few outstanding new games, TTI has introduced Intelligent Link, a $100 cable accessory that lets you use Turbo Duo as an external CD-ROM drive for Macintosh or IBM-compatible computers.

Disadvantages: Software availability and support are limited.

Hot titles: Our favorite in TTI's lineup of games-only software is *King of the Monsters 2*, a Super CD title that brings out the prehistoric beast in you.

Price: The Turbo Duo console sells for about $300. CD games range from $40 to $60.

### MEMOREX

Radio Shack is chasing the interactive jackpot through multimedia computers, such as the top-selling Tandy Sensation, and through a TV component called the Video Information System. Sold as the Memorex MD-2500, VIS is an interactive CD-ROM unit that is often referred to as "TV Windows," since the software (like that of the PC) is heavy on text and light on graphics.

Hardware: An IBM PC-based 16-bit system.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs and VIS CD-ROM discs.

Advantages: Some VIS discs also run on IBM-compatible multimedia computers. To spur interest in the system, Radio Shack has dropped the price of the MD-2500 by $300.

Disadvantages: Underpowered hardware and software that is more textual than visual.

Hot titles: *Video Movie Guide* (Advance Multimedia): About 12,000 movie listings, cross-indexed five ways. *New Basics Electronic Cookbook* (Xiphias): Holds a slew of recipes that come from the Silver Palate cookbook series. *Links* (Access Software): A golf-game simulation that lets you putt around on 12 popular courses, including Dorado Beach and Pinehurst.

Price: After being introduced at $699, the MD-2500 is now selling for about $400. Software ranges from $20 to $70.

### COMMODORE

Although Commodore's initial entry into the interactive TV market, CDTV,

had a small, dedicated following, it wasn't enough to keep the system afloat. Consequently, the company is taking a second stab at multimedia, this time with the Amiga CD32, a promising new machine that has double the power of CDTV and even better graphics capability.

Hardware: 32-bit game console with a double-speed CD-ROM drive.

Software: Five-inch audio CDs, CD&G, CDTV CD-ROMs and new CD32 discs. The unit also plays full-motion-video discs with an add-on module. Between 50 to 100 titles are expected by Christmas.

Advantages: Has the same hardware configuration as 3DO, making it one of the most powerful systems on the market. Since CD32 is based on the Amiga 1200 computer, it will offer the same exceptional graphics and animation, using up to 256,000 colors. It is also compatible with original CDTV software and has an extremely competitive price.

Disadvantages: Commodore is the only hardware manufacturer. Plus, 3DO has a jump on the 32-bit category with its two-year promotional campaign.

Hot titles: *Sim City* (Maxis): Build a fantasy city as you see fit—and suffer the consequences. *Psygnosis* (Microcosm): A *Fantastic Voyage*–type adventure in the body of a VIP. *Jurassic Park* (Ocean): CD32's game based on the Spielberg movie capitalizes on the system's full-motion-video capability. *Grand Prix* (Microprose): Navigate 16 different (real-life) race tracks behind the wheel of a Formula One road rocket.

Price: A CD32 player costs $400, with full-motion-video cartridge priced at about $250. Discs range from $20 to $60.

#### AND THERE'S MORE

More powerful CD-ROM interactive systems are on the horizon. Rumors abound of a Nintendo 32-bit CD machine. NEC will introduce a high-powered 32-bit console in Japan early in 1994. Then Atari will up the ante with a 64-bit game console called Jaguar, planned for limited release this year and a nationwide rollout in 1994.

This interactive action is only the beginning. The Sega Channel goes on the air next year, training people to think of their TV not just as a window to entertainment but also as a tool that opens new worlds of fun and games. Small-dish-satellite home entertainment will become a reality in 1994, delivering high-quality digital audio and video to millions of homes. And fiber-optic telephone lines with tremendous picture and sound capabilities are snaking their way under the streets of America. So sit back, but don't expect to relax.

## HOW IT ENDED

*(continued from page 92)*

self-delusion, of sheer datedness. I had largely avoided the drug culture of the Seventies, but even I could remember when drugs were viewed as the sacraments of a vague, joyous liberation theology or, later, as a slightly risky form of recreation. But in this decade the romance of drug dealing had become a hard sell, and Johnny seemed to realize it.

"Well, that's how we saw it back then," Johnny amended. "Let's just say that we were less ruthless and less financially motivated than the people who eventually took over the business."

Wanting to discourage his sudden attack of scruples, I waved to the waiter for another bottle of wine.

"Make sure the wine's not too chilled," Cameron shouted at the retreating waiter. "My husband has sensitive teeth." I suppose that she thought this was funny.

"Anyway, I did quite well," Johnny continued. "Initially, I was very hands-on, rendezvousing with mother ships out in the water off Nantucket, bringing in small loads in a hollow keel. Eventually, my partner Derek and I moved up the food chain. We were making money

*"The following program includes explicit scenes that may be deemed offensive by some viewers, but the rest of you guys are going to love it."*

so fast we had a hard time thinking of ways to make it legit. I mean, you can't just keep hiding it under your mattress. First we were buying cars and boats with cash and then we bought a bar in Cambridge to run some of our earnings through. We were actually paying taxes on drug money just so we could have some legitimate income. We always used to say we'd get out before it got too crazy, once we'd put aside a really big stash. But there was so much more cash to be made, and craziness is like anything else, you get into it one step at a time and no single step really feels like it's taking you over the cliff. Until you go right over the edge and down and then it's too late. You're smoking reefer in high school and then you're doing lines and then you're selling a little and then you're buying an AK-47 and then you're bringing a hundred kilos into Boston harbor."

I wasn't about to interrupt to question this logic, to say that some of us never even thought of dealing drugs, let alone buying firearms. I filled his wineglass, nicely concealing my skepticism, secretly pleased to hear this golden boy revealing his baser metal. But I have to say I was intrigued.

"This goes on for two, three years. I wish I could say it wasn't fun, but it was. The danger, the secrecy, the money." He puffed on his cigar and looked out over the water. "So anyway, we set up one of the bigger deals of our lives, and our buyer's been turned. He's facing 15 to life on his own so he delivers us up on a platter. An exciting moment. We're in a warehouse in the Back Bay and suddenly there are 20 narcs pointing .38s at us."

"And one of them was Jean," Cameron proposed.

I shot her a look but she didn't turn to catch it.

"For the sake of our new friends here I wish I had been," Jean said. She looked at her husband and touched his wrist and at that moment I found her extraordinarily attractive. "I think you're boring these nice people."

"Not at all," I protested, directing my reassurance at the storyteller's wife. I was genuinely sorry for her sake that she was a part of this sordid tale. She turned and smiled at me, as I had hoped she would, and for a moment I forgot about the story altogether as I conjured up a sudden vision of the future—slipping from the cabana for a walk that night, unable to sleep, and encountering her out at the edge of the long beach, talking, claiming insomnia, and then confessing that we had been thinking of each other, a long kiss and a slow recline to the soft sand.

"You must think——" She smiled helplessly. "I don't know what you must think. John's never really told anyone about all of this before. You're probably shocked."

"Please, go on," said Cameron. "We're dying to hear the rest. Aren't we, Don?"

I nodded, a little annoyed at this aggressive use of the marital pronoun. Her voice seemed loud and grating and she was wearing a gaudy print top that I hated, which seemed all the gaudier beside Jeannie's elegant but sexy navy halter.

Johnny said, "Long story short—I hire Carson Baxter to defend me. And piece by piece he gets virtually every shred of evidence thrown out. Makes it disappear right before the jury's very eyes. Then he sneers at the rest. I mean, the man is the greatest performer I've ever seen."

"He's brilliant," I murmured. Carson Baxter was one of the finest defense attorneys in the country. Although I did not always share his political views—he specialized in left-wing causes—I admired his adherence to his principles and his legal scholarship. He was actually a hero of mine. I don't know why, but I was surprised to hear his name in this context.

"So I walked," Johnny concluded.

"You were acquitted?" I asked.

"Absolutely." He puffed contentedly on his cigar. "Of course, you'd think that would be the end of the story and the end of my illicit but highly profitable career. Unfortunately not. I told myself and everyone else I would go straight. But after six months the memory of prison and the bust had faded and a golden opportunity practically fell into my lap—a chance for one last big score. The retirement run. That's the one you should never make—the last one. Always a mistake. Remember, never do a farewell gig. Always stop one run before the final one." He laughed.

"That waiter is asleep on his feet," Jean said soberly. "Like the waiter in that Hemingway story. He's silently poxing you, Johnny Van Heusen, with a special voodoo curse for long-winded white boys, because he wants to reset the table and go back to the cute little turquoise-and-pink staff quarters and make love to his wife, the chubby laundress waiting for him all naked on her fresh white linen."

"I wonder how the waiter and the laundress met," said Johnny cheerfully, standing up and stretching. "That's probably the best story."

Cameron, my beloved wife, said, "Probably they met when the waiter comforted her after Don yelled at her about a stain on his shirt."

Johnny looked at his watch. "My goodness, 10:30 already, way past official Virgin Islands bedtime."

"But you can't go to bed yet," Cameron said. "You haven't even met your wife."

"Oh, right. So anyway, later I met Jean and we fell in love and got married and lived happily ever after."

"No fair," Cameron shrieked.

"I'd be curious to hear your observations about Baxter," I said quietly.

"The hell with Carson Baxter," Cameron said. When she was drinking her voice took on a more pronounced nasal quality as it rose in volume. "I want to hear the love story."

"Let's at least take a walk on the beach," Jean suggested, standing up.

So we rolled out to the beach and dawdled along the water's edge as Johnny resumed the tale.

"Well, Derek and I went down to the Keys and picked up a boat, a Hatteras 62 with a false bottom. Had a kid in the Coast Guard on our payroll and another in Customs. They were going to talk us through the coastal net on our return. For show, we loaded up the boat with a lot of big-game fishing gear, big rods and reels. And we stowed the real payload—the automatic weapons with night scopes and the cash. The guns were part of the deal, 30 of them, enough for a small army. The Colombians were always looking for armament, and we picked these up cheap from an Israeli in Miami who had to leave town quickly. It was a night like this, a warm, starry, Caribbean winter night, when the rudder broke about a hundred miles off Cuba. We started to drift and by morning we were picked up by a Cuban naval vessel. Well, you can imagine how they reacted when they found the guns and the cash. I mean, think about it, an American boat loaded with guns and cash and high-grade electronics. We tried to explain that we were just drug dealers, but they weren't buying it."

We had come to the edge of the sandy beach; farther on, a rocky ledge rose up from the gently lapping water of the cove. Johnny knelt down and scooped up a handful of fine silvery sand. Cameron sat down beside him. I remained standing, looking up at the powdery spray of stars above us, feeling in my intoxicated state that I exercised some important measure of autonomy by refusing to sit just because Johnny was sitting. By this time I simply did not approve of him. I did not approve of the fact that this self-confessed drug runner had just passed the bar and was about to enter the practice of law. And I suppose I did not approve of his happiness, of the fact that he was obviously rich and had a beautiful and charming wife.

"That was the worst time of my life," he said softly, the jauntiness receding. Jean, who had been standing beside him, knelt down and put a hand on his shoulder. Suddenly he smiled and patted her arm. "But hey—at least I learned Spanish, right?"

Cameron chuckled appreciatively at this statement.

"After six months in a Cuban prison, me and Derek and the captain were sentenced to death as American spies. I hadn't even seen either of them the whole time. They kept us apart hoping

to break us. And they would have broken us, except that we couldn't tell them what they wanted to hear because we were just dumb drug runners and not CIA. Jesus, God," he muttered.

I sat down on the sand, finally, drawing my knees up against my chest, watching Jean's sympathetic face as if the sordid ordeal of the husband would be more real reflected there. I didn't feel sorry for him—he'd gotten himself into this mess. But I could see she knew at least some of the story that he was editing for us and that it pained her. I felt sorry for her.

"Anyway, we were treated better than some of the Cuban dissidents because they always had to consider the possibility of using us for barter or propaganda. A few weeks before we're supposed to be shot, I manage to get a message to Baxter, who uses his left-wing contacts to fly down to Cuba and get an audience with fucking Castro. This is when it's illegal to even go to Cuba. And Baxter has his files with him, and—here's the beauty of it—he uses the same evidence he discredited in Boston to convince Castro and his defense ministry that we are honest-to-God drug dealers as opposed to dirty Yankee spies. And they finally release us into Baxter's custody. Well, we fly back to Miami and——" He paused, looked around at his audience, "the feds are waiting for us on the tarmac. A welcoming committee of sweating G-men in cheap suits. They arrest all of us for coming from Cuba. But of course the feds are aware of our story—they've been monitoring this for the better part of a year. Out of the fucking frittata pan——"

"The *sartén*, actually," Jean corrected impishly.

"Yeah, yeah." He stuck his tongue out at her and resumed. "I mean, I thought I was going to lose it right there on the runway, after almost seven months in a cell without a window, thinking I was free and then——"

Cameron blurted, "God, you must have been . . . I mean——"

"I was. So now the federal boys contact Havana and ask for the evidence that led to our acquittal as spies so that they can use it for a smuggling rap."

I heard the sounds of a thousand insects and the lapping of water on the beach a few feet away as he paused and smiled.

"And the Cubans say, basically—Fuck you, Yankee pigs. And we all walk. Lord, it was sweet."

To my amazement, Cameron began to applaud. I realized that she was drunk.

"We still haven't heard about Jean," I noted, wanting to challenge him in some way. As if I suspected, and was about to prove, your honor, that they had in point of fact never actually met at all.

Jean shared with her husband a conspiratorial smile that deflated and saddened me, reminding me that they were indeed together. Turning to me, she said, "My name is Jean Carson Baxter."

I'm not a complete idiot. "Baxter's daughter?" I asked.

She nodded.

Cameron broke out laughing. "That's great," she said. "I love it."

"How did your father feel about it?" I asked, sensing a weak point.

Jean's smile disappeared. She picked up a handful of sand and threw it out over the water. "Not too good. Apparently, it's one thing to defend a drug dealer, prove his innocence and take his money. But it's quite another thing when he falls in love with your precious daughter."

"Jeannie used to come to my trial to watch her father perform," Johnny explained. "And that, to answer your question finally, is how we met. In court. Exchanging steamy looks, then steamy notes, across a stuffy courtroom." Pulling Jean close against his shoulder, he said, "God, you looked good."

"Right," she said. "Anything without a Y chromosome would have looked good to you after three months in custody."

"We started seeing each other secretly after I was acquitted. Carson didn't know when he flew to Cuba. He didn't have any idea until we walked out of the courthouse in Miami and Jean threw her arms around me, and except for a few scream-and-threat fests, he hasn't really spoken to us since that day." He paused. "He did send me a bill, though."

Jean said, "The really funny thing is that Johnny was so impressed with my dad that he decided to go to law school."

Cameron laughed. At least one of us found this funny. My response was much more complicated and, in fact, it took me a long time to sort it out.

"What a great story," Cameron said.

I wanted to slap her, tell her to shut the hell up.

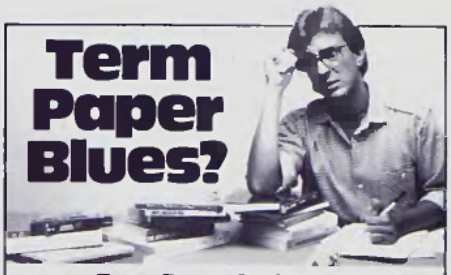
"So what about you guys?" said Jean, sitting on the moonlit sand with her arm around her husband. "What's your wildly romantic story? Tell us about how you two met."

Cameron turned to me eagerly, smiling with anticipation. "Tell them, Don."

I stared out into the bay at a light on the yacht we had all admired earlier, and I thought about the boy who'd been polishing brass when Cameron and I had walked up the deck in Tortola, a shirtless teenager with limp white hair and a tiny gold ring through his nostril who'd told us the name of his employer, the owner, before he turned back to his task, bobbing his head and humming, looking forward, I imagined, to a night on the town.

I turned back to my wife, sitting beside me on the cold sand.

"You tell them," I said.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## And on Channel 371 . . . *(continued from page 121)*

*"Allot, say, one hour to each of the 12 steps; that's half your broadcast day right there."*

the fact that the programming would consist mostly of pain-reliever commercials interspersed with first-person horror stories, doctors' descriptions of possible symptoms, heavy-metal and rap videos and old Jerry Lewis movies—thereby inducing far more attacks than it could ever help alleviate—might raise some eyebrows at the FCC.

**The Dysfunctional Family Channel:** Designed for all those viewers whose domestic lives and arrangements bear no resemblance whatsoever to the hearth-and-home wholesomeness depicted on the Family Channel, those who identify more with the Bundys than with the Waltons. Reruns of *Dynasty*, *Peyton Place*, *Soap*, *Dallas*, *Roseanne*, *The Simpsons* and so forth. Luridly revealing documentaries on the Kennedys, Reagans, Windsors, Jacksons and Partridges; long, painful interviews with Roseanne Arnold, Carol Burnett, Woody and Mia's kids, etc. Sure, it sounds dreary—but consider how many millions of us will feel much better about ourselves.

**The Amish Channel:** On the plus side, there's a wellspring of fascination and curiosity about these enchanting folk across America, possibly even enough to attract viewers to such captivating features as *That Wondrous Workhorse, the Butter Churn, CB or Not CB—Survival vs. Principle*, *What's New with Anvils?*, *Checkers: The Puritans' Game Boy*, *The Buggy Whip 500 Enduro* and *Wood-Stove Chef*. On the minus side, demographically the Amish rank just above the comatose in TV sets per household.

**The Lawyers Channel:** Admittedly, you would get a vastly larger audience with, say, the Death to Lawyers Channel, but the key here is ad revenue. The legal fraternity is the kind of upscale market that high-end sponsors happily spend fortunes to access. Let other channels squeak by on Ginsu knife spots. You'll fatten up off BMW, Merrill Lynch, Rolex and others eager to jump on board such attorney magnets as *Reform Alert* (updates on the latest insidious movements, legislation and grass-roots campaigns to police the legal profession), *Comedy Court* (lawyer-comedians delivering stand-up diatribes at the expense of doctors, bankers and CPAs), *I'm $10K, You're $10K* (tips on justifying exorbitant billings and settlement shares), *Duck and Cover* (the latest in security, metal detectors, body armor) and *Gucci Care* (sharp tassels make for sharp summations).

**The Kevorkian Channel:** Look, this is television—it's not for the squeamish or the principled. Let's face it, 30 million people watch the Indianapolis 500 just on the chance that somebody will buy the farm. You're merely eliminating the doubt and the time-consuming tedium. Think of this channel as snuff films with a humanitarian rationale. (Everyone dies; the goal is to do so with dignity and, even better, solid ratings.) Most important, the funeral industry will buy all the commercial time you have to offer.

**The Cats Channel:** If there's a more obsessively devoted segment of the population than cat owners and fanciers, Rupert Murdoch would like to hear about it. Whatever the cat angle, these folks will devour it: cat-show highlights, cat-behavior call-ins, *Cats Through History*, catnip detox programs, *A Day in the Life of Socks Clinton*, cat accessory infomercials ("It's a comb, it's a leash, it's a compass, but that's not all!"), backstage with the cast of *Cats*, cat health features (*Our Misunderstood Friend, the Furball*), stupid cat tricks, *Morris' Great Performances*, at least a dozen Disney movies and hours of cartoon fun starring Sylvester, Felix, Garfield, Fritz and the Pink Panther.

**The Comedy-Weather Channel:** The two phenomena enjoy such large and avid followings that each already has its own channel. Now, if one were to combine these two popular concepts—well, success seems inevitable. Maybe this logic didn't work for *Cop Rock*, but there actually might be people out there who are torn between the comedy and the weather buttons. Go after them! Willard Scott has pretty much proved that you can blend the two themes successfully. There are scores of small local stations where the goofy weather guy has a better office (and contract) than the programming director.

**The Elvis Channel:** Why isn't this already on the air? The take from your TV-shoppers shows alone (souvenirs, artifacts, collectibles, "exact replicas," etc.) should easily cover the cost of all the movies by, movies about, and videos and performance footage of the King, plus such fascinating fare as *His Life: The Real Story* (a new version by a different old crony or relative each week), *Nightly Sighting Update*, *Eat Like a King—His Favorite Recipes* and *This Week at Graceland*. There are endless fan-club profiles and activities, and visits to various shrines. Also, interviews with those who knew him when and those who've seen him lately. And of course, the ever-popular Impersonator-of-the-Week contest.

**The AA Channel:** They call Alcoholics Anonymous a program, don't they? Well, then. Allot, say, one hour to each of the 12 steps; that's half your broadcast day right there. The remainder could be devoted to national meetings, with scores of chapters linked together electronically, creating a heightened sense of fellowship, resolve and irony: You finally get your 15 minutes of fame on TV, but nobody knows who you are.

**The Pan Flute Channel:** Zamfir has sold more albums than Three Dog Night, and he's just the tip of this musical iceberg. Hour after hour of easy-listening videos, many homemade, by more than 1500 pan flutists, rendering

You know the rules, Senator. If a reporter stumps you, he or she wins $150. If you give an answer no one can understand, you win $300.
BEAT the PRESS
S. Harris

your favorite tunes in their individual styles. Nearly 300 versions of *Somewhere, My Love*. Brought to you by K-Tel.

**The Geek Channel:** For that enormous invisible segment of society that depends on TV to provide the quality experience otherwise known as a life. The legions of goofy-looking dweebs and misfits who inhabit viewerland are yours to claim, given programming they can relate to, such as *Always in Style: The Moe Howard Look*, and *So Funny I Forgot to Laugh—Shrugging Off Others' Cheap Jokes and Snide Remarks*, and *Feel-Good Fotos*, a montage of celebrities' high school yearbook pictures. And don't forget *Who's Laughing Now?*, your series of inspiring biographies of those who triumphed over geekhood: Abe Lincoln, Lyle Lovett, Eleanor Roosevelt, Billy Joel, Sandra Bernhard, Larry Bird et al. Each broadcast day concludes with footage of George Bush throwing up in Japan.

**The Impotence Channel:** Here's another demographic bloc whose social calendar is basically *TV Guide*. Once you get them past the emotional hurdle of extending the antenna to its full length in order to get your signal to come in strongly, you can win hearts with shows like *Tumescence or Not Tumescence* (psychological rationalizations and defenses), *War Injury* (creative excuses and alibis), *Techno-Pop* (latest hydraulic-device innovations) and as many hours of Dr. Ruth fielding phone calls as her constitution permits.

**The Sally Struthers Channel:** Somalia, Bosnia, Haiti, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Nepal, Philadelphia; give this gal a fast plane and a camera crew and there's more than enough human deprivation to fill a broadcast day with the lifestyles of the starving and destitute, and to fill whole hosts of viewers with the warm glow of knowing that at least they're not these poor bastards. As long as someone, somewhere, is going to bed hungry, there's no way Sally will, and no reason for you to do so, either.

**The Wine Channel:** For the entire gamut of *vin* fanciers, from Bordeaux snobs to Chilean riffraff. Start with the *Sunrise Screw-Cap Report* for those who like to begin each day by ending it, and proceed through hours of televised tastings and evaluations, crop estimates, auction previews and tips on wine etiquette, e.g., *How to Out-Sneer the Sommelier When Returning a Claret*. Match content to chronology with *The Champagne Hour* at 6:00, *Dinner Selections* at 7:00, *Hello, Sherry* at 9:30 and *Any Port in a Storm* at midnight. Feel free to get cute with show titles, such as *Rhine Time Live* (fine German varietals) and *Merde, She Wrote* (no-holds-barred critiques).

**The Howie Mandel Channel:** What the heck, let's see just how thin we can stretch this premise.


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## MR. NATURAL, M.D.

*(continued from page 49)*

nontraditional therapies could be effective in treating chronic problems such as arthritis, repetitive stress syndrome, back pain and heart disease, citing their much lower cost compared with traditional treatments.

Someone ought to tell that to the FDA, which, in a hostile gesture toward alternative medicine, has raided health food stores and the offices of doctors who practice holistic medicine. In one much-publicized incident last year, FDA agents wearing flak vests busted into a Washington State doctor's office, scaring the hell out of employees. But they found nothing incriminating. *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* editorialized against such "gestapo-like tactics" and demanded that the FDA come up with some rationale. It never did, and no charges have been leveled against the doctor.

The FDA and other critics suggest that the main risk of alternatives is that people will shun more conventional means that might work better—and cost more. Nonsense. The vast majority of people who turn to alternative medicine do so after exhausting customary remedies.

The hurry-up approach, fear of lawsuits and reliance on technology to the exclusion of common sense are basic to the high cost of, and dissatisfaction with, modern medicine. Nowhere is this clearer than in the treatment of people at death's door. As a society we do much more for the medical well-being of people in the last days of their life than we do keeping them fit during their productive years.

The real issue here is patients' rights, which the medical establishment denies exist. By contrast, one thing that the 2000 homeopathic doctors in this country do is restore the old-fashioned patient-doctor relationship. As Jane E. Brody, the highly respected health writer for *The New York Times*, put it, "In dealing with a patient, homeopathic physicians try to individualize the treatment. They often delve not just into the symptoms but also into likes and dislikes, fears and personality. This approach fosters a sense of caring often lacking in hurry-up conventional medicine."

The underlying threat of alternative medicine, then, is that the patient will take responsibility for his or her own health needs. That, and the threat to the immense profits of the medical-industrial complex, which freaks out at the possibility that mother nature might just have provided some healing balm on the cheap.

It is hoped that the Clintons and Congress will begin responding more to the demands of patients and less to the AMA and the drug and medical-equipment companies. The big money is in cutting up people, stuffing them with expensive drugs and testing them with ever more elaborate and costly machinery—compelling reasons, in this season of cost-cutting, to consider the alternatives.

*"No, no. We have the formula for the liqueur. We want the list of girls in the village who screw."*

## BRIAN DENNEHY

*(continued from page 119)*

older I've been giving up a lot of my obsessions. I used to be a pretty serious drinker. Heavy in defiance of knowing my family situation, which is chock-full of alcoholism. For a long time I was a functional alcoholic, though it never got in the way of my work. But it affected relationships. I never killed anybody, but I made people unhappy, including myself and people who are extremely important to me, like my kids. It's easy to say I had a wonderful time and a lot of great years, and I did. There were some bad times, too. So that was not a major give-up. That time was due.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: We hear you took co-star Steve Guttenberg out and got him drunk and in trouble. He's such a sweet kid. How could you?

DENNEHY: No, he didn't get drunk. I was drunk. Steve was panic-stricken. We were leaving a bar five minutes from our hotel and I was driving and I had had too much to drink and he insisted that he drive. Of course, I refused, which I was doing a lot of those days. We got into the car, drove away from the bar and a cop pulled us over. [*Laughs*] Steve, to his credit, jumped out of the car and said, "Officer, he's fine, he's OK. Listen, I'll take the wheel and I'll drive home." The officer, of course, signaled to me to get out of the car. I did and he said, "I want you to come over here and walk this line." I said, "Hey, come on, who are we kidding? I'm drunk as a fucking whatever. You got me, all right." They arrested me, took me in. Reporters were already at the station—someone had called the press. I walked over to them and the questions started. I said, "The cop was right. He did me a favor. He took me off the street. I had no business driving. I was an asshole. I was drunk. I'm not going to contest anything. End of story." And ironically, it was the end of the story. They had no interest in it after that.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: What piece of sartorial advice stays with you?

DENNEHY: Tuck in your shirt—from every costume designer I ever worked with. When I did *Cocoon* we were shooting in St. Petersburg, Florida in August and September, and I was supposed to be an alien who had for some reason assumed this particular human guise. I don't know why the alien didn't pick Robert Redford. He picked me. You knew there was something wrong because he always dressed perfectly and always spoke perfectly. Which meant that I couldn't sweat and couldn't wrinkle. I drove the makeup people and the wardrobe people crazy, it was so fucking hot. And I bitched and moaned every

minute of it. But, thank God, my career has never depended upon either my waistline or my sartorial elegance, because I would have been out of it a long time ago.

8.

PLAYBOY: You have three daughters. Two are actors, one is a psychologist. Who encounters the most problems?

DENNEHY: Oh, the actors. My heart goes out to them. They get mad every time I say this, so I'm going to get in trouble again, but I just wish they had picked an easier life. It's a very tough life, especially for women. I did the best I could with my kids. I gave them educations and sent them out, hoping to Christ they wouldn't get burned or burn themselves. My kids are really good kids who like being who they are. But in this fucking business rejection is your daily bread. I watch them deal with it and suffer with it, and it breaks my heart. And there's not much I can do. Every once in a while I can pull a string, but, ultimately, I don't even know if that's a good thing. Maybe I'm making a mistake. Am I just prolonging the agony? And these are talented, trained kids. They know what they're doing. They do good work, and from time to time they get into something and they make a living. But it's frustrating for me because I want them to be secure and happy. The funny thing is, they are happy. That's what really drives me crazy.

9.

PLAYBOY: You played John Wayne Gacy, the child abuser and killer. How do you prepare for a role that must turn your stomach?

DENNEHY: It does turn your stomach. But you don't worry about the stuff that turns your stomach. To act that part properly you try to create the side of John Wayne Gacy that's like us. He killed at least 30 people in a horrible and revolting way. And that's pretty fucking bad. But what's really scary is that he lived in the suburbs, he had a business, he was involved in politics, he was active in the chamber of commerce. He did all the things everybody else did, year in and year out, while he was doing these other things. What's chilling is that he was not someone who ran off the fucking deep end when he was 19 and killed a bunch of people, like Charlie Starkweather did. In fact, it's easier to play guys like Gacy because they are so extreme.

10.

PLAYBOY: How often are you mistaken for Brian Keith and asked about Mr. French and the kids?

DENNEHY: It used to be a lot, but he hasn't been around much lately. It's funny, we actually look a little bit alike. We both have this big, jutting jaw, and I used to have blond hair—it's pretty much gray now. And he's just such a wonderful guy—a funny, sweet, gruff character. Or I'm mistaken for Charlie Durning. It makes me wonder why I'm always mistaken for guys 20 years older than me. But I get it all the time: "What ever happened to that little girl who played Buffy?" I've taken the greatest pleasure in saying, "She died of a drug overdose."

11.

PLAYBOY: You're writing a screenplay of, and plan to direct, Elmore Leonard's *Swag*. What does Leonard know about life that you want everyone to learn?

DENNEHY: He looks at American life from a completely different angle. It's low. It's the reflection of the American dream. It's the guys who have marginal jobs, who drive trucks or work in used-car lots, and every once in a while they're in trouble for armed robbery or boosting something, or they're trying to scheme and hustle, and they're really not smart enough to be major crooks. But this is America, and they want a nice house and a family and everything the same as everybody else. They just don't know how to go about it legitimately. Leonard sees this entire universe out here among us.

12.

PLAYBOY: You're a devoted sailor. What is the allure of the open sea?

DENNEHY: I've been sailing for 25 years, and what fascinates me most is that the sea doesn't know you're there and it doesn't care. It doesn't care what your tax return was last year. It doesn't care what your gross was. It doesn't care who your agent is. It has no knowledge of you. For most of us who have a solid sense of who the fuck we are and where we fit—we have this phone number and this job and this relationship with these people—to place oneself deliberately in a situation where none of that means a fucking thing is awesome. The decisions you make in the next 15 minutes with that boat, yourself and the crew are going to determine whether or not you survive the next ten or 12 hours. Ninety-nine percent of us never find ourselves in that situation, at least not on purpose. But for me to have 12 days and 2600 miles to go, I'm betting I can beat the weather and the current. I'm betting the fucking mast or sails don't fall down, that I don't make any navigational mistakes and that I'll show up on the other side. I'm saying I'm going to take charge of this tiny little world, which is almost completely cut off. Most of us don't have to, don't want to, can't even find a way.

13.

PLAYBOY: Your younger brother is in the FBI. Does that make you more positive


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or more cynical about federal law enforcement? Did you see this coming with him as a kid?

DENNEHY: [*Laughs*] He's the most liberal person I have ever known. We have arguments. I'm always kidding him that it's the hardest thing in the world just to get him on the phone, just to get anybody to answer the phone at FBI headquarters.

It's always been real simple for us to take the obvious examples of police inefficiency or brutality and then beat up on an entire group of people. The Rodney King case is the most obvious. But being an Irish American from New York, I've known cops all my life. These are guys who get up every day and do this terrible, fucking dangerous, fucked-up job for no money. And, in a way, my brother's one of them. Are there assholes? Sure. But most of them are not assholes. Most of them are decent people placed in extremely difficult, dirty circumstances. And if they make a mistake, they're fucked. We can't wait to fuck them. That is, if they don't get killed first.

My brother always wanted to be in the FBI. And in the mid-Sixties, that was a real honorable thing. It just shows you how the world has changed.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: Among the Irish's national characteristics are a fondness for alcohol, the beauty of their women, explosive tempers and their ability to hold a grudge for a really, really long time. Care to comment or add any we missed?

DENNEHY: I have a little cottage in Ireland on the coast. I love the place. The Irish are an interesting phenomenon. Wonderful people, talented and glowing and funny. They have a wonderful, dark, absurd sense of humor. But like most people in that category, they're also very self-destructive. The real analogy for the Irish would be the Russians. Both have subjected themselves for the past couple thousand years to one orthodoxy or another. And both are just now emerging from the orthodoxy of the Church. The Irish, of course, are also masters of melancholy. It's more than sadness. It's the sense that if your heart hasn't been broken yet, sooner or later it will be. You're just waiting. I know some deeply black melancholy Irishmen who are truly terrifying. I've never been one of those, thank God.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: Should the world stop picking on Sinéad O'Connor?

DENNEHY: Whatever the world does, as far as the Irish are concerned, it's wrong. If the world makes you a big star, the Irish trash you to death. But if the world kicks you around, then you're one of them. Sinéad O'Connor is a real tough Dublin kid with a terrific voice, very much in touch with her emotions. She created a sensation. But while she was a star in America and Europe, they hated her in Dublin. I was there. They were trashing her on the talk shows and radio. Then she made this enormous gaffe on television—ripping up a picture of the Pope—and it blew up in her face. She fled back to Dublin probably not fully understanding what she'd done. And the Irish, being the Irish, took her in. They welcomed her back and smothered her with love and affection, and all was forgiven.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: You served one five-year tour in Vietnam and were injured twice, though not seriously. Ever kill anyone? Is there a Vietnam film that nails the experience best?

DENNEHY: It's funny how we're all fascinated by Vietnam right now. Fifteen years ago no one wanted to deal with it. I find this current fascination as worrisome as our former tendency to deny the problem existed. As for killing someone, anyone in combat would agree that it's pretty much accidental. It's not what you're thinking about. You spend a considerable amount of time just trying not to be in a combat situation. You're trying to avoid coming face-to-face with anything. So when something bad happens, it's usually accidental. But the implication in war movies is that war has this rational beginning, middle and end. And of course none of it does. It's absolutely fucking chaos. *Apocalypse Now* is the movie. Even more interesting is that it was made so soon after the war was over. It was about the war and a parable about the war. It was and is the most sophisticated overview of the experience.

The only important thing to say about Vietnam now is that there is one thing we have not come to terms with: It was a class war. President Clinton found a way to get out of it. On the other hand, I think the American military is one of the great institutional success stories of the past 15 years. If you knew, as I knew, how demoralized and screwed up and devastated the American military was in 1975, that some 15 years later it would have managed to become an all-volunteer Army, to incorporate major social change, put women in many more positions than ever before and become this razor blade of an organization that could pull off Operation Desert Storm is a great thing.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: You've been in motion pictures, theater, and TV and cable productions. If you could write a memo to all those industries describing what's wrong and what's right, what would it say?

DENNEHY: [*Laughs*] It would be a long memo. What's fascinating is that at one time all the childish, moronic shit was on television and all the really interesting and provocative stuff—and people—was in films. So what's happened in 15 years? The movies now are *Dennis the Menace*, *Batman*, *Gilligan's Island*, *The Flintstones*. And I'm not talking $5 million movies. I'm talking $30 million, $40 million movies. Even *Jurassic Park*, as incredible an achievement as it is, by the greatest filmmaker in the history of the business, is still a popular diversion. But on TV there's real interesting stuff. Instead of making new versions of *The A-Team*, the networks and cable are going to people such as Oliver Stone, Barry Levinson, Walter Parkes and saying, "Here's a million dollars, do something, help us."

**18.**

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the excesses of the Santa Fe style?

DENNEHY: An unhealthy preoccupation with ceramic chili peppers would be one. And howling coyotes. That stuff is silly. Anybody who spends any time in Santa Fe knows it. But unfortunately, neckerchiefs on dogs have spread all over. The tragedy of a place like Santa Fe is that it is so wonderful and so special, all kinds of people will eventually move there and it will become something else. And I can't complain, because, you know, I moved there myself. It's just that I was there five years ago, so I consider myself something of an old-timer.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: You've acted with Gene Hackman, Bill Hurt and Harrison Ford—all known for being quiet men. What can you say about them that they wouldn't say for themselves?

DENNEHY: Gene is the great American actor. Also a very nice, very private man. I can't think of too many people I respect more than him. He's also my neighbor in Santa Fe. Bill Hurt was actually very helpful to me. We did *Gorky Park* together. I had always been kicking around, just trying to survive, and Bill was the first guy to say, "You have something special and you should treat it that way." I don't know if I've always listened to that advice, but he was the first person to say that to me. Harrison Ford is positively shy. With him it's not just modesty. He has that peculiar ability to disappear. He puts on those glasses, and people just don't recognize him. It's amazing. And he uses it.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you've ever gotten from a bartender?

DENNEHY: It was always a variation of the same phrase: "Don't you think it's time to go home now, Mr. Dennehy?"

# CAMPUS SEX *(continued from page 130)*

*"'A tawdry little affair,' Hutchinson tells me, 'that's lasted, oh, about 35 years now.'"*

wit and genuine concern for her students. She happens to believe one of the core tenets of liberal dogma—that abusive human conduct can be, and must be, legislated out of existence.

She does not mince words: "We're trying to create a set of guidelines for ethical behavior in the university faculty. We're not trying to curtail students' sexual freedom. Ultimately they have that authority. What we are saying is, 'Don't fuck your students.'"

When I raise the question of consensuality, she scoffs. "The notion of consensual in an asymmetrical relationship is suspect. Such as the New Jersey case of the emotionally disturbed, retarded girl who gave her 'consent' to sex." She adds, "I'm not suggesting that students are emotionally retarded, though some are, but some faculty are even more so."

Could sexual prohibitions such as Lane's be regressive and curtail the freedom of choice a previous generation of women fought so hard for?

She dismisses this, too. "Sure, the rich and poor alike have the right to sleep on the banks of the Seine. To talk about sexual freedom when there are people in different positions of power is to use language that has no significance. It's the people in power who are always yelling for total freedom, because they already have it."

Admittedly, Lane has a goal you would like to root for: a world in which people no longer exploit one another. It's the means to that goal that raises serious concerns. Trying to supervise sexual behavior has dangerous potential, but Lane and Aron somehow viewed their proposition as not especially incendiary. In fact, they thought President Casteen might simply have it written into the university handbook, an action Lane believes he had the authority to take.

But Casteen passed it on to the UVA faculty senate and a lot of unexpected wheels began to turn.

•

"There are two ways of looking at sex and romance," says Bob Kretsinger, a professor of biology who headed the faculty senate when the proposal hit. "One is that they are basically good, even if they can be disastrous, with suicides and murders, the potential consequences we all know about. The darker view is that they're inherently quite dangerous and fraught with abuse, that under the best of circumstances they can be OK but should be treated with caution and suspicion. There's a clash of perspectives, which is what we had here."

As late March 1993 approached, Kretsinger was in a sweat. Senate consideration of the proposal loomed. He'd determined that while most of his cohorts favored some written policy, there was widespread uneasiness about Article 2. The blanket sex ban was seen as far too comprehensive. Kretsinger contacted the Committee on Women's Concerns and told the members that they were going to have problems with that particular clause.

Kretsinger was informed that the proposal would remain as written. The faculty senate met on March 23rd, and late in the day history department chair Mel Leffler put the women's committee proposition on the table. He asserted that "this is so obvious, I can't imagine any of my colleagues opposing it," and he called for a vote.

Those in favor had in fact turned out in force, and a quick, decisive victory seemed assured. It was Kretsinger's moment to stand up or cave. He stood.

Not everyone has had a chance to see this proposal, he said. Therefore, as chair he must invoke the regulation requiring the full senate to consider motions for at least a week before they can be voted upon. The proposal was placed on the agenda for the April 22 meeting.

Kretsinger had done all he could do by tossing opponents a temporary reprieve. What they did with it was up to them.

One of the most outspoken of those opponents was Tom Hutchinson, a gregarious, bearded professor of systems engineering with a booming voice and deeply libertarian beliefs. He, like the president, happens to have married a woman he met when she was an undergraduate and he was a faculty member. "A tawdry little affair," Hutchinson tells me, "that's lasted, oh, about 35 years now."

Following the meeting in March, Hutchinson formed a loose coalition of like thinkers to draft an alternative to the women's committee proposal. He had no interest in simply amending it. "Even if you softened its impact, it was still an outrageous proposal," he says. "It would be like putting gloves on the inquisitors to make their victims more comfortable.

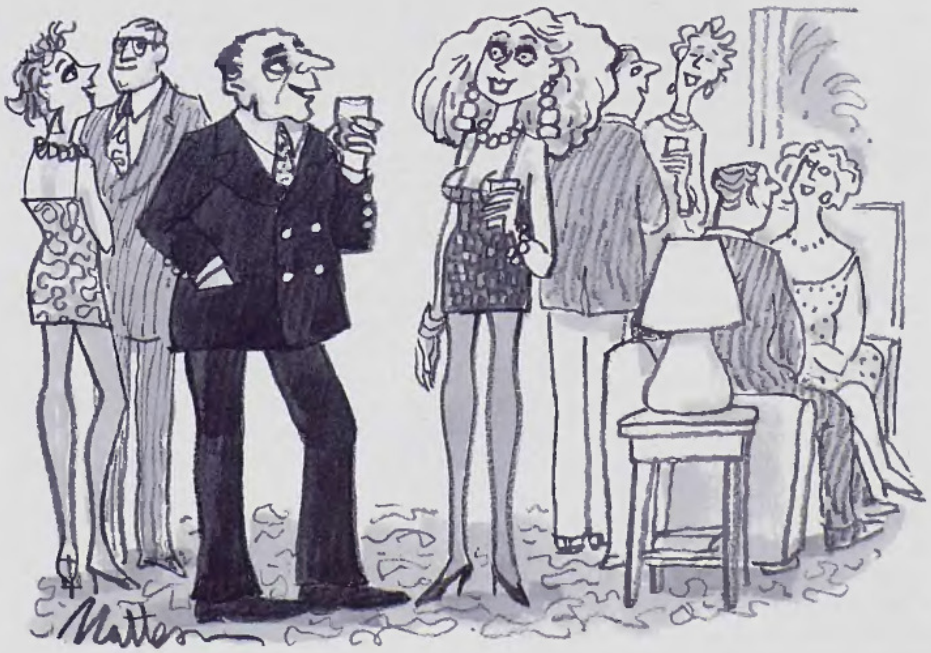
"This is a friendly university, and I may be a little more friendly than most. We're encouraged to have relationships with our students outside the classroom. That's healthy. I don't want to see it stifled."

At this point a female student arrives to turn in a term paper. Hutchinson excuses himself, takes the paper, chats with the student for a moment and gives her a big hug before she leaves.

"Now, at Harvard," he says with a smile, "I guess I'd have to report that."

I ask him if he discounts the problem.

"Well," he says, "conflicts of interest do occur. But the public sees only the negative side to these relationships, and



*"I wish I'd met you before I married my wife—but then, you hadn't been born yet."*

I believe that's more than offset by the large number of positives that can and do result.

"In actuality, what we have is a kind of natural-selection process for intellectuals." He grins. "If you want to marry a cowgirl, you should go to Nebraska. If you want to marry someone who's in the intellectual sphere, you must mix with persons in that sphere. We in the academic snob society, if you will, marry persons we're associated with. And we have children who are like us. Is that a bad thing? No, it's a natural-selection breeding process."

Hutchinson had four big problems with the submitted proposal: the university saying "shall not" to its faculty, the blanket sexual prohibition of Article 2, the impossibility of trying to differentiate a "romantic overture" from a chummy conversation and the presumption of guilt found in the clause "presuppose that the university regulation has been violated."

During the week following the March meeting, there was a furious exchange of e-mail among Hutchinson, his friend Patricia Click and several dozen others.

Click, a reticent professor of humanities, served as counterbalance to the boisterous Hutchinson. She spoke with equal strength for an alternative, but in a calmer, quieter voice.

"I believe in empowerment," she says. "Education is the basis rather than protection. I found the original policy patronizing, particularly to the women students. It should be an internal thing that you talk about with every generation of students, not just a rule on paper. Because a rule on paper loses its impact, but if you have to constantly reinterpret what something means, then you're constantly aware of the problem."

She also has her own slant on Hutchinson's assessment of the University of Virginia as a friendly place. "There's a very Southern idea of familiarity," she says. "We do a lot of hugging and flirting. Things that would probably be offensive to our Northern counterparts, we're just raised doing."

The Hutchinson-Click group's work resulted in a proposal, ultimately supported by about 40 senators, that was circulated to the full senate more than a week prior to the April meeting in order that it could legitimately be brought to the floor then.

The alternative—in keeping with Hutchinson's belief that there already existed a powerful unwritten code of conduct among professors discouraging certain behaviors—was advisory rather than prohibitive. It recommended that faculty and teaching assistants should not engage in amorous or sexual relationships with those over whom they had direct teaching, supervisory or evaluatory responsibilities. The policy was to be self-regulating.

It was a reasonable proposal that adults might have been able to discuss in a relaxed, sensible fashion. By this time, however, the media storm was lashing Charlottesville with full fury. Someone had sent *The Washington Post* a copy of the four-part proposal from the Committee on Women's Concerns. Charlottesville was suddenly ground zero of the war between the sexes.

Coverage had begun in earnest with a piece published in the *Post* on March 29. Its author, Jonathan Yardley, wrote this lead:

> Not to be outdone by its allegedly more strident rivals to the north and west, the University of Virginia is preparing to take a headfirst plunge into the balmy waters of political correctness. Whereas other institutions have been content to evict dead white males from their curricula or to tell students what they can and cannot think and say, Mr. Jefferson's academic village proposes to go all the way. It means to climb between the sheets with its students and professors.

The feeding frenzy was on. CNN came calling. So did *Larry King Live*, *Today* and *Oprah*. A newspaper in Scotland wanted the story. Ann Lane was interviewed for German television. Tom Hutchinson appeared on the *CBS Evening News*, and Bob Kretsinger could escape his incessantly ringing phone only by hiding out in the biology department's refrigerated specimen room.

"The interest level was insane," Hutchinson recalls. "At 7:30 one morning I was satellite-linked to a radio call-in show from Bogotá. As if they didn't have more important problems down there. And you can imagine the distortions. I don't speak enough Spanish to talk off the cuff, but I understand it pretty well, so I was listening to how they translated my answers. When I heard the Committee on Women's Concerns come out as the Committee of Worried Women, I knew we were in trouble."

CNN tapped student council president Anne Bailey, who was incensed by the women's committee proposal. "It's an invasion of the private lives of consenting adults," she told the nation. "It reeks of paternalism. We're old enough to go to war and to have abortions, so I think we're old enough to decide who to go to bed with."

Which put her squarely at odds with Lane, who countered: "Free sex is not a right. Society is an agreement on the part of people to give up some of their privileges in exchange for community control. And in any case, there are certain cultural benchmarks of maturity, and 18 isn't one of them."

Within the general student population, too, things were happening. Simon Bloom, a politically active pre-law major, told me of a woman friend's fears about a relationship she had with a professor.

"It wasn't sexual," he says. "It entailed her going over to his house, cooking him dinner, things like that. Purely platonic, two people who enjoy each other's company. But she's in his class."

Because of his friend's concerns, and a personal belief that a fly was being chased with a sledgehammer, Bloom got involved with the group writing the alternative proposal. He takes issue with Lane's contention that sexual exploitation of students is "academe's dirty little secret," and with the supporting words of Angela Kline, a student member of the women's committee, who had insisted, "Relationships between faculty and students and harassment of students are both rampant."

Bloom, who spent two years as a dorm resident assistant and served on both the honor and judiciary committees, replies: "I have never heard of a faculty member dating someone in his or her class, or having sex with them, and I've never heard stories of faculty members making unilateral overtures."

Bloom's experience notwithstanding, overtures do happen, and not always in the same direction. One young, handsome professor says, "There's never a semester in which a student doesn't come up to me and say, 'I want to get to know you really well.' But most of us are responsible enough not to do that sort of thing."

So just how pervasive are unwanted advances? No one knew, though everyone had an opinion. For comparison purposes I asked the university Women's Center for statistics concerning harassment, and it provided me with these:

In 1992 it received 47 requests for help with sexual harassment. Of the complaints, 26 came from students, 15 from faculty and six from non-university personnel. Those accused of harassing the 26 students were divided roughly equally among faculty, teaching assistants and student peers.

"Out of a community of 18,000, this seems to me an extraordinarily small number," Tom Hutchinson says.

•

On April 22 the full senate convened. In order to accommodate the jungle of TV lights, cameras and snaking cable, as well as all the visiting bodies armed with pens or laptop computers, senators were relocated from their normal cozy meeting room to the spacious Wilson Hall auditorium.

Kretsinger, facing his duties as chair, was nervous. "I wanted to be neutral and fair," he says. "But I have a brain and gonads. I have opinions, too." And his

opinion was that the alternative proposal should prevail over that of the women's committee.

He gaveled the meeting to order at 4 o'clock, and it wasn't long before the tension in the room exploded into open conflict. Cindy Aron, representing the Committee on Women's Concerns, rose to support its proposal, but Kretsinger stopped her. Their measure had not been formally placed on the floor, he ruled. No, screamed supporters, the measure was still under consideration from the March meeting.

As proper parliamentary procedure was argued back and forth, Tom Hutchinson saw his chance. He hustled Patricia Click to the podium and her amplified voice stilled the bedlam. "I have a proposal," she said. She moved, Hutchinson seconded. The Click proposal went to the floor. Now, no other proposal could be introduced until the new one was debated and voted on.

The new proposal could, however, be amended. So Ray Nelson tossed in a wild card. He got up and surprised many in the hall by offering a measure of his own as a "friendly amendment." As he read his short list of regulations, a feeling of relief began to spread. Here was a compromise that perhaps everyone could live with.

Proscribed were amorous or sexual relations, or overtures, between faculty members and any student over whom they hold a position of authority. "Faculty" was defined as "all teaching assistants and graders, full- or part-time university personnel who hold positions on the academic or general faculty, or who teach, coach or evaluate students, allocate benefits or conduct research." Violators, moreover, could receive anything "from letters of reprimand to dismissal."

To no one's surprise, the Nelson compromise pleased the women's committee supporters. Their proposal was facing certain defeat, yet they were being handed something with teeth in it.

More puzzling was that most of the Click proposal's backers were also satisfied. Yes, the sex ban was gone, along with the presumption of guilt. But they seemed to have lost on every other count. The Nelson amendment said "shall not" rather than "should not," an important distinction. The prohibition of "overtures" remained in place. The definition of "faculty" was sweeping. Sanctions were prospectively tough. Nevertheless, in a close tally, the amendment was accepted, so it effectively replaced the Click proposal.

Click's allies were angry. Their votes, combined with absentee ballots that ran 10–1 in their favor, had put them on the verge of victory. But their objections were ignored. The floor was opened to debate on the Nelson amendment, though it soon became apparent that people were actually going to speak for or against the original women's committee proposal, which had become a dead issue.

Cindy Aron called their policy "a necessity" to ensure that "all relationships between students and faculty are legitimate relationships."

Two young women concurred, testifying to horror stories involving students and their professor lovers.

On the other side, Tony Iachetta, a 39-year faculty veteran, spoke of the futility of legislating morality. "It doesn't work. No policy would be better than a bad policy." As another attendee put it, the prohibitionist approach would create paradise "if you're a lawyer."

Still, in the end, it was Ray Nelson's compromise that was voted on, and it passed overwhelmingly.

•

In the aftermath of the debate, I thought about what had been gained and lost. True, the University of Virginia had chosen not to max out its political correctness. Yet it had approved a sweeping policy change. And nationally, there was plenty to be troubled about. I had only to look to Harvard, as many schools are apt to, to see a grim vision of the future. Institutional regulation of personal behavior, from forced drug testing to sexual restrictions, is on the rise. To a disturbing extent, our employers and administrators—even the people we work and study with—are becoming cops.

So the question arises: If we acquiesce to this meddling in our private lives, just what do we consider worth fighting for?

•

Toward the end of the debate on the amendment, Simon Bloom rose to address the crowd. He sensed that the group needed to lighten up. So he concluded his remarks by saying, "We cannot consider any proposal that has the potential to limit, restrict or preclude quality intercourse at this university."

The comment earned him a standing ovation. It was, he says, "the only thing everyone agreed on."

Too bad nobody put it to a vote.

[*Before we put this story to bed, two sources close to the Virginia negotiations told* PLAYBOY *that the result of two years of rancor and maneuvering is that the following will be added to the faculty handbook under the heading Conflicts of Interest: "Faculty members should avoid sexual relationships with students over whom they are in a position of authority by virtue of their specific teaching, research or administrative assignments." A light dawns in Charlottesville.—Ed.*]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## *Linda & Harry & Bill & Hillary*

*(continued from page 100)*

persona and country-girl humor—work for her.

"So you're the other hick on the lot," is how she aggressively greeted burly Harry Thomason, an ex–football lineman, on the day they met at Columbia Studios in the early Eighties. Thomason, who grew up in the Arkansas town of Hampton, also knew something about overcoming the perceptions of men with more education and big-city style. Less than a decade earlier, he had been a restless, ambitious Little Rock high school football coach who, with no experience, had finessed his way into a job filming TV commercials for an Arkansas gubernatorial candidate. A few years later, after hitching a ride to California on a Federal Express plane, he managed to persuade a Hollywood producer to buy the film rights to a story he owned about a terminally ill athlete. He quickly went into a hundred key Rolodexes, one of those men who made their livings in Hollywood moving from production jobs on one TV series to the next. There were disappointments, but he prospered. He had come to recognize, among other things, tenacity and grit, and in the young woman from just across his state's border he sensed a kindred spirit.

Friends say he saw much the same thing when his brother Danny introduced him to Bill Clinton, a young Arkansan with a personal career plan so lofty that a less driven soul than Harry Thomason might have viewed it as foolhardy conceit. But Thomason was drawn to those with bold ambitions. Over time, he became a confidant, ally and the closest of friends with Clinton. He relied on instinct when it came to choosing his friends and causes alike. As a 16-year-old, Thomason had been ready to travel to Cuba and fight alongside Castro's guerrillas against Batista, until his mom said no. "Harry has a lot of Jimmy Stewart in him," his wife would later reflect. "He doesn't calculate, looking only for the safe way, the winning way."

In 1983, recently divorced from his first wife, he married Linda Bloodworth, whom he frequently squired to the Arkansas Governor's Mansion. It was a place Linda had come to know well, having formed a close bond with the lady of the house, Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Them. Both women knew what it felt like to be lumped into a group either underestimated or ignored—and Linda had staked her career on writing about Them. Them would come to include neglected and abused women, social lepers (particularly victims of racism and AIDS), anyone deprived of equal opportunity. An artist carrying the burdens of a Bible Belt accent and her gender understood this last tenet as well as anyone, but for a stranger to grasp it, maybe a trip to Little Rock, Arkansas is required. Arkansas is the place where Linda's grandfather, a muckraking newspaper editor, was shot by the Klan. It is a place where the first thing former gubernatorial candidate Frank Whitbeck tells you is that his city's self-image has never gotten over being stigmatized by the school desegregation struggle some 35 years ago.

If you are over 45 and living in Little Rock, chances are you have spent a fair portion of your life wondering whether outsiders consider you and your neighbors to be a pack of undereducated, straw-chewing, racist Li'l Abners. In trying to portray Bill Clinton as the administrator of a sorry state, George Bush's campaign played hard to this image and ran TV ads of vultures sitting on withered Arkansas fences. This only served to rip away at over three decades of scar tissue in Little Rock, reminding the middle-aged and elderly there that even the glamour of a presidential favorite son couldn't erase their poor-folk, redneck, outsider status. To Northerners, they'd always be Them.

"What Linda and Harry are pushing, as far as they're concerned, are tolerance and opportunity, equity and education," says one longtime Little Rock friend. "It's all intertwined and it all stems from their experiences. Harry likes to say that the difference between success and failure for him was razor-thin. It could just as easily not have happened, because there weren't a lot of people getting behind a guy from Arkansas. Same for Linda. There have been a lot of themes in their shows, especially on *Designing Women*, about AIDS, gays, things you don't see on other shows. They're not talkers but doers. They get their hands dirty, they get something done."

It is another way of saying that neither has ever been a limousine liberal, like so many are in Hollywood. Tom Hoover, today a high school teacher in Linda's hometown of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, remembers humid July mornings in 1968, when he, Bloodworth and a couple other friends piled into Hoover's beat-up Pontiac at five A.M. to make an 80-mile trek across the border to attend summer school classes at Arkansas State, in Jonesboro. "Most of us were thinking of getting credits and moving on," Hoover remembers. "Moving on meant getting a job somewhere around Poplar Bluff. But not Linda. She said she wanted to go to an inner-city school and teach English. And she said she wanted to work in Hollywood. That was strange in these parts. Few people branched out."

After graduating from the University of Missouri, Linda drove to Los Angeles and taught English at an impoverished school in Watts, where another English

teacher had been raped a year earlier. In the next two years, a counselor was beaten nearly to death, a couple of her students were shot dead in the streets and Linda Bloodworth evolved from a bleeding-heart liberal to a "brokenhearted one." It was at this time that she began writing scripts with actress Mary Kay Place. A free-lance *M*A*S*H* script catapulted Bloodworth into the business. After enduring the disappointments of a few short-lived series, Linda struck pay dirt with *Designing Women*, her comic exploration of the travails faced by a group of freewheeling women interior designers in Atlanta looking to, among other things, redefine their roles in a world dominated by men. The creator later declared, "I wanted to take the 'victim' out of woman and show the kinds of strong persons I knew from my childhood," an allusion mostly to her mother, who contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion during heart surgery and died during the series' first season. "The people I knew never complained, always kept going and always maintained a sense of humor. You don't forget that."

*Designing Women* afforded Linda Bloodworth-Thomason the opportunity to write about what she knows best—Southern eccentricities and social inequities. Skillful enough to entertain while trumpeting her social agenda, an emboldened Bloodworth-Thomason was not only rewarded with two new series, *Hearts Afire* and *Evening Shade*, but used the latter years of *Designing Women* to touch on everything from sexual bondage to gun control.

Closest to her heart, in and out of Hollywood, however, were women's issues. Spending millions of dollars of her own money in Poplar Bluff and Little Rock, she created an educational foundation, the Claudia Company. In addition to administering literacy and cultural programs, the foundation now puts more than 50 needy Ozark women through college each year. Never did she try hiding her desire to use her shows to advance her political and social viewpoint. "Every writer has an agenda, and if he says he doesn't, he's lying or stupid," asserts Norma Vela, a former executive producer of *Designing Women*. "Every script has a message. The difference is, Linda knows what her message is and directs it consciously."

While preaching evenhandedness and urging her writers to present both sides of any inflammatory issue, Bloodworth-Thomason's yearning for objectivity generally succumbed to a passion for seeing her viewpoint prevail. "'Just be sure our side looks a little better,'" Vela remembers Bloodworth-Thomason instructing. Supporters of the National Rifle Association's opposition to gun control, for instance, would have their position articulated through the crude,

# WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 30, 94, 116, 156, 158–159, 124–127 and 177, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

**STYLE**

Page 28: "Go Vest, Young Man": **Vests:** By *Giorgio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, 110 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-727-3240, and 9533 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, 310-271-7790. By *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Silhouette Blues, Chevy Chase Pavilion, 5335 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D.C., 202-362-9614. By *ZYL-E*, at Big Drop, 174 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-966-4299. By *New Republic*, at New Republic Clothier, 93 Spring St., N.Y.C., 212-219-3005. By *Spenser Jeremy*, at Cignal stores nationwide. "The Velvet Overground": **Shirt** by *Nick & Nora*, at Charivari, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Vest** by *Gaspar Saldanha*, at I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco, 415-362-2100, and 9634 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, 310-271-2131. **Coat** by *STNT*, at Charivari, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040. **Shirts:** By *Disorder*, at Merry-Go-Round stores, for store locations, 410-538-1000. By *Jimmy'Z*, at Broadway department stores nationwide. By *Quicksilver*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-1935. "Clothes Line": **Shoes** by *Joan and David*, at Joan and David boutiques, for boutique locations, 212-371-2850. **Sportswear** by *Girbaud*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. "Hot Shopping: Key West": Fast Buck Freddies, 305-294-2007. Sunlion Jewelry, 305-296-8457. Hot Hats, 305-294-1333 and 305-292-5075. Zē-Rō Clothing for Men, 305-294-3899. Mosquito Coast Island Outfitters, 305-294-7178. "The Closet Jock": **Menswear:** By *Bugatchi Uomo for Michael Jordan*, at Kompass, Place Vertu, 3131 Cote Vertu, E-10, St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec. By *Men's Line by Carl Banks*, at Macy's stores nationwide.

**WIRED**

Page 30: "Keeping Up with the Jones Network": **Cable network** by *Jones Computer Network*, for information, 800-777-MIND. "Three for the Road": **Auto products:** By *Autotalk*, for information, 800-828-2260. By *Vehicle Radar Safety Systems*, for information, 313-463-7883. By *Pac Tel*, for information, 800-800-7500. "Wild Things": **Check-printing accountant** by *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. **Tuner** by *Onkyo*, for information, 201-825-7950. **Computer mouse controllers** by *Motor Mouse Products*, for information, 800-334-2933. **Telephone-activated computer remote control** by *Server Technology Inc.*, for information, 800-835-1515.

**TV AS YOU LIKE IT**

Pages 94, 156, 158–159: **Interactive multimedia players:** By *Philips*, for information, 800-223-7772. By *Sega*, for information, 415-591-PLAY. By *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. By *Sanyo*, for information, 818-998-7322. By *AT&T*, for information, 800-222-0300. By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-228-7221. By *Turbo Technologies*, for information, 310-337-6916. By *Tandy*, for information, 817-390-3011. By *Commodore*, for information, 800-662-6442.

**ROBE WARRIOR**

Page 116: **Robe** by *Mark Christopher* at Mark Christopher, 26 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-509-2355. Page 117: **Robe** by *Cecilia Metheny*, at Rubenstein Brothers, 102 St. Charles St., New Orleans, 800-725-7823. **Boxer shorts** by *Cecilia Metheny*, at First Design, for information, 212-777-1299.

**PLAYBOY COLLECTION**

Pages 124–127: **Briefcase and carpetbag** by *Pusser's Ltd.*, at Pusser's Company Store, St. John, Virgin Islands, 809-777-9281. **Video editor** by *Videonics*, for information, 800-338-EDIT. **Lighter and pipe** at the Up Down Tobacco Shop, 1550 N. Wells, Chicago, 312-337-8505. **Train** by *Lionel Trains, Inc.*, for information, 800-628-6202. **Gaming box** by *Michel Perrenoud International, Inc.*, for information, 201-778-1194. **Knife** by *Smoky Mountain Knife Works*, for information, 800-251-9306. **Pocket organizer** by *Sharp Electronics*, for information, 800-321-8877. **Radio** by *Polyflame Concepts USA*, at Sharper Image stores nationwide.

**ON THE SCENE**

Page 177: **Wrist remote-controller** by *Casio*, for information, 800-962-2746. **Wristphone** by *Panasonic*, for information, 210-348-9090. **Watches:** By *Avocet*, for information, 800-227-8346. By *Timex*, for information, 800-367-8463.

inchoate thoughts of intransigent, thick-as-mud Suzanne. "Having Suzanne with a gun in her hand was a wonderful message," remembers Vela. "She would talk about how wonderful guns were. The only problem with that position naturally would be, 'Do you want this kind of woman to have a gun?'"

Few episodes during the show's seven-season run were devoid of sociopolitical messages. Subtlety seldom counted on *Designing Women*. The strength of the show came from bold, in-your-face humor and enraged soliloquies: When one character died of AIDS, for example, an irate Julia confronted a homophobic client while Mary Jo fought for a sex-education program in a local school. At some point, every character stood for a noble or asinine social proposition. Julia challenged leering construction workers with a swaggering oration that turned the tables on the hard hats and became a comic teach-in on sexual harassment. Stubborn Suzanne wore fur and incited a riot among animal-rights advocates. Charlene promptly lost her faith in a favorite church minister when he refused to allow women into the ministry—an episode that, interestingly, was never again aired by CBS. Silly Suzanne drooled over the prospect of being admitted into an elite Atlanta country club, while the other women criticized the hidden code of discrimination in the club's bylaws. Anthony, the women's witty black friend and assistant, ultimately rejected an offer to join the club after perceiving the gesture to be nothing more than tokenism.

•

Before *Designing Women* was canceled, one of its most loyal staff members suggested that the show's objectivity had occasionally threatened to buckle beneath Linda's dogmatic passion. After all, Linda had promoted her friend Bill subtly on the show. Her characters on *Designing Women* more than once said that they had had a conversation with Governor Clinton, who in real life was attempting to become a player on the national scene, positioning himself for a run at the presidency.

In 1988, however, Clinton remained part of Them, another safe and placid Southern politician who, as a gesture of thanks for his vigorous support of Michael Dukakis, had been tapped to place the name of the Massachusetts governor in nomination at the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta. What followed was an unmitigated disaster, a platitudinous, numbing oration that went on for 20 minutes too long as the television networks panned to shots of delegates giving Clinton the cut sign across their throats.

When Clinton finally finished, a relieved cheer rose from the floor. The moment intended to have been the favorite son's introduction to the country and a launching pad for his 1992 presidential aspirations suddenly looked as if it were an act of self-immolation.

But then Harry Thomason appeared with a reprieve: After meeting much resistance, he had persuaded Fred De Cordova, producer of *The Tonight Show*, to invite Clinton to appear on the show. Before Clinton could say no, Harry promised the producer that the young governor would play his saxophone—a trick he'd repeat four years later with Arsenio Hall.

Clinton proved to be unflappable on *The Tonight Show* that night in 1988, smiling at Johnny Carson's jokes, poking fun at himself. "It was not my best hour," he admitted of the speech. "It was not even my best hour and a half." The audience and Carson chuckled. Clinton played his sax. It marked the beginning of his first national comeback in a string of resurrections to follow.

Good friends return favors, and Clinton did. At the end of the 1990–1991 television season, when executives at Columbia Pictures sent signals of backing Delta Burke, a star of *Designing Women* who was locked in a power struggle with the Thomasons, Clinton telephoned top executives at Columbia and CBS who, according to rumors, had already hired a replacement for the Thomasons. In the end, Burke lost, for reasons quite apart from Clinton's involvement. But the bond between the governor and his TV friends grew closer still. Hillary suggested to Linda the title for her new show *Evening Shade*, inspired by a town of the same name in northeastern Arkansas.

And when Clinton's 1992 presidential campaign threatened to unravel, the Thomasons once more intervened. Linda called down to Little Rock for filmmaker Joe Glass—who frequently filmed exterior footage of Arkansas for *Designing Women*—and commissioned him to shoot interviews with Arkansas veterans and Clinton supporters to be used in commercials during the primary. "It was no more than ten days before the New Hampshire primary, and maybe as close as five days," Glass remembers. "I was sending raw interview footage to Linda in Los Angeles, who was there doing her shows and simultaneously editing the film. She bought satellite time to send the footage to Harry. Mind you, this wasn't Clinton campaign money she was spending. This was her own money and Harry's. These were their commercials."

Harry maneuvered himself into strategy sessions. "The campaign was falling like a rock," recounts David Matthews, a lawyer and former Arkansas state legislator who stumped with Clinton. "Harry indicated that he was available to produce some live call-in television programs for Bill. A live show was a risk, but we needed something dramatic. Harry did everything, even laid carpet. We did two shows. They helped us enormously."

Clinton came out of New Hampshire with a second-place finish, dubbing himself the Comeback Kid and acquiring new life. After he steamrollered Paul Tsongas in the South, the inevitability of his nomination became tainted by the belief in many Democratic quarters that he could not overcome the character issue. On the eve of the Democratic Convention, with polls showing the candidate running third behind George Bush and Ross Perot, Harry turned to David Matthews and expressed his frustration with Clinton campaign operatives. "Conventions are boring, and these guys all know politics, but they don't know TV," he said. "We need something different on television for this convention, a new idea."

Linda had already expressed an idea to Harry from her office in Los Angeles, while *Designing Women* producer Norma Vela and others listened. "Let's bring him into the convention hall on Wednesday [the night the roll call would be read and Clinton officially nominated] like John Kennedy did in 1960," she said. "Send him into the hall for a few minutes and then he comes back the next night for the acceptance speech."

Harry orchestrated the event, which came to be known as the Walk, a stroll from a restaurant in Macy's into Madison Square Garden, where Clinton hugged his mother, waved to delirious delegates and paraphrased the words that Linda had written for him only minutes earlier: "Tradition prevents me from accepting the nomination tonight, but I want you to know that tomorrow night the Comeback Kid is coming back one more time."

The next evening, moments prior to Clinton's acceptance speech, came Linda's film. With it, Mary Matalin remembers, came "the breakthrough for the Clinton campaign. She had helped transform his image from that of a rich, bratty Yale punk into an Everyman populist. I was on the other side, but I respect those kinds of abilities."

Months later, outsiders were so impressed with Harry's orchestration of Inauguration festivities that rumors began circulating about the Atlanta Olympic Games organizers' interest in having Thomason run their extravaganza. While those close to the couple see Harry's ambitions as sweeping, they believe Linda already has what she wants. "She'll always write," her childhood friend Nancy Garrett says emphatically. "She's an artist first, a writer who can write like lightning. I think she knows that is where her talent lies."

"Linda will never be an ideologue,"

says attorney Phil Kaplan. "What's liberal, what's conservative—that isn't what she watches. She's moved by things she sees and hears. I could see her and Harry saying to the president and Hillary, 'I'm tired of hearing about sick, hungry kids in Bosnia.' [But] they're not the type to get into the particulars of policy."

Few of even Clinton's most partisan critics would suggest that Harry Thomason is looking to profit directly off his bonds to the White House. "Harry is as honest as they come," acknowledges Mary Matalin. "I'm sure he believed he was acting on Clinton's behalf in the whole travel office thing, and maybe, at the same time, giving a hand to a friend who he thought was getting a raw deal. Friendship means a lot to Harry."

In Little Rock, a small, clannish city where the measure of a man's worth is as much reflected in his clout as in his bank account, this kind of friendship counts a great deal. It is not called cronyism there. It is called helping your friends. It is not in every case altogether altruistic or benign, but sometimes it's an exercise of power intended to aggrandize the donor. For Harry Thomason, being a buddy of Bill Clinton's might present many more opportunities to play helper, to build his reputation among the people whose opinions matter most to him.

Concerned Arkansas loyalists with ties to both the Clintons and Thomasons hope to see a new discretion from the producers. "Harry and Linda were indispensable during the campaign," observes former gubernatorial candidate Whitbeck, a Clinton supporter. "But now is the time for them to go from being visible to behind the scenes."

The Thomasons have never shown much inclination to ignore or finesse a controversy. They have instead displayed an inclination for scorched-earth campaigns. In 1990 the couple publicly skewered Delta Burke with a letter to the press that derided Burke's work habits. Reportedly, they have not spoken in years to a much-respected television producer and executive, Barbara Corday, whom they once suspected of trying to wrest a show from them. When *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko, who has needled the Thomasons for being "tenants of the White House," charged them with patterning their *Hearts Afire* character Georgie Ann Lahti after a colleague of Royko's, Georgie Ann Geyer, Harry called Royko senile. The couple's Los Angeles attorney sent Royko a letter that, according to the columnist, threatened a lawsuit. "We don't need any more of this," says the White House aide. "Ignore, ignore: That's what some people have gently told them. Apparently, they are not wired to ignore. They seem to keep tabs."

And play by their own set of rules. Months earlier, while refusing to cooperate with any story by PLAYBOY, Linda indicated, through an assistant, that her problem with the magazine could be solved if it agreed to her terms: "'If PLAYBOY had any guts,'" the assistant, Allen Crowe, quoted Linda as saying, "'it'd let me do the *Playboy Interview*.'" Crowe added that Linda wanted the story told of the first letter she claims to have ever written, an angry note dashed off by a precocious eight-year-old to Hugh Hefner, in which she purportedly asked the publisher how he would feel to be photographed naked, with his legs spread, on a bearskin rug.

Of course, Linda is accustomed to playing journalists like a country fiddler plucks strings. In declining interview requests, she will claim, through a representative, to be "overexposed, a victim of a vicious and petty press," only by the next morning to be talking live on television before 20 million viewers. In early July she happily solicited interviews in order to tell the press corps that she and Delta Burke, her old punching bag and mortal foe, had made up: Delta, said Linda, may well be starring as the congresswoman in the Thomasons' new series about Washington, D.C. The Hollywood trade papers splashed the news


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over their front pages: The disclosure carried, if nothing else, great promotional value for a fledgling television project to which, as of that moment, CBS had not yet officially committed. And later, when Burke said she wasn't interested, no one seemed to notice.

In the following weeks, an assistant repeated that Linda regrets she cannot accept any new interview requests. Then came the late-Saturday-afternoon phone call and Linda's friendly concession to a chat.

First impressions can be arresting. Her accent is mild, suggesting that years of living in California have taken their toll. Still, the entire subject of her accent irritates her: She wants it understood that she never sounded like a cousin of the Beverly Hillbillies'. "But I have a lisp," she confesses. "It's bad. Don't you hear it? Can't you hear it?"

She is asked about the White House aide's criticism of her high-profile public-relations offensive. "PR offensive? Listen, Harry and I took only 40 minutes to respond," she says, and then pauses to establish ground rules for the rest of the interview: She wants to speak largely off the record. On-the-record quotations will be carefully rationed. She labors to compose an on-the-record response to the assertion that she and Harry may have temporarily damaged the political standing of their close friend. "We didn't keep the travel-office issue going, the Washington press did. Cynicism is confused with sophistication in Washington. Washington is a place where you're considered flamboyant if you don't wear support hose. My husband and I had the right to defend ourselves against scurrilous charges. Do I have to weigh strategy in order to do that? I'm not interested in doing things only because they're strategically correct. I'm a Harry Truman fan and I think you have to do what you think is right, whether it is strategically correct or not.

"We come from a part of the country," continues Linda, "where people take time to respond to scurrilous things. You never look particularly good defending yourselves, but Harry and I have only two choices. We can either be lying sleazeballs from Hollywood if we don't respond or, if we do respond, we're rank amateurs from Dogpatch."

She digests a question about the Clintons' reaction to her much-publicized television appearances. *No*, she says firmly. *There will be no answers to any questions on such a subject. Nice try.*

Those who know best insist that the bonds among the four friends remained close during Harry and Linda's time of trial. Clinton, goes the story, privately feels sympathy for his pals. He knows that a president might have a dreadful Monday, but his ceaseless command of the national stage guarantees him the chance to turn public opinion around by Wednesday. Mortals don't have the same chance to get out of the morass. When Clinton read that Linda had hyperbolically declared, "You'd think the president was friends with the Buttafuocos," he let loose with a raucous stream of unpresidential guffaws.

Back in Los Angeles, Linda cannot share in the merriment. She decides to go ahead with a small oration that she's been ambivalent about uttering for the past half hour. "Arkansas, Hollywood, sitcom—these three things are not good symbols as far as the press is concerned," she declares. "'You are not correct, not right for this' is their attitude. I'm offended by it. It's sad that people in Washington wake up with nothing on their minds other than whether David Broder and Bill Safire think they're OK. Is that what good government should be about?"

She groans when asked whether she is seeking to advance a particular sociopolitical agenda. There will be no discussion of the subject for attribution, but it hardly matters: The topic seems genuinely to bore her. She and Harry had the opportunity to work in the new administration and both turned their backs on the chance. For her part, she sees herself as a writer who simply wants a medium to make her funny points about the foibles and injustices of the world. "We don't think of ourselves as political advisors," she mumbles, perhaps

*"Sorry, pal, I'm a stranger here myself."*

realizing that anything she says will reflect on her famous friends. Declining to comment on sensitive matters serves everyone's interests best. "The episodes will speak for themselves," she says cryptically when asked how her new television series will treat the Washington press corps and the Republican congressional leadership.

She has warmer feelings about Hollywood than she does about Washington. "There's more reality here. In Washington, everything is perception. Hollywood is a much less hysterical and pretentious town. But I chose not to play the Hollywood game. I didn't have a Rolodex. I didn't know all the names."

Now that she is speaking in a rush, some of her Southern twang is coming back. "I probably was impeded [in Hollywood], but maybe I was too dumb to know it. There may have been some resistance to my always bringing my heritage into my work. Maybe I was too naive to know it."

It is time to get off: It's now past seven on a Saturday night and, after calling Hillary back, she will be into the wee hours of the weekend writing a script and, yes, she must go, but not before a last jab. *What are you going to say about my accent?* She presses once, twice and, getting nowhere, says goodnight.

Elsewhere, her friends voice concern. "A lot of people are worried about any story on Harry and Linda," admits Joe Glass in Arkansas. "This is Little Rock. People are always wondering what you guys are going to say about us and folks down here."

It is a hot, humid, overcast day off the Arkansas River, with thunderstorms forecast. The sky is as monochromatically gray as the mood, and Glass, an amiable and intelligent man, frowns in his effort to make you understand the psychology of the place and, possibly, its most famous residents.

The Thems, he says, just want respect: Linda Bloodworth-Thomason makes an ungodly living writing about Them, while keeping an eye out for the well-being of two Arkansans laboring in the biggest fishbowl anywhere on the planet. "People who aren't from a place like this don't understand the feelings people from here have toward one another," Glass says. "You've always felt on the outside of things. Only now somebody says, 'Here's your chance.' Maybe what people like that want more than anything is to show that they can do it. We've been made fun of so much, people get paranoid, start having doubts. But any success tends to take away some of that. Bill and Hillary, Harry and Linda, they're those kinds of folks. I get the feeling Linda and Harry just want to keep it going."

## TV Money

*(continued from page 80)*

in first place. Last year, with his bonus, his total package came to $6.3 million.

Mr. T: You laugh. He's a has-been, you say. He's been relegated to being an answer to a Trivial Pursuit question. But Mr. T earned $5 million just from the syndication of *The A-Team*. Who's laughing now?

Matt Groening: He created *The Simpsons* and sold out big-time. Besides the show, there's all the *Simpsons* paraphernalia—toys, books, games, even an endorsement for Butterfinger candy bars. So far, Bartmania has earned the underground cartoonist $15 million. No wonder he's now considering a *Simpsons* spin-off about Krusty the Clown.

Tony Danza: The star of *Who's the Boss?* has kept a low profile since the plug was pulled on his ABC series. He can afford to. He earned $30 million from syndication. That doesn't include $13 million in acting fees made during the eight years the show was on the air.

Gary Lieberthal: Another winner from *Who's the Boss?*, Lieberthal was the studio executive who sold the show into syndication and got an $11 million bonus. He bought a 1200-acre estate in Virginia, once owned by the guardian of Thomas Jefferson, and retired.

Montel Williams: His ratings aren't outstanding, but he seems to be surviving the daytime talk wars with an income of $21,000 a week, or approximately $1 million a year.

Tom Snyder: His career has certainly seen better days, but even though he's been banished to the relative obscurity of the CNBC cable channel, he still makes $450,000 a year.

Roone Arledge: The onetime sports producer, who built ABC News into the best network news operation in the country, has been seen tooling around Manhattan in a Jaguar. His salary is $3 million a year.

Paul Moyer: Unless you live in Los Angeles, Moyer's name won't mean much. He's the anchor on a local newscast and makes $1.4 million a year. The *Los Angeles Times*' TV critic, Howard Rosenberg, calculated that on one particular day Moyer made $5835, or about $2.28 per word broadcast.

Mary Hart: The co-host of *Entertainment Tonight* insured her legs with Lloyd's of London for $2 million. Since she earns $37,500 per week—roughly $1.8 million a year—she can easily afford the premiums.

Kurt Loder: MTV's news anchor is sometimes called the "Dan Rather of rock." MTV is notorious for its low pay, even for longtime employees, so Loder makes only $125,000 per year. What would you expect from a company that gets most of its programming for free?

—JOHN LIPPMAN

*"Buy it and I'll get it off you."*

# THREE OF A KIND (continued from page 86)

*"Lilian makes a face when marriage is mentioned. Marilise says, 'It's better to live together.'"*

autographs. And while a handful of pop-music superstars, a couple of Brazilian TV personalities and Pelé, the retired soccer great, are more famous than the trio from Rio, this is about where the triplets fit in: Roughly speaking, they're the 16th, 17th and 18th most famous people in the world's fifth most populous country. That doesn't mean that people know each of them by name. They're just known. Universally. As the triplets.

When I visited them in the high-rise apartment they had just bought on Rio's westernmost beach frontier, my intention was to acknowledge them as individuals. And in real life, without makeup, they were easy to tell apart, as they would have been even if Marilise hadn't been wearing a college sweatshirt and Lilian a T-shirt and Renata a striped stretch top. I asked them how they thought they differed in appearance, and Marilise said, "Lilian's nose is more turned up." Marilise also claimed a face that was fuller at the bottom. Renata said, "I'm the one with the regular features."

The entire family agrees that, when it comes to personality, Marilise is the retiring one, the one who least wanted to be a model. While the two others say they like fame, Marilise says, "I like it sometimes." Renata is generally agreed to be the one most likely to stand up for what she wants. Lilian is said to be the most feeling. With an age difference of 20 minutes between Marilise and Renata, obviously no one of them has any more significant life experience than the others. Yet Marilise, as the oldest, appears to enjoy a certain special deference, and Renata somehow gets treated as the kid sister.

The district of Barra da Tijuca, where they live now, is the Rio de Janeiro equivalent of Long Island or the San Fernando Valley. The sisters' front door opens into a whistle-stop dining area, and off to the ocean side, with a centerpiece view of the beach framed between other high rises, there is a living room with two love seats, a coffee table and a side chair. There are three small bedrooms, one for each of the triplets, and there are shoes to stumble on all over the place, but there isn't a lot of bedroom furniture other than the mattresses on the floors. In a glass resting on the bathroom sink, there are three toothbrushes—one orange, one blue, one gold.

Of the three, Lilian is currently the only one with a boyfriend. The two other sisters have had boyfriends in the past, but not this week, not even this month. They all see modeling as being good for maybe ten more years. As for marriage, they think that it's OK but somewhere off in the future. Lilian actually makes a face when marriage is mentioned. Marilise says, "I think it's better to live together."

If you happen to find yourself in Rio, there are several reasons why you will not be likely to stumble over the Porto sisters. Except when they're working, the sisters do not go out often. They are easily recognized and cause a measure of commotion when they're out in public. That's why they stay home so much, where they watch television (they embrace it with no shame), listen to music on the stereo system and test the outer limits of sleep. Renata claims a record of 14 consecutive hours and neither of her sisters thinks that is a particularly remarkable accomplishment.

When they go to the beach together, they always choose one that's semi-deserted—not Copacabana or Ipanema, where the flesh is wall-to-wall. When they go out elsewhere, they tend to go out individually, not together. Why give pursuers any unnecessary help? They don't wear makeup in public (they do wear dark sunglasses) and they avoid the eye-catching swimwear that makes so many of their fellow Brazilians look naked from the waist down. Do you still aspire to a glimpse of them? Try the meat department at the vast Paes Mendonca supermarket on the Avenida das Américas. It may be the closest thing they have to a hangout. We're talking gauchas, remember. Where they come from, it's cattle country. They're not about to switch to a diet of cucumbers and celery.

Square with yourself, though. Would you even know what to do with triplets? Would you? All right, take your two best buddies.

*"Well, whose fault is it that your condoms keep melting?"*

# WRIST ASSURED

As electronic components shrink, functions such as measuring the vertical drop of your favorite ski run or keeping track of your golf score are getting out of hand and onto your wrist. Sorry, Dick Tracy, but talking into a two-way wrist radio is no longer the stuff of comic strips. Panasonic has introduced a rechargeable 900-megahertz Wristphone that operates up to 1000 feet from the base station. Timex' Nassau Scoremaster watch may not improve your golf game but will keep an accurate score. And there's no more need to dig under your couch cushions for the TV remote: The new Wrist Controller by Casio turns on your TV, VCR and cable box and features channel selection and volume control. No, it can't bring you a cold beer.

**Clockwise from top left: The Vertech Alpine watch has modes for mountain climbers and skiers that track vertical feet climbed or skied, the vertical rate of ascent or descent and number of runs skied, by Avocet, $120. Panasonic's cordless 900-megahertz Wristphone includes 30-channel scan, 10-number speed dial and signal scrambling, $1000, including a base station. Casio's CMD-10B remote-control watch operates your TV, VCR and cable box, $90. The Nassau Scoremaster watch records your golf score for 18 holes and offers a hole-by-hole review, by Timex, $40.**

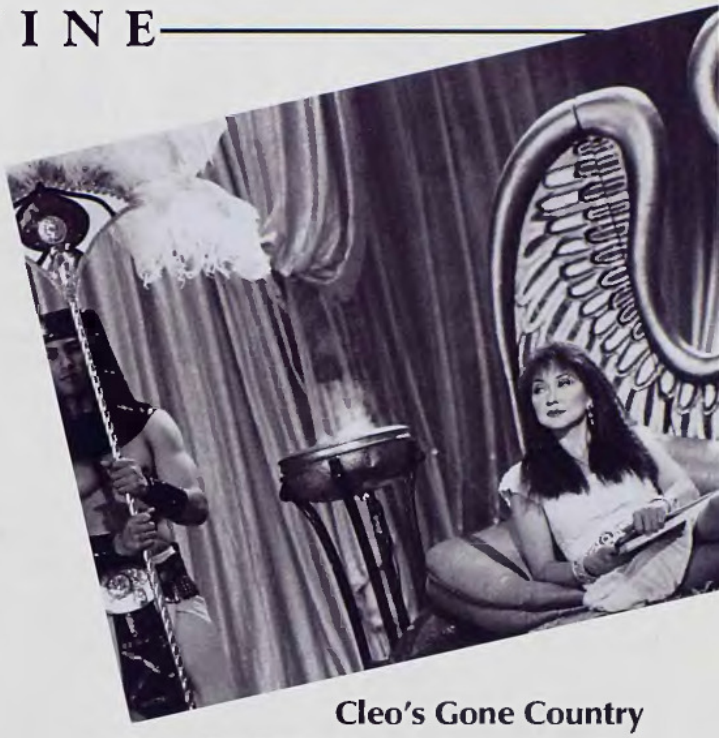
JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

## Armed and Dangerous

**Actress GAILYN ADDIS plays an undercover cop in the Mike Norris psychological thriller *Ripper Man*. She also co-starred in a romantic thriller, *Dead Right*. More on Gailyn than meets the eye: She's a scratch golfer who speaks Chinese when she orders carryout. Not just a case of head or heart—Gailyn has our attention.**

JEFF HYMAN



## Cleo's Gone Country

**Singer PAM TILLIS' video outtake comes from *Cleopatra, Queen of Denial*. It's country, Egyptian style. *Homeward Looking Angel* went gold, and you'll see her movie debut in *The Thing Called Love*.**

## Excessive Pop

**Chicago band URGE OVERKILL's debut LP, *Saturation*, has the critics paying attention and power-trio fans really excited. Take it from us, Urge is definitely on the verge.**

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© DAN GOLDEN

## Buff Stuff

**MELISSA MOORE has appeared on TV in the CBS miniseries *Bluegrass*, in the movies *Into the Sun* and *Mad at the Moon* and on video in the *Knockout Workout*. It worked. She's a knockout.**

## Soap Dish

**ABC's daytime soap *Loving*'s LISA PELUSO (left) and JESSICA COLLINS show a little ham and leg at this year's Daytime Emmy Awards. Peluso played John Travolta's little sister in *Saturday Night Fever*. Could it be that Collins is playing without her underwear? We're having fun just watching.**

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

## Some Soul Food

**GUMBO's LP, *Dropping Soulful $H_2O$ on the Fiber* (putting your tears on paper), is causing heavy-duty talk. Produced by Arrested Development's Speech, Gumbo's rich stew is a mix of hip-hop, jazz and drumbeats. Go for it.**

## Man of 1000 Faces

**DAN AYKROYD is Everyman. He's been a Ghostbuster, a Blues Brother, a Conehead, Nixon and Sergeant Joe Friday. We hear he's thinking about taking the blues back on the road. We'll be there.**

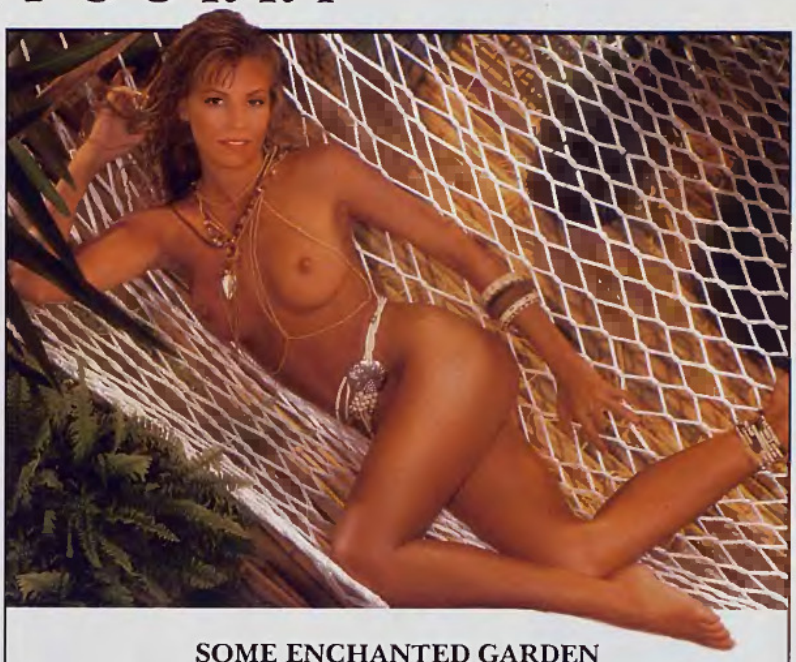
© HARRY WOODS

### RETURN OF THE FALCON

Last year a first edition of Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon* was auctioned for $27,000. Today a reproduction of the same book, with dust jacket, is available for $35, postpaid, from the Mysterious Bookshop, 129 West 56th Street, New York 10019. Other first-edition reproductions coming in the months ahead will include Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep*, Rex Stout's *Fer-De-Lance*, Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury* and S. S. Van Dine's *The Dragon Murder Case*. Call 800-352-2840 to order.

### MINE IS BIGGER THAN YOURS

We don't know if Shaquille O'Neal plays video games, but if he does, Turbo Touch 360, a three-foot-long game and PC controller by Triax Technologies in Albany, New York, is just about his size. (At $2000, you need his money to afford it, too.) The giant version is a limited-edition alternative to the regular Turbo Touch 360, which gets its name from the finger-sensitive technology that's incorporated in it. Prices for normal-sized 360s range from $19.95 to $29.95. Call 800-858-7429 for more info.



### SOME ENCHANTED GARDEN

Want to spend a hedonistic week in a lush 20-acre Jamaican paradise for $1250 to $1500, including suite (40 have patio pools), meals in five restaurants, bar tabs, greens fees and select spa treatments? We'll bet you do. The Enchanted Garden Resort and Spa in Ocho Rios is Eden waiting to be discovered. At those prices it won't stay a secret for long. Only the airfare is additional, and the Enchanted Garden forbids tipping. A call to 800-323-5655 will get you reservation information.

## HALL OF FAME

### NEON CUE SHTICK

Yes, that's James Dean, Elvis, Marilyn, Bogie and the Duke shooting a little stick. Talk about walking into a pool hall of fame. The 28″x41″x3″ neon-accented billiards poster above, priced at $300, is just one that Neonetics in Randallstown, Maryland has in its collection. Others include W. C. Fields holding a neon cue, and a sexy blonde pool shark wearing nothing but a leotard while aiming down the table and challenging you to "take your best shot." Neonetics also manufactures a line of nifty illuminated graphic arts and sports posters, among other choices. Call 800-348-6366 for a brochure or to order.

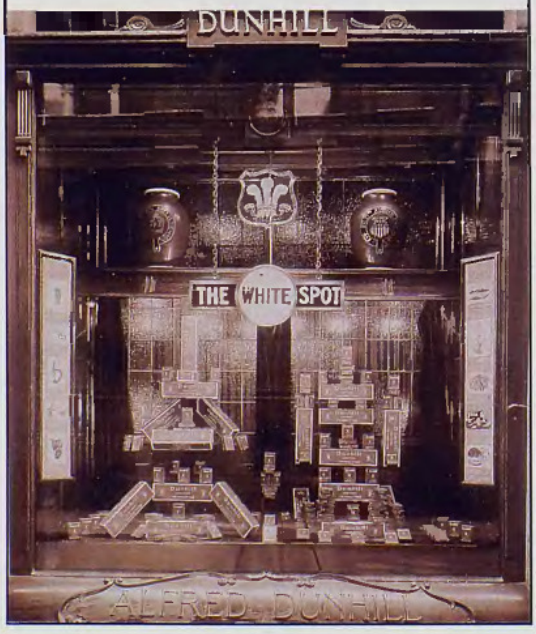
## AUTUMN AND THE GLEN

Since 1985, Stateside sales of single-malt scotches have almost doubled. That's a trend we'll drink to as The Glenlivet Distillery in the Highlands has just exported its 18-year-old bottling to these thirsty shores. "Medium-bodied with a rounded, subtle depth, tinged with a hint of woodiness" is how the company describes the new import, the distinctive character of which is "the essence of elegance." The price: $45 in liquor stores. Cheers!

JANE FISHER

## UP IN SMOKE

Alfred Dunhill of London has been a purveyor of pipes and tobacco for a century. Now the history of the famous family that turned a pipe dream into a worldwide business is told in *One Hundred Years and More*, a boxed hardcover by Michael Balfour that's filled with 240 pages of Dunhill memorabilia. The book is $115, available at all Alfred Dunhill stores nationwide or by calling 800-776-4053.



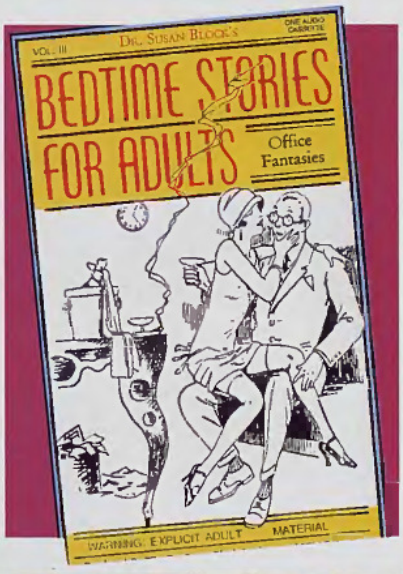
ROGER DEMUTH

## HOW TIME FLIES

Traveling between time zones no longer needs to be confusing or disorienting, thanks to the Jet Lag Watch, a timepiece favored by frequent fliers. Once programmed for your destination's time zone, the Jet Lag automatically runs slower or faster to display the local time on your arrival. It then resumes operation at normal speed. The watch is $73.95, postpaid. Call 800-7-JETLAG.

## AND SO TO BED WITH BLOCK

*Bedtime Stories for Adults* are an X-rated alternative to Leno, Letterman and *Nightline*. On these steamy audiotapes, sex therapist, author and radio and television personality Susan Block breathlessly spins such saucy tales as *The Great Erotic Train Ride*, *Passions of the Plaza* (the Plaza Hotel, of course) and *Office Fantasies*. The running time for each tape is about 60 minutes. To order the three-volume audiocassette set, call the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494. Ask for item number RV4360. $39.85.



KELLY JACKSON

## COME WHEN THEY CALL

Condomania, the nationwide chain of prophylactic stores, now offers the Protecto Pager, a fake pager that, instead of beeping, holds three rubbers. The cost is $24.95, postpaid—which includes 12 deluxe condoms—sent to Condomania Mail Order, 6600 Silacci Way, Gilroy, California 95020. (Or call 800-9CONDOM.) The stores also sell a Safe Sex Kit for $24.95, postpaid, that contains a variety of condoms and lubricants, plus other goodies.

# NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE

ERIKA EROTICA

BRANDO'S BEACH

CRATE ART

AMAZING ANNA

**MARLON BRANDO'S PARADISE LOST**—TAHITI WAS BRANDO'S DREAM, A LUSH HIDEAWAY OF SENSUAL DELIGHT. WHAT HE CREATED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC WAS MORE LIKE HELL ON EARTH—BY **PETER MANSO**

**SRI LANKA POSITION**—LAWYER AND SEXUAL BUCCANEER FISCHBEIN WANTED UNIMAGINABLE ADVENTURE. FOR $79.95, HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR—FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

**THE GENT**—HARRY THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS AN HONORABLE GUY. WOULD HIS BEST FRIEND'S DAUGHTER CHANGE HIS MIND?—FICTION BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

**CELEBRITY E-MAIL**—WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU GO ON-LINE FOR THE HOLIDAYS? DEVILISHLY DIGITAL GREETINGS FROM OUR FAVORITE FEMINISTS, TYCOONS AND RASCALS—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

**RUSH LIMBAUGH**—THE BOMBASTIC AUTHOR AND TELECONSERVATIVE DISSECTS HIS CRITICS AND DEFENDS HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW THAT COULD BE THE TALK OF THE HOLIDAYS

**PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW**—THE TAR HEELS LEAD THE NCAA AGAIN, BUT OUR SPORTS PROGNOSTICATOR, **GARY COLE,** PEGS A FEW SURPRISES

**THE SOUTH FLORIDA SURVIVAL GUIDE**—BE READY FOR ALLIGATORS, ASSAULT WEAPONS AND AIRBORNE BALES OF POT. NOVELIST AND *MIAMI HERALD* COLUMNIST **CARL HIAASEN** PROVIDES SAFE PASSAGE

**ERIKA ON FIRE**—OUR JULY 1989 PLAYMATE, **ERIKA ELENIAK,** HAS TAKEN HOLLYWOOD BY STORM. FIRST IT WAS *UNDER SIEGE* WITH STEVEN SEAGAL. NOW IT'S *THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES*. DON'T MISS HER CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL

**PLAYBOY'S JAZZ AND ROCK POLL 1994**—WHAT'S OLD IS BRAND NEW, R&B HAS A NEW ATTITUDE, MELODY AND HARMONY ARE BACK, AND SEATTLE GOES MAINSTREAM

**CRATE ART**—FRUITS AND VEGETABLES NEVER HAD IT BETTER. A SALUTE TO THE PINUP ARTISTS WHO ELEVATED PRODUCE BINS TO AN ART FORM

**SEX STARS**—A WILD YEAR OF MODEL MANIA AND HOLLYWOOD HIGH-JINKS, FEATURING **HEIDI FLEISS** AND PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **ANNA NICOLE SMITH**

**PLUS:** COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN STARS IN JEANS, 20 QUESTIONS WITH **BRANFORD MARSALIS,** PLAYBOY'S FANTASTIC CHRISTMAS GIFTS, A GREAT GUIDE TO PERSONAL GROOMING, **HELMUT NEWTON'S** ROLLEIFLEX CAMERA, AND MUCH MORE CHEER FOR CHRISTMAS

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KOOL

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